

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his need.

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THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

THE SON OF THE CARPENTER.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

1894: THERE is a world of meaning in these simple figures. Every date on every letter-head and in the caption of every periodical is an argument against scepticism. It makes impossible the unbelief whose short and simple but incredible creed is, Nothing happened in Palestine 1893 years ago.

What did happen?

Let us approach this question without any theological predilections, Catholic or Protestant, Christian or Jewish. Let us approach it, also, as two of the biographers of Jesus Christ approach it, passing by the story of his birth.

Eighteen hundred odd years ago, then, there was living in the village of Nazareth in Galilee a carpenter and his wife. The people among whom he dwelt were a

peculiar people in more than one respect.

They were reserved and exclusive, and were regarded by their neighbors as proud and haughty. In their religious ideas they were certainly uncompromising, and were popularly regarded as narrow and intolerant. Their religion was unique. They had no images nor temples. One sacred temple they possessed to which they made pilgrimages from time to time, and here dwelt a sacred priesthood, who conducted a ritual and offered the sacrifices which the religion of the people called for. But these sacrifices, as compared with those of their heathen neighbors, were simple and uncostly. Their only weekly services consisted of prayer, reading from their sacred books,



BETHLEHEM.

and instruction in the duties of life. They worshipped one God; allowed neither picture nor statue of him, in church or home; and believed and taught that he was best pleased, not by costly adoration paid to him, but by obedience to his laws—by doing justice, loving mercy, and walking in humility before him. Thus, very unlike the other religions about them, their religion required them to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present life.

The drunkenness and licentiousness which were not uncommon in pagan services would have been as incongruous in the worship of this peculiar people as irreverence and blasphemy. They were characterized by another very peculiar feature. They had, not only for years, but for centuries, looked forward to the coming of some one who would bring great succor to the world. The burden of their religious books was this message of hope; this was the *motif* of all their sweet singers. He would be first the Deliverer of his nation, but he would make the nation the Deliverer of the world. When he came he would abolish poverty and servitude and war. Life would be prolonged; peace would be universal; the ruined cities would be rebuilt; the

waste places would be cultivated; the very wild beasts would be tamed and domesticated. Other nations looked back for their golden age; this nation looked forward. Other nations dreamed of a universal dominion, this nation, on the contrary, dreamed of a universal deliverance that was to come.

Belonging to this peculiar nation, sharing its faith and hope, were this humble peasant and his wife.

They had one son. In accordance with the Jewish law which required every father to give his son a trade, this boy, brought up in his father's house, learned his father's trade—that of a carpenter. His boyhood life was spent in poverty. His home probably contained but a single room: the walls were of sun-dried brick; the roof was of straw. This single room was kitchen, parlor, bed-room, sitting-room and workshop. It had neither window of glass nor chimney; a narrow slit in the wall, too narrow to admit the rain, admitted the light. The mother generally cooked without, on a sort of camp-fire. But the climate was mild; the resources contracted; the cooking slight. The mother ground a little wheat between two stones in a hand mill, and baked a thin cake upon a hot stone—this was their

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bread. Fruits were plenty and cheap, and an occasional fish served as an article of luxury. Often at night the father would wrap a shawl about him and sleep in the open air. As his son grew up toward manhood the son would do the same.

There were no pictures on the walls, for the devout Jews gave a literal interpretation to the command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," and confine themselves as the Arabs do to this day, to geometrical ornamentations, now known as arabesques because they come from Arabia. Books were unknown among the peasant class to which this family belonged. Indeed, literature in the modern sense of the term was almost unknown in the nation. The sacred books and the commentaries of the religious teachers thereupon were the only literature recognized. The writings of the pagans were looked upon with horror

quite as great as that with which a devout Puritan would have regarded a century ago the products of French infidel thought and immoral imagination. The pious Jew would have as little permitted in his home the philosophy of Plato or the dramas of Æschylus as would a New England deacon the philosophical writings of Voltaire or the comedies of Molière.

It is probable that there were in this peasant home some fragments of the Old Testament, and it is certain that the son heard it read every Sabbath-day in the synagogue, and was taught from it every day in the parish school. For the village synagogue had attached to it a school in which reading, possibly a little arithmetic, certainly the Old Testament and with it more or less of the current theological interpretation, were taught. But nothing more. The children of the peasants were not taught to write. A scribe could always be found in the street, with



LABORERS IN THE VINEYARDS NEAR JERUSALEM.



THE SITE OF CAPERNAUM.

pen, ink and parchment, to write a letter. Science was not yet born. The only geography taught was that of the province of Palestine. The world without was left an unknown world. Only once did the boy, from whose birth all history dates, get even a glimpse of any higher education. When he was twelve years old he went up with his father and mother to Jerusalem; strayed away from the party; was quite indifferent to the pageantry of the great processions, and the splendor of architecture and music which made the temple not only the glory of Palestine, but a scenic wonder of the world; and was found, two or three days after, in the school of the Rabbis, whose courts surrounded the temple and constituted the university of the Jewish people. His naïve wonder that his mother did not know where to look for him is a striking illustration of that love for the higher thoughts which even at this early age was characteristic of him.

There are certain atmospheric influences which are sometimes more potent in affecting character than those which are organized and directed for that purpose. Of the home influence of this boy we

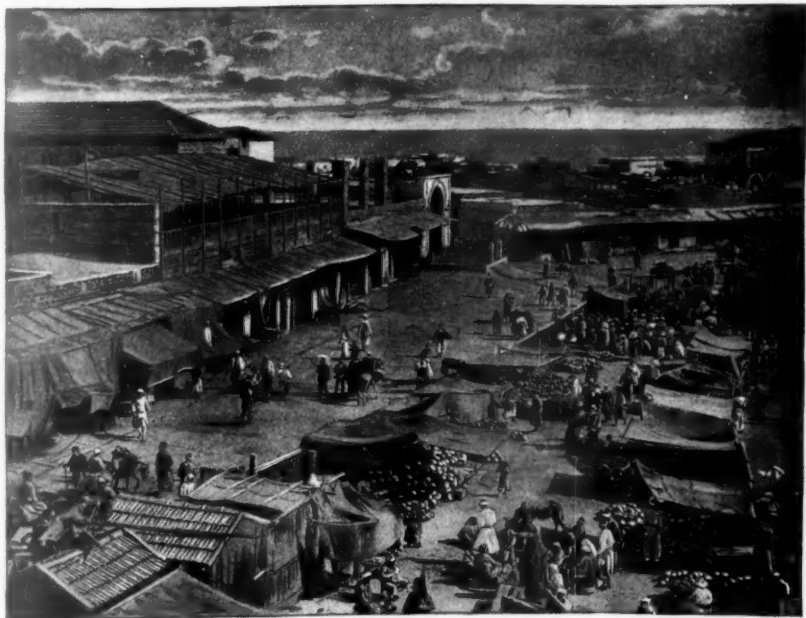
know very little. If he had brothers and sisters they were not of a kind to inspire him; did not understand him; until after his death did not recognize his genius. Of the father we know scarcely anything—apparently he died before the boy came to maturity. At all events he disappears entirely from the scene, and Jesus at his death would hardly have committed his mother to the keeping of a friend, as he did, if the father were still living. Of the mother, the biographers of the son give us only glimpses, but they are such as to justify the church and the world in regarding her as an almost ideal type of womanhood and motherhood. She was a woman of rare force of character—shown in that journey which she took, unattended, from Galilee to Judea, to visit Elizabeth, a dangerous expedition for a woman in those days of rough roads, lawless banditti, and scant respect for woman. She was a heart-student of the Scriptures—shown in the one Psalm of which she is the author, and which has remained in the ritual of the church as an expression of devotion; and she had that patience which is the highest attribute of woman—shown in her standing at the cross, the helpless companion of her suffering son until he breathed his last.

And yet it seems clear that the son did not get his conception of his mission from his mother; for it was she, who, on the one hand, was impatient for him to inaugurate his ministry by a miracle, and who, on the other hand, when that min-

istry brought him into conflict with the Pharisees, feared lest his enthusiasm was running into fanaticism, and would have called him away from danger to safety and repose. In the wider influence of Palestine there is little or nothing to account for the character of this son of the carpenter. The preaching in the synagogue was much like preaching in our day—some of it good, some of it indifferent, some of it very bad. He might have heard in his boyhood from a scribe of the school of Hillel, who told him that to love God and his fellow-men was better than whole burnt offerings, or he might have heard from a scribe of the school of Shammai a discussion of the question whether it were right to eat an egg laid on the first day of the week which presumptively had been prepared by the hen on the Sabbath-day. Probably he heard some preaching of both descriptions, but on the whole in neither of the three great schools of thought was there much to instruct or inspire:—neither in the cynical and superstitious Sadducees, who denied both a personal God and a personal immortality; nor in the Essenes, the Puri-

tans of the first century, who believed the world was hopelessly going wrong and withdrew from it to the wilderness in despair of bettering it; nor in the Pharisees, who knew no road to righteousness but that of compulsion, and so no law of righteousness but that of external statutes.

Educated under such influences as I have here briefly described, the son of the carpenter came forth at the age of thirty to be a teacher of his people. He was without the influence that came from either family, official position, or learning. "Only the lower natures," says Henry Ward Beecher, "are formed by external circumstances. Great natures are fully developed by forces from within." This force from within we sometimes call genius, sometimes inspiration, but in either case a "gift," so unconsciously recognizing that it is a direct bestowal from God, which transcends our analysis and eludes our explanation. By what secret hours of prayer and meditation this genius of Jesus had been fed we do not know. We only know that he was accustomed to say to his disciples that his life was fed by unseen sources, and



THE MARKET-PLACE AT JOPPA.

that on at least three occasions* he gave them a glimpse of that celestial but secret life which accounted for the strength and the serenity that characterized him. A hirsute, courageous, but ascetic reformer had raised his voice in protest against the corruption and formalism of the times. Jesus at once identified himself with this reformer, though afterwards criticising his methods, a striking illustration of the principle that in moral reform the end sought always transcends the means employed, and that moral earnestness will not stop to quarrel with the methods—if they are not immoral—provided the true end is sincerely and steadily kept in view. And the ends which Jesus and his cousin, John the Baptizer, had in view were the same—the deliverance of the nation by the reformation of the individual members of the nation.

The nation was in some need of a deliverance. She was bound hand and foot and lay at the mercy of her Roman conqueror. The system of taxation was the worst which the iniquity of man has ever devised—and it has devised some very

bad ones. Rome farmed each province out, and the tax-gatherers paying a fixed sum to the central government, took from the wretched inhabitants all that could be extorted from them. The priests were largely Sadducees, who practised the ritual of the religion while openly disavowing belief in its doctrines. The religious teachers—with some notable exceptions—preached formalism and practised covetousness. The houses of the peasantry were little better than hovels. If a man were fortunate enough to earn a little more than he spent, there were no enterprises in which he could invest his surplus. He either had to buy fine clothes, which the moths destroyed, or lock his money up in a strong box, which a thief might carry off if the tax-gatherer failed to discover it, or dig a hole in the ground and bury it, where perhaps another would find it after his death. The people lived in that stolid despair which is so often mistaken for content, and which in their case was saved from becoming an acute and intolerable despair only by the dormant hope of a deliverance and Deliv-



A MONASTERY AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT SINAI.

* The Temptation, the Transfiguration, and the Passion, in Gethsemane.



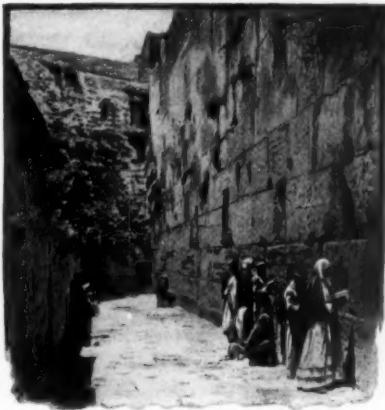
VIEW ON THE SOUTH SHORE OF THE SEA OF GALILEE.

erer whom their children or children's children might see.

Jesus from the first spoke to this dormant hope. He told the people that the deliverance and the Deliverer had come. His message was, "The kingdom of Heaven is at hand." He told them that it had dawned and they might see the ruddy sign of the dawn if they would but look up. He bade them not look forward any longer, for the kingdom had arrived and was among them. One of his earlier sermons was reported, and has been preserved. It was preached in the synagogue of his native village. He read from the roll of Isaiah an ancient prophecy of a good time coming, when glad tidings should be preached to the poor, the broken-hearted should be healed, the captives delivered, the blind made to see, the bruised set at lib-

erty. The time for the fulfilment of this prophecy he said had come. We are now so familiar with this message that we cannot realize what it meant in the beginning of the Christian era, when equal rights were unknown; when half the population of Rome were slaves holding life itself at the sufferance of their masters; when in Rome education was confined to the higher circles; and in the higher circles to a knowledge of elocution

and gymnastics; when a wife might at any time be dismissed by her husband, as a servant with us; when law was only an instrument for oppression, taxation was a form of robbery, and liberty was another name for lawlessness. Such an age listened with wondering, it may almost be said childish delight, to the declaration that One had come under whose influence



THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

slavery would be abolished, the peasant populations of the world would be enfranchised, wealth would be diffused, education would be universal, war would cease, woman would become the true companion of her former master, and every house would become a home, equipped with comfort and atmospheric with love.

From the first this message of Jesus was received with welcome by the peasant population — especially in Galilee. This northern province of Palestine was the New England of the Holy Land. The influence of the hierarchy was far less there than in Judea. Neither the elaborate system of observances which characterized the Pharisee, nor the cynical scepticism which characterized the Sadducee, had infected the peasant and commercial population of Galilee as it had the more exclusive and restricted population of Judea, dominated as it was by the Holy City, the temple and the priesthood. Provincial pride in the genius of the untaught Rabbi, who was one of the people, and spoke as one of them, added to his fame and popularity. But the secret of both lay in his message and spirit. The author of "*Ecce Homo*" has well indicated both in the now familiar phrase, "*Enthusiasm of Humanity*." The Jew regarded disease as a special sign of divine displeasure: the more loathsome

the disease the greater the displeasure; the lunatic as possessed of a devil; the blind as punished for his own sin or that of his parents; the leper as loathsome alike to God and all good men. Jesus treated disease as a misfortune, and the sick, the blind, the leprous, as objects of pity. Galilee resounded with the fame of the cures which accompanied his preaching. The Sabbath was not too sacred a day nor the synagogue too sacred a place for the manifestation of this pity and the exercise of this mercy. The law of Moses forbade touching a corpse; but Jesus more than once touched the hand of the corpse that he might bring life back. It forbade one to touch a leper; but Jesus put his hand upon the leper to heal him. Whatever interpretation rationalism may put upon these stories of marvellous cure, it cannot be doubted that the simple faith of the common people would find no difficulty in believing them, and in them find an evidence of a humanity without a precedent then, if not without a parallel since.

Not only disease, but scarcely less sin Jesus treated as a misfortune, and the sinner as an object of compassion, not of invective. The only exception was the hypocrite, who pretended to religion in order that he might mask iniquity. And the remedy which Jesus prescribed for sin was very simple. An elaborate system of



PLOWING WITH OXEN.

sacrifices had grown up, popularly believed to have been instituted by Moses in the wilderness to atone for sin. Christ discarded this system altogether; not in words condemning it, but by his deeds disregarding it. In no single instance did he send the repentant sinner to the priest or the temple to offer a sacrifice.

In discarding the sacrificial system Jesus discarded the legalism which had grown up with it. The Jews had instituted an elaborate system of fasts. They fasted on the fourth day of the month because on that day Nebuchadnezzar had captured the temple; on the fifth day of the month because on that day the Temple



VIEW OF THE JORDAN.

He simply bade him go in peace and sin no more. This remedy for the burden of sin is so simple that the world has never yet been quite able to accept it. That the Father loves his children, that nothing need be done to appease his wrath or win his love, that all that is necessary is to cease to do evil and invoke his aid in endeavoring to do well,—this is so radical a faith, so revolutionary of all that paganism which is rooted in men's unfaith in love and therefore in God, that even after eighteen centuries of the Gospel, the Church of Christ itself often counts this truth a heresy. But the common people still hear it gladly as they heard it from the lips of Jesus in Galilee nearly two thousand years ago.

had been burned; on the seventh day of the month because on that day the Jewish governor had been murdered; on the tenth day of the month because on that day the Chaldeans had besieged Jerusalem; on the fifth day of each week because on that day Moses went up into the mountain for the law; and on the second day of each week because on that day Moses had brought the law down. Thus religion was clothed in sackcloth and ashes. Jesus disregarded this system of fasting and encouraged his disciples to disregard it. He brought back the old spirit of the Jewish law, which made every Sabbath a feast day and every great religious occasion a festival. The religious life he was accustomed to compare to a great feast to which



JERUSALEM.

everyone was invited who chose to come. Those who were not prepared to come had garments provided for them by their host.

Out of certain sanitary regulations, probably prescribed in the wilderness, there had grown up an elaborate doctrine of ceremonial uncleanness. Certain meats were unclean and could not be eaten; the corpse was unclean and could not be touched; certain diseases made the sufferer unclean and made him an outcast until the priest had pronounced him cleansed; the pagan was unclean—contact with him must be scrupulously avoided. Out of this doctrine grew an elaborate ritualism of ablutions. The scrupulous Pharisee never entered his house without washing lest he should have contracted defilement in the streets; never ate a meal without washing lest accidental uncleanness should be communicated to the food. The method of plunging the hands into the water or pouring the water over the hands, and the kind of water to be used, were minutely described. A similar code hedged the Sabbath about with burdensome regulations. Another system of rules prescribed the form and method of devotions and the postures to be taken in ut-

tering them. All these elaborate religious regulations Jesus swept away. He refused to perform the ceremonial ablutions and ate with "unwashed hands;" he himself enjoyed freedom and he recommended to others freedom on the Sabbath; he discountenanced praying in public, counselled against long prayers, and told the people in their praying to ask God for anything they wanted. Be-

tween children and their father there is no court etiquette. Thus under his teaching religion ceased to be a special observance and became an affair of practical life.

In these and other respects Jesus showed unmistakably his sympathy with the common people and the common people heard him gladly. He preached a doctrine which they could understand; presented a religious life which they could enter into; prescribed no duties which they could not practise; and recommended his teaching by illustrations drawn from their daily life. His congregations were chiefly composed of the common people; his special friends and companions were chosen from the common people. In the



A GROUP OF LEPEERS.



THE MOUNT OF THE FORTY DAYS FASTING, NEAR JERICHO.

practical and social questions of the day he identified himself with them. The priest and Levite who passed the wounded traveller by he condemned; the heretical Samaritan who went out of his way to relieve the unfortunate wayfarer he commended. The rich man who fared sumptuously every day, oblivious of the poverty about him, he portrayed as in another life suffering torments in hell; the outcast beggar as in Paradise. The shrewd and thrifty capitalist, whose only notion of prosperity was accumulation and still accumulation, he called a "fool." A corrupt ring had installed themselves in the outer court of the Temple, turned it into a market-place, and driven the common people out. With flashing eye he turned upon the traffickers and single-handed drove them away. Personally he shared the poverty of the poor with them and required those who wished to unite themselves to him in the innermost circle of his friends to do the same; much in the spirit in which today a Salvationist working in the slums submits to the conditions of the life which she endeavors to transform.

The enmities aroused by such a teacher were as intense as the friendships; the enemies as zealous in their hostility as the friends in their devotion. Jesus attacked the established order, and the established order set itself to destroy Jesus.



The established church had long enjoyed a monopoly of religion. Jesus attacked that monopoly, told the people that the Temple which was the center thereof was soon to be destroyed, declared that God would be worshipped in one place as well as in another, and without sacrifice as well as with it. The whole hierarchy were at once under arms against him. The order had established itself in intellectual as well as ritualistic forms. Traditions were substituted for thought, and creeds for faith. Truth was devitalized; committing catechisms to memory had taken the place of religious thinking; the prophets were dead; there were only scribes. And when Jesus taught, not as a scribe, but as one having authority, taught in forms that compelled men to think and therefore to question, taught that traditions were not religion, that they were irreligion, that the scribes rejected the commandments of God, that they might protect their



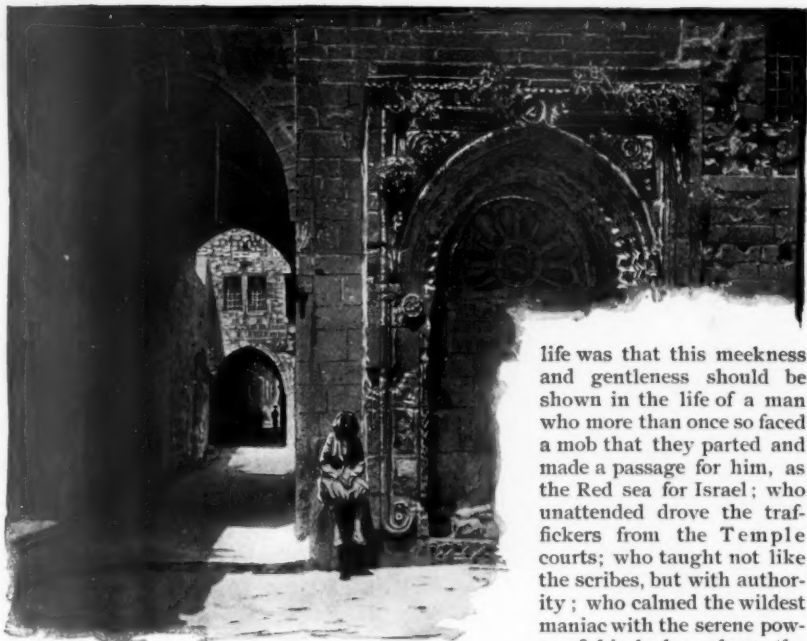
A GROUP AT SUPPER.

traditions, the whole body of traditionalists took up arms against him. The same spirit which leads one class to think that there can be no worship except after a prescribed ritual, leads another class to think that there can be no truth except in a prescribed dogma. Both classes were allies in a common cause against Jesus. These two established orders, priesthood and Pharisees, were reinforced by the prejudices of wealth and social position and by those of race. Jesus was a leveller; a leveller up, it is true, not a leveller down; but the one leveller is not more popular than the other leveller with the established order. Rarely do the wealthy believe in the diffusion of wealth, or the powerful in the diffusion of power. In Christianity was the birth of democracy; and all the aristocratic instincts of Judea recognized their assailant and set themselves to destroy their enemy. If Lazarus listened to Jesus with admiration, Dives listened to him with antipathy which quickly deepened into hatred. The naïve declaration of Caiaphas, that they would lose their offices if they did not destroy Jesus, interprets the latent sentiments of Caiaphas's class.

A principal factor in the mob which demanded his life was that ring whose usurpation of the Temple courts he overthrew. Nor was the race prejudice less hostile to this teacher of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The Jews, shutting themselves out from all contact with other nations, had grown provincial, narrow, bigoted. Their religion, instead of mitigating



PILOT'S JUDGMENT SEAT.



THE ROAD TO HEROD'S PALACE.

their bigotry, intensified it. From the very first Jesus attacked this inhuman spirit with a trenchant courage. In his first sermon at Nazareth his words were so cutting as to arouse a mob against him. In his last sermons in Jerusalem their severity converted the triumphal procession which greeted him as he entered Jerusalem into the howling mob which wrested the death sentence from the reluctant procurator. Yet never once did Jesus quail before aristocratic hauteur or popular clamor. Art has made a mistake in painting him with a womanish face and a feeble mien. Pilate would never have trembled before such a Christ as Munkaczy has painted. The New Testament gives in one passage, and in one only, a hint of Jesus' personal appearance. It is in the vision which John had in Patmos of one like unto the Son of Man: "His eyes were like a flame of light, his feet like unto fine brass, and his voice as the sound of many waters." Much has been said of the meekness and gentleness of Jesus Christ. Yes! But what surprised and impressed the narrators of his

life was that this meekness and gentleness should be shown in the life of a man who more than once so faced a mob that they parted and made a passage for him, as the Red sea for Israel; who unattended drove the traffickers from the Temple courts; who taught not like the scribes, but with authority; who calmed the wildest maniac with the serene power of his look; whom the police would not arrest in

the Temple, because they were overawed by his presence; whose eyes were as a flame of fire, whose tread was that of feet of brass, whose voice was sonorous as the sound of many waters.

It is not within the province of this paper to repeat the narrative of his life, or tell the familiar story of his death. Its simple purpose is to indicate that in him all modern life has its birth. The Four Gospels are the protoplasm of democracy. In Bethlehem was sounded the knell of exclusive privilege and inaugurated the era of universal welfare. That this is the distinctive characteristic of modern life can hardly be doubted. The breed of horses is not materially improved since Alexander rode Bucephalus; but the iron horse gives a common advantage of speed and a common convenience of carriage to the merchant prince and to the common laborer. Palaces are no finer than in the days of Augustus; but comfortable homes are everywhere. Art has never surpassed that of Phidias; but modern inventions put beauty into the homes of the humblest workingman. We still go back to Homer



AN ANCIENT OLIVE IN THE GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE.

and to Æschylus for literature; but the printing-press and the common school put the best literature within the reach of the poorer people. Philosophy is no wiser than when Socrates taught it to a few pupils in the academic grove of Athens; but education is universal. Temples do not outshine those of Jerusalem, Ephesus, Rome; but there is a church in every village. There are no saints who in spiritual vision

and consecrated life transcend the apostle Paul; but into the slums of every modern city and into the scattered population of every distant zone apostles with the Pauline spirit are carrying the message of God's love for man and of man's love for his fellow-men. The process begun in Galilee is not yet completed, and will not be until political economy learns and teaches the doctrine of distribution as well as of accumulation; until fools cease to hoard and wise men learn to scatter; until luxury ceases to enervate the children of the rich and comfort enriches the homes of all the poor; until every despot is dethroned and every "boss" dismissed, and every ring broken; until our systems of public education recognize the truth that to think is more than to know and to be is more than to think; until, in the words of the ancient prophet, every valley is filled and every mountain is brought low.

Modern life—all that it has accomplished and all that it hopes to accomplish—has its secret in this—let me state it in the terms of my own faith—that when the Son of God came to earth to illustrate what the divine life is He identified himself with the commonest and the humblest, that he might show by his life as well as by his teaching that the commonest and humblest life may be divine.

THE HEMLOCK.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

DARK are the shadows that my branches throw,
 And when they murmur in the sunset breeze
 It seems as though the lips of long-ago
 Breathed the last sigh of dying Socrates.



THE QUADRILLES AT THE COURT OF NAPOLEON I.—1806-1813.

BY FREDERIC MASSON.

NOT until the winter of 1805-6 did the Emperor decide to give fêtes on a large scale at the Tuileries. Before this time, indeed, there had been frequent dancing parties, but these were of quite an exclusive character, and were given in the apartments of the Emperor in the rez-de-chaussée of the palace. The success of these select soirées, to which only ladies of the court were invited, to the exclusion of society in general, was not very marked; they smacked a little too much of the ancient régime, of Marie Antoinette's "small and early's."

During the previous winter Napoleon had accepted the ball tendered him by the city of Paris on the occasion of his coronation. In thus going to the Hôtel de Ville the Emperor fell into one of the errors of the old monarchy. The mistakes of a democratic sovereign should have had the merit of originality. Moreover, it would have been good policy to have returned in the Tuileries the hospitality of the bourgeoisie. The truth is Napoleon, even if he had wished, had not had the time to do so before; for following immediately on the ceremony attendant upon his accession to the throne came the journey to Italy and the coronation at Milan, then the preparation for the English expedition and the campaign of Austerlitz.

But now that festivities were in order, and the court was preparing splendidly to celebrate the marriage of Stephanie de Beauharnais and the Crown Prince of Baden, what better occasion could be found to satisfy the people's love of dis-

play, especially that of the Parisienne. A fête such as the one about to be given was a million thrown into the trade of the capital, from which everyone would derive some profit. So the fête was determined upon, and the Emperor, who had been established at St. Cloud since the twelfth of April, on the twentieth returned to the Tuileries expressly for the ball. The arrangements were made with military precision, for in view of the number of guests—twenty-five hundred invitations had been issued—it was

necessary to avoid all confusion and disorder. To obviate a crush, the ball was held in two places;

that is to say, two balls, identically the same were to be given in separate halls in the palace. One half of the guests were to enter by the grand vestibule, meet in the Salle des Maréchaux and sup in the hall of the Conseil d'Etat. The other half were to enter by the Pavillon de Flore, meet in the gallery of Diane and sit down to supper in the Pavillon de Flore. And what a supper! The wedding supper of Gamache was nothing to it. Duroc, the grand marshal of the

palace, as a provident housekeeper, foresaw that a hundred great dishes would be necessary, viz.: sixteen hams, sixteen stews, sixteen pâtés, sixteen shoulders of veal, nine biscuits de Savoie, nine brioches, nine pound cakes and nine gâteaux de Compiègne; then sixty entrées, twelve capons with rice, twelve dishes of fricassee chicken and twelve of mayonnaise, twelve of quail, hot and cold, and twelve partridge salads. There-

after, came sixty roasts—of turkey, chicken, duck and pheasant, with two hundred entremets, jellies and creams, and one hundred pastries. Finally, seventy-two plates of bon-bons, a like number of preserved fruits, one hundred of candied fruits and two hundred of oranges and pears, together with three thousand ices, one thousand bottles of Beaume wine, one hundred each of champagne, of Bordeaux and of dessert wines, twenty bottles of rum, to say nothing of punches and lemonades.

To feast the guests was all very well, but what was to be done to entertain them? The seven

o'clock concert, given by the Imperial Conservatoire de Musique in the illuminated gardens, was for the benefit of the people. The ball itself did not open until nine o'clock; so, in imitation of Catherine de Médicis, who in her turn had been imitated by the Christian kings of the houses of Valois and Bourbon, the court was to dance before the society of the capital in quadrilles, which were almost ballets, thus giving to the best dancers of both sexes an oppor-

tunity to display their accomplishments. The quadrille over, the Emperor passed into the Galerie de Diane to witness the dance led by the Princess Caroline, the future queen of Naples.

The Emperor strolled for an hour through the rooms, frequently addressing a few words to ladies among the invited guests. At half past ten o'clock he left with his suite for St. Cloud. This was the signal for the guests to join in the



MADAME RÉCAMIER.

dance and to circulate from one ball-room to the other, a privilege which up to this time had been reserved to the Emperor.

The fête was a great success and the tradespeople of Paris were correspondingly delighted. But several years elapsed before another ball was given at the Tuileries. The occasion was lacking, for Napoleon had so little time at his disposal that he could give little thought to dancing. The whole of the winter 1806-7 he spent in Poland; November and December of 1807 were passed in Italy. True, he was back in Paris in January 1808, but the fêtes given to him during Carnival by his sisters, ministers and marshals were all he could attend to. Marescalchi, minister of foreign affairs for the kingdom of Italy, in his delightful residence on the corner of the Champs-Élysées and the rue d'Angoulême, had already inaugurated those entertainments which two years later became so celebrated. But the event of the season of 1808 was, beyond dispute, the ball given at the Elysée by the Princess Caroline, grand-duchess of Berg. On this occasion a quadrille was danced which brought together the handsomest women of the court: first the grand-duchess herself, then Madame Duchâtel, Madame Regnaud de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, the Princess of Neufchâtel, Madame de Colbert, Mademoiselle de la Vauguion, who afterwards became Madame de Carignan, Madame de Montmorency, Madame Savary, and the Princess of Pontecorvo. They wore Tyrolese costumes, a short skirt of red woolen stuff, bordered with a wide band of dark blue, on which flowers were embroidered in colors and gold, a Tyrolese bodice with bretelles of like stuff and color with the skirt edged with gold, fitting over a fine white chemisette, formed of small tucks. The head-dress was a veil of the finest



PAULINE BONAPARTE.

India mulle embroidered with gold. Every detail of this costume was the same for all, even to the narrow black satin slippers and red silk stockings clocked in gold. Several other quadrilles were danced at this ball, but the Tyrolean had the greatest success. There was a hitch in the execution of the quadrille of the vestals, Queen Hortense, who led them, having some words with her sister-in-law Princess Caroline, an incident which

threw a damper upon the spirits of the merry-makers.

The following winter, 1809, Napoleon did not return from Spain until the twenty-eighth of January, and the only fête of importance during the season was a masked ball, given by Cambacérès at his new house in the rue Saint-Dominique. Two plays then in vogue, "*La Jeunesse de Henri v.*," and "*Les Deux Magots*," inspired the quadrilles danced upon this occasion. But the carnival of 1810 was marked by quite an exceptional fête, long to be re-



ELISA BONAPARTE.

membered. The Emperor had just been divorced, and he did not intend that either society or trade should suffer thereby. Every one was willing to lend a helping hand. Fortunately, the Princess Caroline, at this time Queen of Naples, was in Paris, and she deigned to give the matter her attention. At this period her all-absorbing passion was chess; she played by correspondence, and willingly spent the whole night over a game. She had just presented Napoleon with that marvellous set of chessmen made of coral and lava, which may today be admired among the curiosities of the Palace of Compiègne. Very naturally, her thought turned to her favorite hobby, and the idea of her presenting a game of chess was adopted. Sixteen ladies of as nearly the same height as possible

as the apron, with very close-fitting sleeves, and the head-dress the classic coiffure of the Sphinx, so fashionable at that time in the ornamentation of furniture. This head-dress was so exceedingly becoming to some of the ladies that it seemed expressly made for them, while it rendered others homely past all belief. The stoutest of the gentlemen, as M. de Ponte Lombrioso, M. de Bausset and M. de Brigode, were chosen to represent the castles. They encased themselves in a kind of wicker-work frame, covered with painted canvas. The knights wore the same head-dress as the pawns, and furnished with a basket horse played to perfection the rôle of centaurs. The jesters (bishops) wore the costume of the court jesters of the time of the Valois, in red and gold or blue and silver; on

their heads the cap and bells, matching their costumes, and in their hands a jester's wand. The kings and queens were resplendent: the king of the reds, a Ptolemy or Sesostris, was played by the gallant Colonel Lejeune, one of the handsomest and most gallant officers on the staff of the Prince Vice-Constable; his queen was the beautiful Madame de Barral, maid-of-honor to the Princess Pauline, a lady who for a moment occupied the attention of the Emperor himself. Their robes of purple and gold fairly sparkled with rubies, everyone possessing any of these precious gems being eager to lend them for the occasion. Colonel Lagrange, surnamed Apollo because he was so handsome, was king of the blues, and carried himself so well that he might well have been a son



QUEEN CAROLINE.

were chosen to play the part of the pawns, eight dressed in red and eight in blue. Among them were the Queen of Naples, Princess of Neufchâtel, the Duchesse d'Abrantès, Countess Duchâtel, Duchess of Rovigo, the Princess d'Aremberg, Madame de Colbert, and the Princess of Pontecorvo. They were dressed in Egyptian costumes, a very narrow white skirt, with a sort of square apron, either red and gold or blue and silver, tightly drawn over the hips. The corsage was of the same color

of the gods. His queen was Madame Maret, Duchess of Bassano, whose matchless beauty and faultless figure have been immortalized by the brush of Gérard.

After fifteen days of rehearsal at the Elysée, the night of the ball arrived at last. Two men dressed as Indians entered the ball-room, carrying an immense oil-cloth painted like a chess-board, and while performing a kind of war-dance, spread it upon the floor; meanwhile, the orchestra struck up a march composed for

the occasion, and two by two the pawns, the knights, the jesters, the castles, the kings and the queens filed in before the admiring spectators. At this instant, on two tribunes facing each other at each end of the chess-board, two masked magicians in flowing robes, one in red dotted with gold stars, the other in blue dotted with silver stars, took their stand. These were the players of the game. Although picturesque, the dance was in danger of becoming monotonous, so the shortest cut to a solution was taken, and the game wound up with the classic "*Échec du Berger*." The reds were checkmated almost without being given a chance to defend themselves. As Her Majesty, the Queen of Naples, was among the blues, the victory could not well belong to the other side.

Although dancing was much more extensively cultivated in those days than it is now, the great drawback to these ballets, for they were nothing else, was the prominence given to individuals and the neglect of the ensemble. Nor was the representation of a game of chess a happy inspiration. Too many of the actors remained motionless, the figures of the dance were fatally similar, the progress of the game was incomprehensible to the uninitiated, and its close afforded no opportunity for a finale. The Princess Caroline, however, had a great fancy for these complicated ventures.

During the carnival of 1811 the Emperor ordered three masked balls, one to be given

by the Prince of Neufchâtel, one by Cambacérès, and one by Marescalchi. He enjoyed himself much better at these private balls than at those given at the Tuileries, where he always felt himself to be on exhibition. As a guest he imagined that he could pass unnoticed, and that his



MARIE-LOUISE.—AFTER A DRAWING BY P. P. PRUD'HON.

presence was scarcely known. Certainly there were no police agents, at least in the rooms; but who, having once heard it, could fail to recognize the voice of the Emperor when he spoke, or who would not recognize his peculiar walk as he advanced, cloaked in the domino which he fancied so perfectly disguised him? Nothing amused him so much as to take to task some lady of his court, repeating to her gossip about herself which he had learned from his private police. But while

it pleased him to receive answers as if he were not recognized, and retorts as sharp as the words he himself uttered, he was not willing to remain in ignorance as to whom he was addressing, and did not hesitate, if necessary, to lift the mask in order to see the face.

It was at these masked balls that Napoleon usually met Madame Tallien, who, now that she had become Madame de Caraman-Chimay, fondly hoped that the

win him over to leniency. But gatherings of this kind afforded little excitement, and what Napoleon looked for was novelty. It must be admitted that he interpreted very broadly the privileges of his incognito, but when given tit for tat for his impertinence he laughed heartily. It was at the ball given by Cambacérès that he was so sharply answered by Madame de Saint-Didier, wife of the prefect of the palace and daughter of General Mathieu-

Dumas, one of the heroes of the American War of Independence: "There are some people at this ball who ought to be turned out, for they must certainly have entered it with stolen tickets."

His episode with Madame de Mesgrigny, formerly Mademoiselle de Rambuteau, was even more galling. She was one of the prettiest women of the court, the wife of an imperial chamberlain who was most faithful to the empire in the time of its disaster, and had been called herself to the important post of governess to the King of Rome. Prior to this, she had laughingly turned aside Napoleon's advances. The second time she replied that she would be very sorry to leave Paris, where she was very happy, but if the Emperor insisted she would be obliged to ask her husband's permission to retire to his estate in Champagne, where she would certainly die of ennui. The Emperor made no reply, but shortly after appointed her under-governess to his son; but he had his little revenge

to take and did not fail to take it. In 1805, when on his way to Milan to assume the crown of Italy, he stopped at Troyes. Mademoiselle de Rambuteau, at that time unmarried, lived in that town with her parents who had been reduced to extreme poverty by the Revolution. The young girl seized the opportunity to present a petition to the Emperor, in which she begged for the restitution of the family property. Scarcely had she returned to



ISABEV.

successes and tribulations of Teresa Cabarrus were forgotten and that she might regain the good graces of the Emperor and force the doors of the Tuileries, so obstinately closed against her. Napoleon, who, in spite of all, felt kindly towards her, avoided a direct refusal by saying, "Put yourself in my place and decide." She, however, was in no hurry to decide and postponed the decision until the following year, always hopeful that she could

her humble abode when a page of the Emperor arrived, bringing a decree, just signed, in which the Rambuteaux were restored to the possession of property representing about thirty thousand francs income. As the petitioner was so charming, the gossip of the town was set agoing.

Years passed, and Mademoiselle de Rambuteau became Madame Mesgrigny, wife of one of Napoleon's equerries and most devoted followers. At

one of the fêtes above alluded to, the Emperor had the bad taste while talking to her to allude to the gossip of Troyes. Hardly were the words uttered when Madame de Mesgrigny, usually a most amiable lady, rose and angrily retorted that he took a shameful advantage of his incognito. Five years later, Napoleon, referring to this matter, excused himself on the ground that he alone could have said what he did without giving offense because he alone knew there was no truth in it!

To preserve more completely his incognito, Napoleon often went so far as to have a double. This double was Isabey, the miniaturist, a perfect mimic, who imitated so well the walk and general carriage of the Emperor that those most familiar with him were deceived. There was one point, however, in which he failed: His hands were nearly twice as big as Napoleon's. This the Emperor provided for by wearing several pairs of gloves, one over the other. Isabey used to enter the ball-room ostentatiously accompanied by some friend of Duroc's general appearance, while Napoleon slipped in alone. The Emperor never wore any fancy dress at these balls, but often changed the color of his domino. We find among his accounts an item of the 26th of March, 1809, for three hundred and twenty francs paid to Constant, first valet-de-chambre, for dominos and masks made during the carnival. In 1810 two



THE COUNTESS BEAUHARNAIS.

dominos and taffetas were ordered; in 1811 Constant received six hundred and twenty francs for masks and dominos; in 1812 two dominos, one blue and one gray, were furnished; in 1813 one black, and, lastly, the inventory of the wardrobe for 1814 shows a total of five dominos for balls.

Napoleon never abandoned himself, even at a masked ball, so far as to forget business. In the middle of the quadrille he would often single out some staff officer and make an appointment with him, through Duroc or Berthier, for the following morning. It had just occurred to him that he had been for some time without news from a certain army corps and he thought this officer could furnish him the report desired. The next day that officer would set off, perhaps never to return, or, like the gallant Colonel Lejeune, only after making



MARIE-LOUISE AND THE KING OF ROME.



MADAME TALLIEN.

his escape from an English prison. At another time some important diplomatic question engrossed him. He would waylay an ambassador or even an ambassador, lead them to a salon apart, remove his mask and discuss the matter in detail. Indeed, although the Emperor might have enjoyed some little relaxation from these amusements, they were not really of the right sort to furnish interest to his active mind. Even the obligatory small talk of society, which at a pinch might have appealed to certain malicious traits in his character, soon wearied him. As to dancing, although a pleasure to the eye, it occasioned him profound ennui. He understood, however, that such amusements were necessary, and he encouraged dancing.

As part of the fêtes given to celebrate the christening of the King of Rome, Napoleon had at first intended to give two balls simultaneously at the Tuilleries on the sixteenth of June. Two thousand invitations were to be issued outside of the court circle. But the Emperor changed his mind and decided upon a state banquet, followed by a representation of "La Didon," by Paer. Seven months later, however, the first idea was again taken up, and the two projected balls took place on the

6th and 12th of February, 1812, in the private theater of the palace. The stage was very ingeniously transformed into a sort of rotunda like that already existing in the hall. In that way the room became an immense parallelogram, at one end of which, on a raised platform, were seats for the Emperor, the Empress and princesses of his family. The orchestra were installed at the other extremity. On each side of the room four rows of benches extended its entire length. The illuminations were magnificent. The grand foyer was transformed into a buffet lavishly supplied, as on the occasion of the ball in 1806. But on this occasion there were two distinct classes of guests, one invited to dance, the other as witnesses.

The list of the former was carefully revised by the Emperor, who called the grand chamberlain's attention to the impropriety of inviting certain young ladies whose mothers had been passed over, unconscious meantime of the greater absurdity of inviting nine hundred people to come and look on while the court danced! For it must be remembered that these nine hundred guests belonging to the leading classes of the bourgeoisie—sensitive, and



MADAME TALLEYRAND.

on the alert to practice the equality gained by the revolution—would find it a questionable compliment to be admitted to private boxes which they were not at liberty to leave, not even to visit the buffet!

The invitations to the ball said ten o'clock for the crowd, half past ten for ministers and officials. But at half past ten sharp Marie-Louise entered in a Cauchois costume: cherry-colored velvet skirt, bodice, blue velvet with pale gold dots, fichu and sleeves in embroidered muslin trimmed with Mechlin lace. As head-dress, a Cauchois cap of cherry velvet, organdie muslin and silver. A necklace of large beads, bracelets gold enamelled, pear-shaped ear-rings, a long chain from which was suspended a medal, gold enamelled, and shoe-buckles set with brilliants, were the jewels she wore. The costume cost 1764 francs 20 centimes, the jewels 731 francs.

Marie-Louise had scarcely taken her seat by the side of the Emperor, who wore simply a colored domino, when the orchestra struck up a military march, and from the doors leading to the foyer the quadrille of the Princesses Pauline and Caroline made its entry. First the twelve divinities descended from the ether with stars and constellations; then Iris, represented by the young Countess Legrand, a bride of seventeen summers, and undoubtedly one of the freshest beauties of the Imperial court.

After the dance of Iris, nymphs entered. They had escaped from "their dewy grottos," and came to "cull the fragrant flowers." Very lovely were those nymphs: Countess Duchâtel, the new Duchess de Castiglione, Madame de Colbert, de Brignole, the Duchess Dalberg, Countess de Montmorency. And equally lovely was the Zephyr,* who followed them. So curly, so fair was he, as if made expressly for the rôle—a captain of the Seventh

Hussars, who had gained his lieutenancy on the field of Austerlitz.

Then came Rome to consult the oracles concerning her destinies. Rome was represented by the Princess Pauline, as beautiful as a vision, in a costume that set in relief all her charms. Next Egeria de-



MADAME DE STAEL.

tached herself from the group of nymphs, and presented Rome with a mirror, in which she would see her destiny. Rome, reassured, lifted her head in triumph; the orchestra struck up a martial air while the genii of victory, of commerce, of agriculture, of arts, heralded the entrance of France, represented by the Queen of Naples. Caroline was dressed in a long gown of white and gold, with a purple mantle embroidered in gold and a helmet with waving plumes. But she had not the

* Zephyr was M. de Galz-Malvirade

graceful sylph-like figure of Pauline, nor was she as tall ; besides, she looked burdened with the costume and heavy mantle. Still, her face had the freshness of a tea rose, and was always lovely. Rome and France danced together to express their satisfaction, while the nymphs and genii entwined Rome with garlands of flowers. But this was not all ; the fête would have been incomplete without Apollo, represented by handsome La Grange, who came dancing in, lyre in hand, clad in a complete suit of rose color, and crowned with laurels. A fine fellow, no doubt, but he had a squint, and with his laurel wreath badly fitting over his wig, he looked comical enough ; fortunately, there was no time to examine him closely. The Hours followed after him. To find twenty-four hours, to join to the eight nymphs, was not easy, if they were all to be equally fresh and beautiful ; and so it happened that some of the ladies, especially those representing the Hours of Night, had reached a respectable age. Thus the Countess de la Vieuville (the eighth hour), who had a son long past the age of being a page at court, and of poor Madame de Crouy Chanel (midnight), some one was malicious enough to remark, audibly : "C'est minuit passé !"

The Hours danced round Apollo, who



JOSEPHINE.

pretended to be playing on his lyre, when at a signal from France the genii left the room. The Hours were so charmed by Apollo's music—music consecrated to the glory of the Emperor—that they forgot to pass on. "It is the first time they are known to stop,"—says the libretto. Zephyr flitting about presents flowers to Rome. At the same time the messengers from the gods return bringing a mantle and armor which France offers to Rome. With adorable nonchalance the princess allows herself to be clothed with the mantle, and the armor buckled on. But what else have the genii brought to France? A portrait, the portrait of an infant, a new-born child in whose cradle was found the crown of Rome. Kneeling Rome receives the portrait, whilst the Nymphs, the Hours, Egeria, Iris, Zephyr, the genii, and stars join in a final ballabile.

The Queen of Naples and Princess Pauline had had their quadrille ; Queen Hortense was to have hers, and it took place five days later, February 11, 1812, in the same rooms, and was brilliant and admirably danced by the ladies ; it was but a masquerade after all, whilst the quadrille led by Queen Hortense was a representation thoroughly carried out.

The scene was borrowed from "Les Incas," by Marmontel. The action unfolds itself in Peru, on a deserted island, at the time of the conquest, 1525. Alfonso, a Castilian officer, is in search of his son. He falls



QUEEN HORTENSE.

among the natives who take him prisoner and announce by signs their intention to put him to death. The natives are represented by sixteen ladies and ten men. All are masked; the ladies wear short skirts blue or red gauze trimmed with gold or silver with a sun embroidered on the breast and a diadem of tinsel and feathers. The men wear trunks, red or blue, and the same emblems as the women. After a dance round the prisoner, the warriors go to get their bows and arrows. Alfonso guarded by the women endeavors in vain to persuade them to set him free. At this moment his lost son appears on the scene, (this part was played by a page of the Emperor). The boy is terrified at finding his father chained and he intercedes with such good effect that the Peruvian women are about to relent, when their blood-thirsty husbands return. Now the women intercede for the Spanish captive, but to no avail. Already the bows are bent and the arrows drawn, when the sounds of sacred music are heard. It is the Queen of the Island (Queen Hortense). She and her ten followers are dressed in white satin skirts with muslin drapery, trimmed with gold fringe and held by a ceinture. A long veil of embroidered muslin falls from their diadems. A sun embroidered in gold figures on the breast and the mantle. They are the priestesses of the sun.

Young Alfonso throws himself at the feet of the queen, begs her to spare his father's life. The queen will pardon father and son on one condition, that they do homage to the sun. This they cannot well refuse to do, and do it so effectively that the queen, to show her satisfaction at such spontaneous conversion begins to dance with her priestesses. A general finale ensues and the quadrille is ended.

Let us add that Queen Hortense's quadrille, simpler and presentative, cheaper also in the total expenses, which only amounted to 13,566 francs, escaped much of the ridicule that attached itself to the

quadrille led by Caroline. It is admissible to be a Peruvian, à la Marmontel, but to be Apollo or Zephyr, to be Rome and France, is quite a different thing. An epic ballet performed by professionals even easily turns to the ridiculous, but when such mythological parade and embroglio of sugared flattery is done by queens, chamberlains, colonels and squires would have been too amusing to the spectators in the boxes had laughter been allowed.

Criticism might have been indulged in



HORTENSE DEBAUHARNAIS.

when the ball was over, but it was raining in torrents, and while the carriages of the court obstructed the entrance of the Tuileries, the other guests had to seek theirs as best they could. The women were drenched and their toilets utterly ruined. This added to the general dissatisfaction. It would have been a thousand times better not to have invited the bourgeoisie at all, rather than have placed it in a position of apparent inferiority. Twenty years before, this same bourgeoisie had upset the throne and changed the govern-

ment to place themselves on a par with the nobility and the clergy; and now they had been invited to look on while the new aristocracy danced—an aristocracy formed of the elements they hated most: the aristocracy of birth and of courage.

Notwithstanding all this, for the Emperor had been informed of the disastrous effect produced by this system of invitations, he repeated the same thing during the carnival of 1813. Alas! Many of the dancers did not answer to the call. Some had remained in Russia, some in the hospitals of Germany; some were dead, wounded or prisoners.

In the absence of the Emperor's sisters, Queen Hortense had to assume the responsibility of the social events of that season.



MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

So she organized a Swiss masquerade, charming in taste although on a smaller scale than the Peruvian quadrille. She herself wore a pearl colored velvet gown over which was draped another skirt in bluetaffetas, black velvet corselet trimmed with gold lace and Spanish point, full sleeves in white plaited cambric, a short muslin apron,

a straw hat trimmed with flowers, and black velvet bands around her neck and wrists. The costume cost six hundred and fifty francs, and the hat eighty francs.

But did everyone get his money's worth of amusement at these balls? It is to be doubted. The near approach of the Emperor's departure was known to all, and between the silences of the orchestra they heard the step of the armed multitudes advancing toward the frontiers of France.

The next year, Mardi-gras, February 22, 1814, the Emperor, victorious two days before at Montereau, witnessed with agony the burning of Méry by the Prussians, to stop the passage of his army. Seven years later, on the eve of his death, the souvenir of this Mardi-gras (1814) was so present to his mind that he disposed of his private domain to be given to his old soldiers and the villages that had suffered the most by the invasion. He ordered the sum of one million to be given to the town of Méry. He no longer recalled the illuminated Tuileries, the pomps of the pageants, the intoxicating music, the beauty of the dancers, nor the quadrilles to celebrate his glory; what he saw was that town in flames, the peasants murdered by the Cossacks. That was the only Mardi-gras he remembered.



MLLE. MARS.

THE NAVAJO.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.



STRAIGHT as a shaft of mountain ash,
A copper-hued American.
And round his loins was bound a sash,
The raiment of barbaric men ;
And bright across his sunken cheeks
Were painted two broad scarlet streaks,
That heightened with their garish dyes
The midnight blackness of his eyes.

The buckskin moccasins he wore
With gaudy beads were thick inlaid,
And in his hand a wand he bore
Most curiously carved and made,
And on his wrist two bells he kept
That tinkled as he lightly stepped.
The talisman by which his spells
Lured serpents from their rocky cells.

Wide stretched the waste of desert lands
Beside him there ; a waveless shore,
Of burnished and of treeless sands
Like to some buried ocean's floor.
Where all year long the burning sun
A woof and warp of flame-thread spun,
And where the cactus reared its spike
And each parched season seemed alike

And while the bells did music make,
Before him, and with neck upraised
And cold eyes fixed, a rattlesnake
Turned in its coil as if half dazed ;
And moved the charmer to and fro
While undulated, smooth and slow,
As fast he paced with arms outspread—
The dull ophidian's flattened head.

Gray-mottled was the reptile's skin
Beneath the sun's rays glistening ;
And curved and crinkled out and in
The dusky coil's compacted ring ;
And fast and faster swept the chime
Of tinkling bells in rhythmic time,
The while the snake's keen vision dire
Lost something of its steely ire.

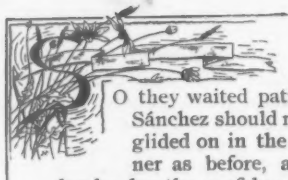
And then the savage stooped to take
Up from the twisting spiral fold,
The sinuous body of the snake,
When instantly its eyes so cold
Flashed lightning ; in that flash it sprang
Upon him ; from its hollow fang
Swift through his veins the venom leaped
And all his soul in death was steeped.



THE ORIGIN OF THOUGHT.

BY ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

IV.



O they waited patiently until Sánchez should relent. Life glided on in the same manner as before, augmenting day by day the confidence and affection between our hero and the family of his lady love. He was in the house constantly. When they went to walk at Recoletos, Mario and Carlota walked in front, and Doña Carolina and Presentación came behind. In a short time all Madrid knew them. "Here come the betrothed," said the passers-by, on catching sight of them. Some jesters began to call them "I Promessi Sposi." And, as usually happens, at the end of a few months people began to grow tired of them. "But, my good sir, when are these young folks going to get married?"

At last, at Mario's entreaty, Doña Carolina consented to call him "thou," and even carried her condescension so far as to permit him to call her "mamma," all in private, of course, and when Sánchez was not present. One day she allowed "thou" to escape her in the latter's presence. Heavens! how the good lady blushed! Mario was enchanted; he adored her.

A few months later, there came a change in politics. One ministry fell, and a new one was formed. The retiring minister of foreign affairs had remembered Mario, through the friendship which he had borne to his father, and left him a promotion in what is called, in official terms, his testament. He now received a salary of sixteen thousand reales. When Doña Carolina heard of it, she showed a truly maternal joy. So much so that a few days later she led him silently to a corner, and told him mysteriously that, if he per-

mitted, she would "make another attack" on Sánchez; she was doubtful enough about the result, but she would make a supreme effort . . . "And we shall see."

Hope was born again suddenly in the young sculptor's breast. He became so nervous that the kind-hearted woman, to complete her charitable undertaking, showed her willingness to go that very moment to the chamber of her severe spouse. Mario could not control himself; he almost pushed her out of the room. She smiled gently and called him a madman.

What anguish, what pangs the lovers suffered while she was absent there! They reached such a pitch that Mario, poor fellow, consented to recite several Paternosters with Carlota, that they might obtain a favorable result.

Heaven granted their prayers. Doña Carolina presented herself at the end of half an hour, radiant with happiness, and before a word passed her lips, she ran to her daughter and embraced her warmly, shedding a torrent of tears. Then she did the same to Mario. The latter experienced such strong emotion that he nearly went crazy. He laughed, cried, danced, kissed the hands of his future mother-in-law, calling her mother, promising to love her and obey her always like a submissive son; in short, he did a thousand ridiculous things, which would provoke a smile in anyone who has never been really in love.

From that day forth they talked of nothing but the wedding. They began to buy the linen; that is to say, there began the only period of existence which can give an approximate idea of what goes on in heaven. This memorable stage of the underclothing exercised such an influence on Mario's happiness that, many years afterwards, when he passed a linen shop and saw women's petticoats and chemises displayed in the windows, he felt his heart beat faster with emotion.



Drawn by José Cabrinety.

"FAR AWAY AT THE FOOT OF A TREE THE TWO WERE CHATTING."

Dofia Carolina was the holy spirit of this holy heaven. When the young man saw her put on her spectacles and take a dressing-jacket in her fingers, rub it carefully, hold it near her eyes to see if she could discover any thread of cotton in its white web, a quiver of ineffable bliss

flowed through his body ; emotion stifled him ; he was obliged to turn his back lest he should fall at her feet and express to her in fervent language, in the presence of the shop-girls, all the veneration, all the enthusiasm with which her generous conduct inspired him.



Drawn by José Cabrinety.

CARLOTA ON SATURDAYS. (See page 554.)

Soon the day was fixed; the form in which it was to be celebrated was discussed. It had been settled before that, that the young couple were not to have a separate establishment "for the present." Mario's small salary did not permit it. Don Pantaleón announced, through his wife's mouth, that, until the married pair found themselves in a condition to set up for themselves, they were to live in company with him. The same Don Pantaleón resolved that the wedding should be celebrated by a day in the country, at the Viveros, as was the use and custom among the distinguished element of the Madrid merchant class.

It was the first Sunday in August.

Mario invited his friends, the patrons of the Century café—Miguel Rivera, Adolfo Moreno, Llot, Oliveros, Romadonga and three or four comrades from the office; the Sánchez invited several distinguished families of merchants, and among them the president himself of the Producers' League, the proprietor of a large factory of fire-brick, in the environs of Madrid. The Sánchez did not keep up a very intimate friendship with this family; but, comprehending the brilliancy which would be reflected on the festival if they could get them to be present, they wrote them an obsequious letter. The Corneta family—that being the name of the president of the league—replied in a very amiable note, accepting and sending at the same time a valuable liquor-stand, that enriched the list of presents which the young couple received at that time. Doña Carolina placed them all in one of the dressing-rooms of the house, amid a pretty decoration of fine cotton cloth, that they might make the better impression. There were a great many of them, and they were very pretty; but a rich collection of thermometers, of all sizes and shapes, predominated. Their friends had understood, with admirable instinct, that nothing can inspire so much interest in a newly wedded pair as the attentive observation of meteorological phenomena.

The first Sunday in August dawned as resplendent, as clear and hot, as nearly all of its companions that year in Madrid. The persons who were present at the early masses in the church of Santiago could see, in one of the side chapels, a young man correctly clad in black, kneeling before a confessional. There was nothing singular in that; but at the opposite confessional there was a young woman, also clad in black, with her face pressed against the little window. This was grave. Thus the faithful understood it, and that is why, sinning against the third commandment, they never took their eyes from the pair while the confession lasted.

The priest held the young man so em-

braced that the spectators could see nothing but his legs, which told nothing. But the young woman showed a bit of her cheek, and that bit of cheek was so soft, so polished, so rosy, that it created profound interest in the audience, and especially in the acolyte who was assisting at the mass.

"They are bride and groom," said the faithful to themselves, bursting with curiosity and penetration. They were, in fact, the fresh and pleasing Carlota, and the happy Mario.

After the ceremony, and after they had drunk their chocolate in the dwelling of Don Pantaleón, the newly married pair and their train were transported to the Viveros in two large omnibuses. The Viveros preserves amid the files of its dwarf trees, and beneath its rustic arbors, all the poetry of the commercial class of Madrid. There the guilds express on festival days the fact that they are not insensible to the mysterious witchery of nature, nor averse to the sweet emotions of the country. As mute but eloquent witnesses of this poetical background which some people pretend to deny, various heads of sardines and not a few remains of boiled eggs are generally to be seen beneath their fresh bowers, where the light sifts down softly and sleepily, or upon the fine carpet of grass, amid hedges of box and bead-trees.

Señor Sánchez, who had forgotten no interesting detail, in spite of his meditative and slumberous temperament, had hired a mechanical piano the day before. The heat was no obstacle to this choice company of young people, and they immediately began to dance frantically. One gentleman took occasion to remove his coat; the rest imitated him. They danced in their shirt-sleeves, with that pleasing familiarity which characterizes business men in moments of mirth. So they perspired, as in the first days of the creation. The ladies' cheeks were aflame. Ah, if they could only have utilized the ice which, at that moment, encircled the heart of the violinist of the Century café, how it would have refreshed them!

By dint of skill and diplomacy, Timoteo had succeeded in getting Doña Carlota to invite him to the wedding. In truth, this stroke of generosity brought down something unpleasant on her head.

Her younger daughter became so pugnacious and used such violent language on hearing of it, that the good lady was obliged to settle the question by her usual method, which was a couple of pinches. The girl shrieked at the top of her voice. And in this agreeable state of mind towards the violinist she went to her sister's wedding. What was bound to happen? A catastrophe. She applied those two pinches to the soul of their cause at the first opportunity which offered.

"Presentacioncita, will you do me the honor to dance this polka with me?"

"Thanks, I don't dance."

A few moments later another young man came up and gave her the same invitation. Presentación hesitated a minute, cast a sidelong glance at the violinist, smiled maliciously, and allowed herself to be led off to the dance by this very odious person, to whom from that moment Timoteo dedicated all the gall which his organism manufactured.

This repulsive and abject being, named Grass, dedicated the hours when he was not meditating or executing some shameful act, to keeping the books in two gentlemen's furnishing shops in Principe street. Hence he assumed to eclipse all others in the gloss and shape of his sailor collar, and the splendor of his blue satin necktie, with white spots. Timoteo was conscious of Grass's superiority on this point, but they might have chopped him into splinters before he would have confessed it.

Presentación was by far the prettiest girl whom industry and commerce had contributed to Mario's wedding. Accordingly all the young men danced attendance on her, vied in serving her, and courting her like a troop of slaves. One humbly craved the honor of holding her fan, another spread his coat on the grass for her to sit on; several ran to get her a glass of water when she was thirsty, and offered it to her with sugar and orange-flower drops, or with ainseed, or currant juice, that she might take her choice; others considered themselves happy when she sent them a slight smile from afar. This made the girl, who had always exhibited a marked inclination for the pomps of the world, quite insufferable. She seemed a cruel and despotic sultana. When she saw all her wishes immediately gratified, she did not know herself what

she wanted. No sooner had she summoned a young fellow and permitted him to sit at her feet, while she listened to him and looked amiably at him, than she repulsed him with fierce mien and quick anger. Sometimes she required them to narrate something to her, at other times she made them remain silent and motionless. It was lucky that it did not occur to her to order that Timoteo should be hung to a tree, since no one knows what might have happened in the present state of their minds!

But the one who speedily contrived to distance his competitors, and rivet the attention of the beauty, was Grass. And this not because of the prestige of his necktie, but because he was a daring man, and full of wit. Every one of his phrases was a poem of grace. When he had occasion to refer to his own head, he called it "the pumpkin." "I used to know a lady in Sevilla," he said, "who ate with her mouth." He also possessed a fertile and audacious imagination for all sorts of diverting farces, and a special talent for imitating the voice, gestures and manner of walking of anyone whom he chose. He ran and frisked with startling agility, in spite of his very pronounced obesity. He sang in a treble voice, a baritone and a bass, and he knew how to cast shadows on the wall with his hands, in a wonderful manner. Finally, he was a consummate sleight of hand performer. At the request of several young girls, he executed a number of tricks of prestidigitation, which produced enthusiasm among the guests. It is clear that, in order to execute them, assistants were needed. Grass chose them from the prettiest girls. And although all served him with willingness and diligence, Presentación distinguished herself particularly by her enthusiasm. What deviltries that man performed with her aid, drawing coins from her hair, her nose, her neck!

Timoteo thirsted for his blood!

At about eleven o'clock, the family of the president of the Producers' League made their triumphal entry in the Viveros. As soon as they were informed that a carriage was standing at the gate, the greater part of the guests abandoned their amusements and ran thither, desirous of displaying their friendship with such distinguished persons, who made a show in

Madrid society, and kept their own carriage. The president came accompanied by his wife and two daughters. Señor Corneta presented the same elegant figure as a butcher on a holiday. Short, fat, red-faced, with a very large coat, and his enormous hands imprisoned in gloves the color of blood. He carried his head thrown well back, and talked in shouts. His millions, the League, his fire-brick manufactory, all were visible simultaneously in his face, struggling to rise above the unfortunates who approached him and crush them. What a way he had of giving his hand and looking the other way the while! What a rough and impertinent voice in saluting those at a distance! It is impossible to imagine a more patronizing superiority. And, nevertheless, much more patronizing were the glances, the smiles and the greetings of his amiable wife and daughters. It was the superlative degree. The two rosebuds were attired with picturesque elegance, and the mamma, despite her age, was not inferior to them. They were neither pretty nor homely, but majestic; with that imposing calm which the consciousness of their glory lends to superior beings. The three had come provided with impertinent lorgnettes, with which they immediately began to carry out attentive and conscientious observations on the guests, as a naturalist studies through his microscope the forms and movements of infusoriae. Naturally, under the power of this investigating gaze, the merchants' daughters blushed, and the young clerks did not know what to do with their hands and feet, especially their hands.

"Is not Juanito coming?" some one inquired.

"Oh, Juanito!"

On hearing this question the three ladies went into such a fit of mirth that they could not reply, although it did not interrupt their microscopical study of these curious beings.

"Juanito is not accustomed to rise at such hours," said one of them at last. "At such hours! Eleven o'clock in the morning! What elegance! What distinction!" thought the clerks, whom adverse fate compelled to get out of their beds at six o'clock every day in the week.

The Corneta family was conducted in triumph towards one of the arbors, where

Mario and his wife were regaled by them with a few most amiable phrases, of which both Doña Carolina and her worthy spouse, Don Pantaleón, preserved a vivid recollection for a long time afterwards.

No one would have dared to question the immense superiority of the Cornetas over the other guests, so far as aristocratic brilliancy and patronizing grace were concerned. Above all, these qualities acquired marvellous relief when they were silent. When they began to speak, some fastidious critic might have objected to the hoarse and rather liquor-thick voice of the younger, and to the free remarks and the decidedly bold and impudent manners of the elder. Perhaps his analytical spirit might have drawn him so far as to institute some vague comparison between these distinguished young ladies and the young women who deal in coarse wool and fritters on the outskirts of the town. And who knows whether, when his foot was once set on the path of investigation, it would not be possible to explain this phenomenon by the laws of evolution, perceiving therein the pathological survival or degeneracy of the organic abilities of her grandmother, who fried and sold such eatables near the gate of Segovia? But as analytical methods did not reign among this flower of the commercial youth the sovereignty and privileges of the said young ladies were accepted without any controversy, and they were placed in the arbor, in company with their parents, as superior divinities to whom Doña Carolina, Don Pantaleón, and a few other elderly persons bore the relation of lesser gods.

For this reason, and because no one could dispute with Presentación the prize of beauty, the latter continued to reign despotically over the young guests. Her cavalier was still the odious Grass, as Timoteo observed with steadily increasing malevolence. But from time to time she directed intense glances at Godofredo Llot. Timoteo did not observe this. That pious youth hardly dared to respond by lifting his mystical eyes to her now and then. The greater part of the time, he did not appear to observe the honorable attention of which he was the object, deterred, no doubt, by the grave ascetic thoughts which constantly occupied his mind.

After breakfast—a good deal after break-

fast—about four o'clock in the afternoon, the very elegant silhouette of Señor Corneta's first-born, made its appearance. He approached smiling, benign, and everyone could admire his gaiters of chamois skin, his fashionable tight-fitting trowsers with small, mother-of-pearl buttons at the sides, and the costly flannel tennis coat which clothed his figure. This attire, and the whip with which he flicked gently at the branches of the bushes as he walked along, showed that he had arrived on horse-back. The young clerks were petrified with respect and admiration at the sight of him. Juanito was a member of the Savage club, and in that capacity, he was in the habit of putting on his dress suit every evening; he had mistresses, and horses, and duels, and debts, and could not pronounce his r's. In spite of all this, it must be confessed that on the present occasion he did not take too much advantage of the prestige and glory which heaven had poured out lavishly upon him. He greeted the assembly with careless affability, raising his whip to his nose twice or thrice, and said in a tolerably clear voice that he was glad to find himself among so many pretty girls; that was what he said; his actual words. Naturally, the young women, on hearing so favorable a judgment, trembled with pleasure and blushed to their very ears, and preserved it in the depths of their hearts as a memory of that happy afternoon. Juanito was endowed with a thousand valuable qualities which were perfectly apparent, but the one which really characterized him was languor. It is impossible to imagine anything more languid than this excellent young man. When he talked, when he smiled, when he twirled his moustache, when he straddled his legs apart, an irresistible languor shone out through these commonplace acts.

Presentación could not resist him. She was subjugated from the first moment. As soon as young Corneta, giving proof of his good taste, approached her and did her the honor to address a few gallant words to her, farewell to Grass, farewell to Godofredo also! Those pretty, mischievous eyes no longer had any glances for anyone but Corneta; that fresh, mobile mouth formed smiles for him alone.

Timoteo observed this with a mingled

feeling of pain and satisfaction. He was pained by his idol's enthusiasm for this insignificant fellow; but the rout of Grass filled him with joy. And in the fullness of his bitter joy, he could not refrain from approaching the group where that despicable person was still trying to attract attention by his ridiculous tricks of legerdemain. Two minutes had not elapsed before he had launched at him a coarse remark in very bad taste. Grass paid no heed to it. He returned to the charge with another; the Catalan did not take offense at this either. He was a good-natured fellow and fond of jokes. But the violinist at last became so aggressive that he could not do less than say seriously, suspending his performance:

"Hearken, my friend; I must request you to be more polite with your jests; otherwise it seems to me that we shall disagree."

Timoteo smiled ferociously. And without heeding this severe warning, he soon began again his innuendoes and sarcasms; so that Grass lost patience at last. Blind with rage, he raised his hand . . . and the sweet silence of the grove was disturbed by a resounding blow.

Twenty hands immediately grasped him. As many more restrained Timoteo. Two groups formed at a respectable distance, one from the other. And where there had previously been joy and freedom of spirit, a lugubrious and menacing silence suddenly reigned. Those in one group made a confidential effort to convince Grass that he ought not to consider himself offended by the words of a stupid fellow like Timoteo. Those in the latter's group tried to persuade him that a box on the ear meant nothing when bestowed by so insignificant a creature as Grass. All, by tacit agreement, talked in a low voice. Nothing was audible but a soft murmur, like that of the confessional. But Timoteo's strong, strident voice broke the silence from time to time.

"What I want to know is, why that stupid fool assaults me?"

Sh! Ssh! A great hissing drowned and silenced that interrogatory cry. Silence reigned again. But when it seemed as though everything was on the point of being hushed up, Timoteo was heard again to clamor from the center, in a sharp voice:

"What I want to know is, why that stupid fool assaults me?"

These dangerous queries gradually diminished; they became weak and infrequent. A little later this noisy company returned eagerly to its innocent recreations.

Toasts were not lacking, nor poetical improvisations, nor the young man who sings to the accompaniment of the guitar with little skill and much grace various piquant couplets, nor the little girl of six or eight years of age who always recites a comedy monologue at such festivals, swallowing the half of her syllables. Don Dionisio Oliveros read a long epithalamium in tiercets, which he had been able to write, as he confessed, only by stealing, with great difficulty, a few moments from his oppressive poetical tasks, between the third and fourth acts of a drama. Romadonga enjoyed everything, allowing his serene glance to travel over the guests, especially those of the feminine sex, making the tour of all the groups and leaving with each proofs of his graciousness and amiability. In contrast with the young fellow engaged in commerce, who liked to shout, Don Laureano did and said everything in a subdued way. He was not to be heard, except when he suavely offered some gallant remark which made the young ladies feel sensitive and blush or provoked laughter from the matrons. What pleased him most was remarks in private and intimate conversations. In spite of his years, his eyes, which were both bold and respectful, soft and sparkling, fascinated the ladies. They all discussed and lauded him as one of the most agreeable men whom they had ever known. After several attempts, he had succeeded in getting a private interview with the bride. Far away, at the foot of a tree, the two were chatting in an animated manner, he bending his tall form to bring himself to her level, in an insinuating attitude, she smiling and crimson as a poppy.

Miguel Rivera, who was walking with Mario, glanced in that direction twice or thrice with anxiety. At last, unable to contain himself longer, he exclaimed:

"See here, my dear fellow, do me the favor to call your wife, for that bandit of a Romadonga must be saying something impudent to her."

Mario made haste to comply with the request, to the great satisfaction of poor Carlota, who was on hot coals. Don Laureano, without taking offense, strolled off slowly towards another group.

At that critical moment of the rustic festival, there happened in the Vivero of Migas Calientes, an incident which was insignificant in appearance, but in reality of such great importance that only other times and other generations could have measured its complete range. In the history of the human race, when one least expects it, it is usual for one of those very humble phenomena to present itself, which brings about, by the portentous and occult force which it contains, radical changes, immense changes in the sphere of science, and later on in the life of peoples. One day Newton, seated under the shade of an apple tree, sees an apple fall to the ground. The fall of this apple suggests an idea to him. The theory of gravitation is discovered. Another day Watts sees a pot boiling. He notices how the cover rises. He meditates upon this very vulgar fact. The steam-engine is invented. Another day, Malthus' book on the Principles of Population, falls into the hands of Darwin. The idea of natural selection presents itself to his mind. The origin of species is discovered. To this order of events belongs the incident which we are about to relate.

It happened that Señor Sánchez, fleeing from the bustle which did not suit his melancholy and meditative temperament, went aside from his friends, and began to stroll in an absent-minded way through the avenues of trees. It happened at the same time that our friend Moreno, carried away by his propensities as a naturalist, had passed along the same path before him, and was occupied in examining various flowers and plants with a magnifying glass, with which he was always provided for such occasions. They met where the paths crossed, at the foot of a copse. Happy meeting, which was destined in the long run to result in one of the greatest conquests of the human mind!

Moreno and Sánchez saluted each other courteously. Neither of them could suspect at the time what that salute was destined to represent in the history of human progress. They exchanged a few indifferent words; Sánchez wished to know what

Moreno was doing. The latter, whose knowledge was always at the service of his friends, and even of those who were not his friends, showed him the branch which he held in his hand; he showed him through his glass the texture of the leaves and the stem, the extremely delicate web of its fibers, the marvellous complexity of its organism. And once launched on the didactic path he was not willing to abandon it without giving Don Pantaleón a course of botanical lessons: a peripatetic course. With hands crossed behind his back, halting every moment to furnish practical proof of his theoretical instruction, Moreno initiated him, as he walked, into the secrets of the vegetable kingdom.

Don Pantaleón's virgin mind received this instruction with avidity, as the dry earth receives the fecundating rain. A few minutes sufficed to put him in possession of the fact that two distinct kingdoms exist in the world, one called the vegetable, the other the animal kingdom; that those plants and trees which he had beneath his eyes belonged to the vegetable kingdom, and that he and Moreno belonged to the animal kingdom; that trees are nourished through their roots and leaves, and are multiplied by means of organs which bear a resemblance to those of animals, which are situated in what is commonly called the flower, and so forth.

To be sure, in making a minute examination of those organs Moreno hit upon a happy phrase, which produced a profound impression on the old merchant.

"This dust, the residuum of digestion in the plant, is the very thing which, when it strikes the mucous membrane in our noses, causes in us that agreeable sensation which we call perfume. Consequently," he added, with a smile of kindly irony, "the perfume of the flowers, sung by the poets and which drives romantic temperaments beside themselves with delight, is nothing else, in reality, than the odor of refuse."

V.

As the seed deposited in the earth germinates under the combined action of heat and moisture, so the precious ideas deposited by Moreno in the brain of the ingenious Sánchez germinated there all night, under the warm temperature of the

sheets. Until slumber took possession of his mental faculties, he never ceased to repeat, with increasing emphasis: "Refuse!" And this idea, being wonderfully fertile, continued to penetrate little by little into his being, mastered him, and suddenly opened to him vast horizons of which his slumbering mind had never dreamed.

When he rose in the morning his cheeks were flushed, his eyes brilliant, his whole body in such a state of agility, that his worthy spouse was not a little astonished when she saw him enter the dining-room. Her surprise increased when Sánchez, after eating his breakfast, instead of retiring to his cabinet conscientiously to finish the perusal of *La Época*, betook himself to the kitchen and inquired if there were any fresh vegetables there. As the maid had brought nothing that day, he at last seized an onion, and withdrew to his own room; he unscrewed the object glass from a pair of opera glasses, and with this improvised lens he spent the morning in making transverse cuts through the vegetable, and attentively examining its structure. In the afternoon he went out to take his wonted stroll through the Retiro. Ah, this stroll now possessed a very different significance! Up to that time Sánchez had walked purely from hygienic motives, carried away by the custom. His thoughts remained inactive when he walked round the Fallen Angel, just as when he found himself opposite the large pond, and remained there for hours drawing lines in the sand with his cane. But now those paths, those avenues of trees were illuminated by the spark which burned in his brain. He no longer passed them with the reprehensible indifference of the ignorant. Nature began to speak to him in her grave and sonorous language, promising to reveal to him the secrets which she guards in her breast.

Don Pantaleón, comprehending vaguely the lofty destiny to which he was called, and the important part which he was soon to play in the progress of human knowledge, responded worthily to the appeals of the vegetable kingdom. He did not take more than four steps at a time, without stopping to converse with some tree on the road. He delicately broke off a small twig, and applying his eye to the lens, he attentively examined its morpho-

logical peculiarities. The large and aged trees, which bordered the promenade, were not the sole objects of his searching attention. With admirable intuition he comprehended that the most diminutive plants deserved the same attentive scrutiny as the trees which counted their age by centuries, for in all parts Nature reveals her immense riches. With this object in view, he frequently leaped over the fences, and entered the flower-beds to study inferior organisms.

"Hey there, my good man! What are you doing there, planted in the middle of the beds? Don't you know that it is forbidden to trespass?"

The rough voice of a guard unexpectedly tore him from his profound contemplation, and compelled him to return to the road. Science, progress, humanity, lost inestimable treasures of observation every time this occurred. But the guards did not know this. Don Pantaleón himself, unconscious of his genius, had equally little suspicion of it. For the space of several days he carried on, in the Retiro and in the silence of his own cabinet, profound and minute studies on the structure of all the vegetables which he could procure. At last, with powerful intuition, he came to persuade himself that the vegetable world is constituted of a marvellously complicated web; that in fruits and vegetables this web is soft, which permits of their being eaten, while in wood it is hard and resisting, for which reason it does not serve as food. Having once verified these precious observations, he made haste to formulate them in writing, in his notebook.

While Don Pantaleón was soaring with rapid flight to the most lofty spheres of thought, his friendship with Adolfo Moreno, the origin of this memorable development became constantly closer. Moreno began to visit the house; he passed hours with the former, shut up in his study. At last he had found a man such as he had always sighed for: a silent, attentive man, who would take an interest in morphology, and believe him to be a savant. In fact, Sánchez speedily became convinced that Moreno was a very distinguished man. When he heard him hold forth at great length, sometimes on the centrifugal power of the sun, again on the radiometer, now on the stomachs of plants, then on

the organization and habits of the coleoptera, he was vividly impressed with admiration. Adolfo Moreno was a universal genius. Political economy, medicine, zoology, chemistry, astronomy, statistics, naval architecture, the art of war, and so forth, all were embraced by his really exceptional intelligence. And the most amazing thing about it was, that when he touched on any of these branches of learning, he always did so at a concrete and very special point, which showed the solidity of his information. One of his many envious acquaintances asserted that this specialized knowledge did not depend so much on the profundity of his studies as on the form in which certain reviews disseminate useful information. But this venomous insinuation does not even deserve to be refuted. His strong point was biology and the physiological development of the human type.

"I am very much surprised, Señor de Moreno," said Don Pantaleón to him one day, after listening with admiration for half an hour at least, to his exposition of "the diseases of the rat's blood."

"I am greatly astonished that, with the great learning which you possess, you should not be a physician or an engineer, or a doctor of sciences at least."

Adolfo's mouth contracted with a sad and sarcastic smile. He shook his head silently, snorted through his nostrils twice or thrice, and at last, said gloomily: "Several years ago I began to prepare myself for the profession of mining engineer, but I very soon perceived that it was not my real vocation, and I abandoned it after having passed several examinations successfully. I wished to study medicine, which as you will have perceived, is that which suits my inclinations best. Well, in the second year I was forced to abandon it for the sake of my dignity. In what course do you think they left me three times suspended?"

Sánchez gazed at him with inquiring eyes.

"Come, give a guess."

Don Pantaleón made a grimace to indicate that he could not guess.

"Physiology!"

Both gave way simultaneously to a very violent fit of laughter.

"But that is an absurdity!" cried Don Pantaleón with difficulty after a while.

"There you see!" replied Moreno, pulling off his spectacles to clean the glasses, which had become obscured with the moisture of the tears produced by his laughter.

"And you resigned yourself to such a decision? That tribunal deserves to suffer severe punishment," declared the gentleman, recovering his habitual serenity.

"I would willingly have administered castigation to them with my own hand . . . but . . . Don Pantaleón, my friend, I am very weak. Hunger keeps me very weak."

"Hunger!" exclaimed Sánchez, in amazement.

"Yes, hunger my dear Sánchez, hunger. Strength is required for the battle of existence; in order to have strength, one must have red corpuscles in the blood; in order to have red corpuscles in the blood, it is necessary to have nutriment . . . I am not nourished because I eat no meat."

Don Pantaleón gazed at him with ever-increasing astonishment. Something of the wretched economical situation in which Moreno found himself had come to light, but seeing him drink his coffee very calmly every evening, and dress with comparative elegance, though he was always dirty and slovenly, he could not suspect that his state had reached such an extreme of necessity. Little or nothing of his means of existence was known in the Century café. From the bitter phrases which he frequently allowed to escape him, it was supposed that they were not large, and from the care with which he concealed his domicile and avoided mentioning his family, it was assumed that they must be very humble.

"Señor Moreno. I did not think . . ."

"You may think everything, friend Sánchez, think everything!" exclaimed the young man with a gesture of desperate resolution.

And after remaining for a long while with his eyes fixed on the window, he said, at last, in a dull voice:

"Nature has not been kind to me, as she has to others. I am a man of the gutters. On a certain day, a germ falls amid the dirt of the street, in the midst of whirlwinds of dust borne on the breezes. The passers by trample on it,

the street sweepers fling mountains of dung upon it; everything seems to conspire together to prevent this seed from germinating. But it contains within itself a power of expansion superior to the majority of its brothers, as it has in addition a hard envelope which protects it against noxious influences, the germ does not succumb. The external agents contrive to hold its biological functions in suspense for a time, but in the end the grain succeeds in sprouting, buries its roots in the earth, and rears its stem in the air. Why? Because it is provided with arms for the battle of existence. . . . Such is the history of my life. I was cast out one day into the midst of society, which rejected me, which persecuted me, which did everything possible to make me succumb. The very same thing which happens in a grove at the period of germination and during the development of new trees. The great trees intercepted my light and the beneficent rain, and robbed me of the nourishment of the earth. Thanks to the indomitable energy of my character, I was able to wage battle, nevertheless, and I triumphed. This is in accordance with the law of selection, with which you are already acquainted. In this great battle of existence, the weak perish; only the most competent survive.

. . . I have suffered many privations in this world, friend Sánchez, much hunger, and much cold (keep the secret); even at present I often suffer from them, in reality, I must have been admirably endowed by Nature not to have perished ere this."

Don Pantaleón exhibited profound interest in these confidences, and his admiration for Moreno, that very competent seed, increased beyond measure. He did not care to ask him details as to the incidents of the battle, nor as to the ground on which it was now being waged. The only thing he ventured to say was:

"I hope, Señor Moreno, that you will soon triumph completely over those external agents. A man of so much merit as you cannot fail to make his way in the world."

"Merit! merit!" murmured Adolfo, with a sarcastic smile. "That is precisely my crime. Men are persecuted for their merit, as the musk deer is persecuted for the pouch which contains his musk."

This zoölogical simile caused such a profound sensation in Sánchez' breast, that, from that day forth, with the lively imagination which characterized him, when he came across a man of merit, he could not imagine him otherwise than with a little pouch filled with aromatic substance in his belly.

Adolfo passed all his spare hours in this house, and they were so many that it was difficult to determine which he devoted to the struggle for existence.

Don Pantaleón rapidly acquired instruction in the thousand scientific notes which were supplied to him daily. His ponderous mind predestined to grand investigations did not develop like that of the majority of people, but scaled the loftiest heights of knowledge in a very short time with tremendous strides. His conversations with Moreno suggested to his mind great and profound ideas, and provoked desires and plans which were soon to be realized.

As they had been talking for several days of zoölogy, and Moreno had quoted very curious facts regarding the senses and instincts of animals, Don Pantaleón conceived a wish to make some practical studies immediately, on his own account. He pondered and meditated for some time as to the class of animals to which his investigations were to be directed. He immediately rejected the invertebrates. He knew very little about them. Among the vertebrates he chose the mammals, and among them, after hesitating long between dogs and cats, he at last decided in favor of the former. The reason for this choice was not wholly scientific. His daughter Presentación had a nice lap-dog named Clavel (Pink), which had given repeated proofs of intelligence and brilliancy. On the other hand, there were no cats in the house, and Doña Carolina could not bear them. Circumstances compelled him, fortunately for civilization, to write a monograph on the dog.

Clavel was a tiny dog, no bigger than one's fist, so that there was hardly any flesh and bones beneath the silky mat with which nature had protected him. Moreover, he was endowed with enormous intelligence, and an excessively nervous temperament. This was caused, no doubt, by the lack of equilibrium which existed between his tiny body and

his powerful mind. He was sensitive, irritable, tender, irascible, obstinate and fond of dainties, reflecting in himself alternately a thousand contrary feelings, all expressed with equal vivacity. There could not have been a more opportune example for study.

Don Pantaleón began by watching him attentively for hours together. This unusual attention soon irritated Clavel. Sánchez' gaze made him uneasy, nervous. At the end of a few minutes he could not refrain from rising from the place where he lay and going to fling himself down farther off. From that post, pretending to be asleep, he watched his mistress's papa with one half-opened eye; if he saw him approach to continue his staring, he instantly rose and left the room in the worst possible humor.

As long as Sánchez' observations were purely visual, matters proceeded no further than this point; but when he attempted to put into practice some means of ascertaining the instinct and senses of the dog, the latter began to show his bad temper plainly.

"Clavel, come here! See (and he showed him some gloves). Go to my room and bring me the others!"

Oh, indeed! Clavel cast a suspicious glance at him and turned away in sovereign disdain.

"Take this handkerchief, Clavel, and carry it to your mistress!"

Sometimes he took it, by way of compromise, and dropped it half-way. At other times he would bark twice or thrice, to indicate that these stupid experiments were not to his taste.

But Clavel took Don Pantaleón's pretended observations with real seriousness when the latter made use of an ingenious means to convince himself that dogs can distinguish colors. He cut four cards of equal size, painted two blue, and two red. He left one of each color on the floor, and taking the other blue bit of pasteboard, he showed it to the dog, commanding him to pick up its companion from the floor. Strange to say, this very simple and inoffensive action aroused deep indignation in the mind of Clavel. He growled, barked, and flew about the room like a mad creature. At last, when he had thoroughly relieved himself, he quitted the chamber, without ceasing to bark and

growl and pour forth threats of death.

When Sánchez presented the pasteboard to him for the second time, he did not content himself with this. He seized it angrily in his teeth and in less than a second he had torn it to pieces. Sánchez saw that it was necessary to wait until that senseless wrath had abated. He allowed several days to elapse before he repeated the experiment. And when he thought that state of ferocity had disappeared, one morning, before breakfast, finding Clavel asleep in his mistress's lap, he presented himself in the study with the bits of cardboard in his hand. For Clavel to see them, hurl himself on the learned man, and bury his teeth in the offending hand, was the work of a moment. Shrieks, confusion, very lively interjections! Much affected, pale and stanching the blood with his handkerchief, Don Pantaleón retired to his bedroom. Science, humanity, lost an interesting monograph on the dog.

VI.

The Sánchez family crowded together a little to accommodate Mario. The young married pair were lodged in the room which had previously been occupied by the two sisters. Presentación went to sleep in a small inner room, where the clothes-presses had formerly been kept.

During the first days of his married life Mario swam in a blue and luminous glory, sown with stars, surrounded by winged cherubim, like those which painters put on the corners when they wish to represent the death of a saint. As for Carlota, he never wearied of gazing at her. In the morning, she was truly delicious, with a small, red silk kerchief about her neck, her black hair knotted carelessly, and clad in a lilac cotton gown, as she swept and arranged the room. A little later, when making the coffee, cutting the bread and distributing sugar and butter, she seemed to him to be the fair goddess Pomona, laden with foreign fruits. Nothing could be more correct and, at the same time, interesting than she, in the afternoon, washed, her hair dressed, perfumed, clad in a pretty cream-colored gown, seated near the window, and engaged in embroidering some slippers for him. When they went out to walk and

she put on a small straw-hat trimmed with red bell-flowers, and her black silk gown, the gift of her parents, she was marvellous. There was no one in all Madrid who could compete with her in dignity of demeanor and delicacy of complexion.

But this was nothing compared to the form in which she appeared on Saturdays. Carlota was accustomed to wash her underclothing on that day. With her head bound up in a kerchief which left only a few curls visible, her throat and a good share of her bosom uncovered, and her arms completely exposed to the air, she was simply sublime. What undulations of her figure! What purity of lines! What harmony! What majesty!

One day, his soul filled with that plastic beauty which no one could appreciate more than he, he proposed to her, not without a blush, that she should allow him to take models from one of her arms. Carlota looked at him in smiling surprise, and yielded him her beautiful arm to copy. He immediately wished to model her head, her breast, her shoulders. The young wife resisted for a while, and at last, seeing that it grieved him, she consented to serve as his model. She regarded this taste of her husband as a caprice, a mania; but thinking, like a sensible woman, that this amusement might keep him from others of a more dangerous sort, she offered no resolute resistance to it. She contented herself with smiling kindly, and giving him a few little maternal pats on the cheeks, when she beheld him, full of ardor and enthusiasm, pass the day in modelling some Juno (she of the beautiful arms, as Homer calls her), who was herself, Carlota, or some Diana (she of the fine legs), which was also herself, though she did not confess it.

"What a child you are, Mario!"

In fact, few or none would have been so childlike at this age.

His noisy, causeless joy was really infantile; his innocence concerning the affairs of life bordered on silliness. Only when he busied himself with his art did his eyes acquire a grave, concentrated expression, and his language, which was generally incoherent, gained profound inflections, and became precise and energetic.

He had hired, in the same house, a garret, where he modelled quietly and at liberty. For these expenses, and for the

pleasures of married life, since he was not obliged to think of clothing for some time to come, his salary, of which no one demanded an account, sufficed. Sometimes they went with the family to the café, in the evening; at other times, and more frequently, they made their escape to some theater, or strolled, arm in arm, through the deserted streets, looking at the shop windows or entering some shop to buy dried apples or peanuts. Carlota began to have caprices. What nights of ineffable happiness! They spent whole hours thus chatting together. Mario allowed his wife to tell him what she intended to do with her strawberry-colored gown, when the skirt should become too much soiled, or the number of chemises which she was going to lay aside, and how many she was keeping in use, or the transcendental reforms which she was meditating in the department of dressing-jackets. From time to time, also, he timidly expressed his opinion, and on not a few occasions she accepted it as very judicious, and if she did not accept it at least she laughed, which was much better. All these things uttered in a soft, ingratiating voice, amid the shades of night, were converted into a poetical, delicious cooing which enchained the senses of the young man. His feet hardly touched the earth. Sometimes the subject of dressing-jackets and strips of embroidery moved him so deeply, that, unable to contain himself, after making sure with a rapid glance around that no one was passing in the street, he embraced his wife ecstatically, and planted a kiss on her cheek. One night he committed a blunder. No one was passing in the street, but there must have been people at a window, for his kiss was followed by the sound of another, and more vigorous kiss, accompanied by a burst of laughter. Carlota, blushing until her veins seemed ready to burst, set off on a mad run, wept with shame, and made him swear that he would abstain from such imprudent outbreaks in the future.

Then, as he was walking along this delicious path, lighted by the most propitious stars, carpeted with flowers which perfumed the surrounding air, a thorn penetrated Mario's foot at last. Doña Carolina called him aside one day, when Carlota and her sister were out of the house, and said to him:

"It pains me to be obliged to speak to you on a certain subject. It not only pains me, but is repugnant to me, you must believe. . . . You already know that I am an unhappy woman, that I count for little or nothing in the house. . . . So far as I am concerned, we might go on in the same way all my life. . . . My happiness consists in seeing all of you happy. . . . But, my son, where there is a captain, a sailor does not command. The other day Pantaleón called my attention to the fact that, during the three months that you have lived with us, you have contributed nothing to the expenses of the house. . . ."

A flood of crimson suddenly inundated Mario's cheeks. Shame prevented his articulating a single word at the moment. Abashed to an indescribable degree, he stammered at last:

"You are right . . . I did not think . . . pardon me. . . . As soon as I get this month's salary, I will give you whatever portion of it seems good to you. . . ."

Dofia Carolina quite calm and smiling sweetly, replied, laying her hand on his shoulder:

"It would be better to give me the whole of your salary. You young people do not know the value of money. When you have it in your purse you spend it heedlessly. In this respect you and your wife are alike. Give it to me, and I will deal out to you, from time to time, what you require."

He promised to comply, without paying much heed to what he was doing. When Carlota returned, he made haste to communicate to her what had taken place between himself and her mother. The young wife blushed in her turn. Both remained silent for a while, without knowing what to say.

"You say that mamma threw the blame of this step on papa?" she said at last.

"Yes, yes, there is no doubt about that. Poor mamma is so kindhearted! If you only knew what labor it cost her to speak to me! After all, there is no reason to complain; your papa is right."

Carlota made a disdainful little grimace and went to her own room.

From that day forth the mundane pleasures of the newly married pair underwent a considerable diminution, and were al-

most exclusively confined to evening and nocturnal strolls. Farewell theaters, farewell dainties and caprices. Dofia Carolina took possession of his whole pay, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be persuaded to disgorge even an insignificant part of it. When her daughter, mortified to death, asked her for some money for Mario, the good lady laughed, ridiculed the request, and half the time paid no attention whatever to it. At other times she said that her husband had the key to the money drawer, and that she dared not ask him for it. At others, still, she appealed to Mario.

"Tell me the truth, Mario, you did not ask for money? What extravagant creature is this who is making use of your name to force the cuartos out of me?"

The poor fellow did not dare to contradict her, and resigned himself to going with an empty purse. He was obliged to give up the garret which served him to sculpture in. In order to continue his modelling, he found himself compelled to beg leave of Presentación to place his implements in her room, and to make use of the dining-room when it was unoccupied. Nevertheless, these annoyances did not suffice to disturb his bliss. What a pleasing, and at the same time, melancholy effect, did this felicity produce on Miguel Rivera! He frequented the house, he accompanied them several times in their walks, he showed them a paternal affection, and lent them what services he could, and, in any case, the aid of his experience. How often, catching sight, unintentionally, of some furtive caress, his eyes filled with tears, when he recalled the brief days of his own conjugal happiness! Mario noticed it, and made a sign to Carlota. The latter, who was deeply impressed with Rivera's fidelity to his dead wife, became grave, and redoubled her affectionate attentions to this good friend.

One day she said to him, in a very low tone, with her mouth close to his ear: "If it is a girl, she shall be named Maximina."

Miguel pressed her hand warmly, and turned aside his head to conceal his emotion.

Thus two months more passed by. Mario's happiness began to annoy the gods. It was necessary that he should

pay due tribute to his mortal state.

Lately, he had neglected the office a good deal. His friend and former chief Oliveros had warned him that the director was not satisfied with him. It was not Carlota's fault, as may readily be imagined. On the contrary, his wife took good care to remind him of the hour, to place his breakfast and his clothes at hand, so that he might not delay. But that blessed passion for modelling in clay held his senses captive. When he had in hand a work which pleased him, he either did not go to the Ministry at all, or he went late. The house was already filled with sculptured ornaments; heads, arms, torsos, were strewn over the tables and commodes, or hung on the walls. Carlota felt a profound disdain for these trumpery things, although she did not show it openly for fear of displeasing her husband. But when she was alone, and had to dust them, it was perfectly easy to see, by the peevish way in which she grasped her feather-duster, and the gesture of vexation with which she hummed some dramatic song that the art of Phidias had not succeeded in mastering her soul.

One Monday Mario arrived late at the office, as usual. In the room, which belonged to the chief, there were three tables for officials besides the one for himself. The officials did not raise their heads when he entered, nor did they greet him with merry jests as was their constant habit, for the young man was highly esteemed by his subordinates, because of his tolerance. This lugubrious silence surprised him a little. He advanced to his table, and beheld on the cover a sealed note with his name written upon it. He opened it with trembling hand, with a presentiment of its contents. He remained, for a moment, pale and silent; but immediately recovering himself, he exclaimed with a cheerful countenance:

"Gentlemen, I am no longer your chief!"

"So we understood," said one of them sadly.

And all rose with one impulse from their seats and came to him, expressing their sorrow in affectionate words. Mario concealed his dissatisfaction. He appeared tranquil and smiling; he even permitted himself several jests. But when he emerged into the street, after bidding

them an affectionate farewell, he felt his heart pierced by a sharp pain, and his legs almost gave way beneath him. He could not understand the reason of such a pang. This was a calamity, not a disgrace. Nevertheless, he wept a little, in the bottom of his heart, over the ruin of his happiness.

He did not wish to go directly home. He needed to refresh his mind to bring his ideas into order, to think of something which might serve as counterbalance to this blow. He walked along the streets for some time; at last, overcome physically and morally, he entered the café Suizo and asked for a bottle of beer. There, in a corner, forming one of a company of gentlemen, he caught sight of his friend Romadonga, who waived him an affectionate salute with his hand. A little later, weary of the conversation, or perhaps because of his characteristic need of varying his company, he came towards him, with his body swaying gracefully:

"How are you, happy man?" he said, seating himself opposite him. "I envy no one in Madrid this day more than you. What good times you have, hey?"

Mario, who was much annoyed by Don Laureano's cynical jests, made a painful effort to smile, and did not reply.

"The truth is, my dear Costa, that there is only one luminous point—one agreeable oasis, in our brief and miserable existence, and that is woman."

He pulled away with pleasure at his Havana cigar, shut his eyes, as though to take a look at the past, and continued:

"You may laugh at hunting, music, travelling, at all pleasures in general I have tasted them all. They are not worth the trouble of putting oneself out for. The only one which has an exquisitely delicate, intoxicating savor, is woman . . . to express it more accurately, women, if that does not offend you. Women! many women! Nearly all deserve to be loved, some for one thing, some for another. She who has not a pretty face has a statuesque figure, if her hand is ugly, her foot is a masterpiece. . . You did not choose ill, you rogue!"

Mario was on hot coals. At this point, he could not repress a gesture of disgust. Don Laureano observed it, and bursting into a fit of laughter and laying his hand on his shoulder, he exclaimed:

"What an earnest desire you husbands have that no one shall admire your wives! Why? I should imagine that it would be just the reverse. The conviction that you alone are the possessors of their charms and that the rest of us are dying with envy, ought to be a perennial fountain of delight to you. Does my wife please you? Then look at her and rage. Nothing more agreeable. I must warn you, however, that I would not do for a husband. One woman speedily wearies me. I believe that even Carlota, in spite of her being sculptural, would bore me. It is a question of organism. Mine demands variety. The unit suffices for others."

Between the deep trouble which held him in its clutches, and these shameless words, poor Mario could dissimulate no longer. His face grew more somber every moment. So much so that Romadonga, who was not accustomed to observe the aspect of his friends, ended by asking:

"What is the matter with you? It seems to me that you are preoccupied."

Mario denied it.

"Come, some little conjugal disappointment. 'Tis the law, my dear fellow, 'tis the law! If matrimony were nothing but pleasure, who would not marry? But as I understand it, it consists of sacrifice more than anything else, and is suited only for virtuous men. For that reason, as I do not consider myself such, I have renounced its pleasures and its pains. I do not deny that it is a more decorous and noble state; but it is better for egotistical and sensual natures, like mine (according to Godofredo Llot), to remain unmarried. That state has its inconvenience also; man can never be completely happy. We bachelors have no one to air our socks, or to cool our broth at the bedside when we have a cold; but, on the other hand, there are advantages, and after weighing well those of each state, it seems to me that ours is not the worse part."

He began to pull at his cigar again, screwing up his eyelids a little. A happy smile overspread his regular and expressive features. When he expounded his theories concerning matrimony he was accustomed to do it with moderation; he did not wish to offend anyone. But in his inmost soul he regarded married people as simpletons who had come to give existence its zest. He could never sufficiently

congratulate himself for having been too clever to fall into the trap.

"Friend Romadonga, you are wrong for once. There is no question of conjugal trouble," said Mario with decision.

"I am glad, very glad. God grant that you may never have any motive for discord," replied Methusaleh with decision.

But a faint shade of doubt was perceptible in his affable smile, which indicated: "If quarrels have not already arrived, they will come, my dear fellow; doubt it not."

"I confess that I have a trouble; but it is of a minor sort. I have just learned that I have lost my place."

Romadonga expressed his surprise. Then he managed to assume a sad countenance, suited to the circumstances. He wished to learn the details.

"Bah! I think that will come right of itself. Don't fear. Your papa had very good connections. As soon as his friends come to an understanding, you will recover your place. And was there no reason for your dismissal? Have you had any clash with your superiors?"

Mario confessed, in a shame-faced way, that for some time past he had not been at the office with his former assiduity.

"My mania for modelling in clay has seized upon me again, and what can you expect? When I have some figure that interests me in hand, I remember nothing. I understand that I am doing wrong, but I have such good times!"

Romadonga regarded him smilingly, in amazement, with his customary benevolent feeling for all follies.

"Bravo! You are an original man. This idea of losing one's employment for the sake of making clay figures has something ingenious about it. I could understand your ruining yourself for women of flesh and blood . . . but for girls of clay or marble,—frankly, that exceeds the limits of my comprehension."

A few moments later there dawned in his mind the horrible suspicion that the conversation was beginning to bore him. He made haste to rise, and after slapping his friend several times, in an amicable manner, on the shoulder, and expressing the hope that his affairs might soon be arranged, he walked away, balancing his distinguished figure, as dogs do when there are no more lumps of sugar for them.

(To be continued.)



LETTERS OF AN ALTRURIAN TRAVELLER.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

PLUTOCRATIC CONTRASTS AND CONTRADICTIONS.

V.

New York, November 15, 1893.

My dear Cyril :

In my last I tried to give you some notion of the form and structure of this strange city, but I am afraid that I did it very vaguely and insufficiently. I do not suppose that I could ever do it fully, and perhaps the attempt was foolish. But I hope that I may, without greater folly, at least offer to share with you the feeling I have concerning American life, and most of all concerning New York life, that it is forever on the way, and never arrives. This is the effect that I constantly receive in the streets here and especially in the avenues, which are fitly named so far as avenue means approach merely. They are roadways which people get back and forth by, in their haste from nowhere to nowhere, as it would seem to us. Of course they do physically reach their places of business downtown in the morning, and their places of eating and sleeping uptown in the even-

ing ; but morally they are forever in transition. Whether they are bent upon business, or bent upon pleasure, the Americans, or certainly the New Yorkers, perpetually postpone the good of life, as we know it in Altruria, and as it is known in some tranquil countries even of the plutocratic world. They make money, but they do not have money, for there is no such thing as the sensible possession of money, and hardly of the things that money can buy. They seek enjoyment and they find excitement, for joy is the blessing of God, and like every good gift comes unsought, and flies pursuit. They know this, as well as we do, and in certain moments of dejection, in the hours of pain, in the days of sorrow, they realize it, but at other times they ignore it. If they did not ignore it they could not live, they say, and they appear to think that by ignoring it they do live, though to me there is nothing truly vital in their existence.

The greatest problem of their metropolis

is not how best to be in this place or that, but how fastest to go from one to the other, and they have made guesses at the riddle, bad and worse, on each of the avenues, which, in their character of mere roadways, look as if the different car-tracks had been in them first, and the buildings, high and low, had chanced along their sides afterwards. This is not the fact, of course, and it is not so much the effect on Fifth avenue, and Madison avenue, and Lexington avenue, which are streets of dwellings, solidly built up, like the cross streets. But it is undoubtedly the effect on all the other avenues, in great part of their extent. They vary but little in appearance otherwise, from east to west, except so far as the elevated railroads disfigure them, if thoroughfares so shabby and repulsive as they mostly are, can be said to be disfigured, and not beautified by whatever can be done to hide any part of their ugliness. Where this is left to make its full impression upon the spectator, there are lines of horse-cars perpetually jingling up and down except on Fifth avenue, where they have stages, as the New Yorkers call the unwieldy and unsightly vehicles that ply there, and on Second avenue, where they have electric cars, something like our own, in principle. But the horse-cars run even under the elevated tracks, and you have absolutely no ex-

perience of noise in the Altrurian life which can enable you to conceive of the hellish din that bursts upon the sense, when at some corner two cars encounter on the parallel tracks below, while two trains roar and shriek and hiss on the rails overhead, and a turmoil of rattling express wagons, heavy drays and trucks, and carts, hacks, carriages and huge vans rolls itself between and beneath the prime agents of the uproar. The noise is not only deafening, it is bewildering; you cannot know which side the danger threatens most, and you literally take your life in your hand when you cross in the midst of it. Broadway, which traverses the district I am thinking of, in a diagonal line till it loses its distinctive character beyond the Park, is the course of the cable cars. These are propelled by an endless chain running underneath the pavement with a silent speed that is more dangerous even than the tumultuous rush on the avenues. Now and then the apparatus for gripping the chain will not release it, and then the car rushes wildly over the track, running amuck through everything in its way, and spreading terror on every hand. When under control the long saloons advance swiftly, from either direction, at intervals of half a minute, with a monotonous alarum of their gongs, and the foot passenger has to look well to his way if he ventures



"YOU TAKE YOUR LIFE IN YOUR HAND WHEN YOU CROSS IN THE MIDST OF IT."

across the track, lest in avoiding one car another roll him under its wheels.

Apparently, the danger is guarded as well as it can be, and it has simply to be taken into the account of life in New York, for it cannot be abated, and no one is to be blamed for what is the fault of everyone. It is true that there ought not, perhaps, to be any track in such a thoroughfare, but it would be hard to prove that people could get on without it, as they did before the theft of the street for the original horse-car track. Perhaps it was not a theft; but at all events, and at the best, the street was given away by the city to an adventurer who wished to lay the tracks in it for his private gain, and none of the property owners along the line could help themselves. There is nothing that the Americans hold so dear, you know, or count so sacred, as private property; life and limb are cheap in comparison; but private enterprise is allowed to violate the rights of private property, from time to time here, in the most dramatic way.

I do not speak, now, of the railroad companies, which have gridironed the country, in its whole length and breadth, and which are empowered by their franchises to destroy the homes of the living and desecrate the graves of the dead, in running their lines from point to point. These companies do pay something, as little as they may, or as much as they must; but the street-car company which took possession of Broadway never paid the abutters anything, I believe; and the elevated railroad companies are still resisting payment of damages on the four avenues which they occupied for their way up and down the city without offering compensation to the property owners

along their route. If the community had built these roads, it would have indemnified everyone, for the community is always just when it is the expression of the common honesty here; and if it is ever unjust, it is because the uncommon dishonesty has contrived to corrupt it.

Yet the Americans trust themselves so little in their civic embodiment that the movement for the public ownership of the railroads makes head slowly against an inconceivable prejudice. Last winter, when the problem of rapid transit pressed sorely upon the New Yorkers, the commission in charge could find no way to solve it but by offering an extension of franchise to the corporation which has already the monopoly of it. There was no question of the city's building the roads, and working them at cost; and if there had been, there would have been no question of submitting the project to those whose interests are involved. They have no such thing here as the referendum, and the Americans who are supposed to make their own laws, merely elect their representatives, and have no voice themselves in approving or condemning legislation.

The elevated roads and the cable road had no right to be, on the terms that the New Yorkers have them, but they are by far the best means of transit in the city, and I must say that if they were not abuses, they would offer great comfort and great facility to the public. This is especially true of the elevated roads, which, when you can put their moral offense out of your mind, are always delightful in their ease and airy swiftness. The tracks are lifted upon iron piers, from twenty to fifty feet above the street, according to the inequality of the surface, and you fly smoothly along between the second and third story windows of the houses, which are shops below and dwellings above, on the avenues. The stations, though they have the prevailing effect of over-use, and look dirty and unkempt, are rather pretty in themselves; and you reach them, at frequent intervals, by flights of not ungraceful iron steps. The elevated roads are always picturesque, with here and there a sweeping curve that might almost be called beautiful.

They darken the avenues, of course, and fill them with an abominable uproar. Yet traffic goes underneath, and life goes



"THE INTERMINABLE TUNNELS."

on alongside and overhead, and the city has adjusted itself to them, as a man adjusts himself to a chronic disease. I do not know whether they add to the foulness of the streets they pass through or not; I hardly think they do. The mud lies longer, after a rain, in the interminable tunnels which they form over the horse-car tracks in the middle of the avenues, and which you can look through for miles; but the mud does not blow into your nose and mouth as the dust does, and that is, so far, a positive advantage. A negative advantage, which I have hinted, is that they hide so much of the street from sight, and keep you from seeing all its foulness and shabbiness, pitilessly open to the eye in the avenues which have only horse-car tracks in them. In fact, now that the elevated railroads are built, and the wrong they have done to persons is mainly past recall, perhaps the worst that can be said of them is that they do not serve their purpose. Of course, in plutocratic conditions, where ten men are always doing the work of one man in rivalry with each other, the passage of people to and from business is enormous: the passage of men



"A DELIRIUM OF LINES."

to get money, and the passage of women to spend it; and at the hours of the morning and the afternoon when the volume of travel is the greatest, the trains of the elevated roads offer a spectacle that is really incredible.

Every seat in them is taken, and every foot of space in the aisle between the seats is held by people standing, and swaying miserably to and fro by the leather straps dangling from the roofs. Men and women are indecently crushed together, without regard for that personal dignity which we prize, but which the Americans seem to know nothing of and care nothing for. The multitude overflows from the car, at either end, and the passengers are as tightly wedged on the platforms without as they are within. The long trains follow each other at intervals of two or three minutes, and at each station they make a stop of but a few seconds, when those who wish to alight fight their way through the struggling mass. Those who wish to mount fight their way into the car or onto the platform, where the guard slams an iron gate against the stomachs and in the faces of those arriving too late. Sometimes horrible accidents happen; a man clinging to the outside of the gate has the life crushed out of his body against the posts of the station as the train pulls out. But in this land, where people have such a dread of civic collectivism of any kind, lest individuality should suffer, the individual is practically nothing in the regard of the corporate collectivities which abound.

It is not only the corporations which outrage personal rights, in America; where there is a question of interest, there seems to be no question of rights between individuals. They prey upon one another

and seize advantages by force and by fraud in too many ways for me to hope to make the whole situation evident to you, but I may at least give you some notion of the wrong they do. The avenues to the eastward and westward have not grown up solidly and continuously in obedience to any law of order, or in pursuance of any meditated design. They have been pushed along given lines, in fragments, as builders saw their interest in offering buyers a house or a row of houses, or as they could glut or trick the greed of land-owners clinging to their land, and counting upon some need of it, in the hope of extorting an unearned profit from it. In one place you will see a vast and lofty edifice, of brick or stone, and on each side of it or in front of it, a structure one-fourth as high, or a row of scurvy hovels, left there till a purchaser comes, not to pay the honest worth of the land for it, but to yield the price the owner wants. In other places you see long stretches of high board fence, shutting in vacant lots, usually the best lots on the street, which the landlord holds for the rise destined to accrue to him from the building all round and beyond his property. In the meantime he pays a low tax on his land compared with the tax which the improved property pays, and gets some meager return for the use of his fence by the Italian fruiterers who build their stalls into it, and by the bill-posters who cover it with a medley of theatrical announcements, picturing the scenes of the different plays and the persons of the players. To the Altrurian public the selfishness of a man willing idly to benefit by the industry and energy of others in giving value to his possessions would be unimaginable. Yet this is so common

here that it is accepted and honored as a proof of business sagacity; and the man who knows how to hold on to his land, until the very moment when it can enrich him most, though he has neither plowed nor sown it, or laid the foundation of a human dwelling upon it, is honored as a longheaded and solid citizen, who deserves well of his neighbors. There are many things which unite



"THE STATIONS ARE RATHER PRETTY IN THEMSELVES."



"A PRECIPITOUS FALL OF TWELVE STORIES."

to render the avenues unseemly and unsightly, such as the apparently desperate tastelessness and the apparently instinctive uncleanliness of the New Yorkers. But as I stand at some point commanding a long stretch of one of their tiresome perspectives, which is architecturally like nothing so much as a horse's jawbone, with the teeth broken or dislodged at intervals, I can blame nothing so much for the hideous effect as the rapacity of the land-owner holding on for a rise, as it is called. It is he who breaks the skyline, and keeps the street, mean and poor at the best in design, a defeated purpose, and a chaos come again.

Even when the owners begin to build, to improve their real estate, as the phrase is, it is without regard to the rights of their neighbors, or the feelings or tastes of the public, so far as the public may be supposed to have any. This is not true of the shabbier avenues alone, but of the finest, and of all the streets. If you will look, for instance, at the enclosed photograph of the street facing the southern limit of the Park, you will get some notion of what I mean, and I hope you will be willing to suffer by a little study of it. At the western end you will see a vacant lot, with its high board fence covered with painted signs, then a tall mass of apartment houses; then a stretch of ordinary New York dwellings of the old commonplace brownstone sort; then a stable, and a

wooden liquor saloon at the corner. Across the next avenue there rises far aloof the compact bulk of a series of apartment houses, which in color and design are the pleasantest in the city, and are so far worthy of their site. Beyond them to the eastward the buildings decline and fall, till they sink into another wooden drinking-shop on the corner of another avenue, where you will see the terminus of one of the elevated roads. Beyond this avenue is the fence of a large vacant lot, covered, as usual, with theatrical posters, and then there surges skyward another series of apartment houses. The highest of these is nearly fifty feet higher than its nearest neighbors, which sink again, till you suddenly drop from their nondescript monotony to the gothic façade of a house of a wholly different color, in its pale sandstone, from the red of their brick fronts.

A vacant lot yawns here again, with a flare of theatrical posters on its fence, and beyond this, on the corner, is a huge hotel, the most agreeable of the three that tower above the fine square at the gate of the Park. With that silly American weakness for something foreign, this square is called the Plaza; I believe that it is not at all like a Spanish plaza, but the name is its least offense. An irregular space in the center is planted with trees, in whose shade the broken-kneed hacks of the public carriages droop their unhappy heads, without the spirit to bite the flies that trouble their dreams; and below this you get a glimpse of the conventional cross-street terminating the Plaza. At the eastern corner of the avenue is a vacant lot, with pictorial advertisements painted on its fence, and then you come to the second of the great hotels which give the Plaza such character as it has. It is of a light-colored stone, and it towers far above the first, which is of brick. It is thirteen stories high, and it stops abruptly in a flat roof. On the next corner north is another hotel, which rises six or seven stories higher yet, and terminates in a sort of mansard, topping a romanesque cliff of yellow brick and red sandstone. I seek a term for the architectural order, but it may not be the right one. There is no term for the civic disorder of what succeeds. From the summit of this enormous acclivity there is a precipitous fall of twelve stories to the roof of the next edifice, which is a



"THERE ARE CERTAIN BITS OF QUAINTESS."

grocery ; and then to the florist's and photographer's next is another descent of three stories ; on the corner is a drinking-saloon, one story in height, with a brick front and a wooden side. I will not ask you to go farther with me ; the avenue continues northward and southward in a delirium of lines and colors, a savage anarchy of shapes, which I should think the general experience of the beauty of the Fair City at Chicago would now render perceptible even to the dull American sense. What exists is the necessary and inexorable effect of that uncivic individuality which the Americans prize, and which can manifest itself only in harm and wrong ; but if you criticised it you would surprise and alarm them almost as much as if you attacked the atrocious economic inequality it springs from.

There are other points on Fifth avenue nearly as bad as this, but not quite, and there are long stretches of it, which, if dull, have at least a handsome uniformity. I have told you already that it is still upon the whole, the best of the avenues, in the sense of being the abode of the

best, that is the richest people ; the Americans habitually use best in this sense. Madison avenue stretches northwest farther than the eye can reach, an interminable perspective of brownstone dwellings, as yet little invaded by business. Lexington avenue is of the same character, but of a humbler sort. On Second avenue, down town, there are large old mansions of the time when Fifth avenue was still the home of the parvenus ; and at different points on such other avenues as are spared by the elevated roads, there are blocks of decent and comfortable dwellings ; but for the most part they are wholly given up to shops. Of course, these reiterate with the insane wastefulness of the competitive system the same business, the same enterprise, a thousand times. The Americans have no conception of our distribution ; and though nearly everything they now use is made in large establishments, their wares are dispersed and sold in an infinitude of small stores.

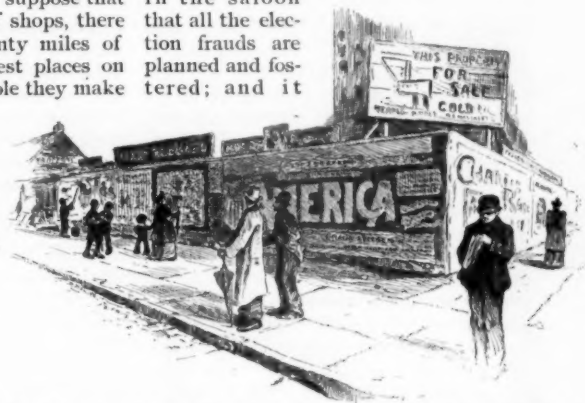
One hears a good deal about the vast emporiums which are gathering the retail trade into themselves, and devastating the minor commerce, but there are perhaps a score of these at most, in New York ; and on the shabbier avenues and cross-streets there are at least a hundred miles of little shops, where an immense population of little dealers levy tribute on the public through the profit they live by. Until you actually see this, you can hardly conceive of such a multitude of people taken away from the labor due to all from all, and solely devoted to marketing the things made by people who are overworked in making them. But bad as this is, and immoral as it is in Altrurian eyes, it is really harmless beside a traffic which is the most conspicuous on these avenues ; I mean the traffic in intoxicating liquors, sold and drunk on the premises. I need not tell you that I still hold our national principles concerning the use of alcohol, but I have learned here to be lenient to its use, in a measure which you would not perhaps excuse. I perceive that as long as there is poverty there must be drunkenness, until the State interferes and sells a man only so much as he can safely drink. Yet, knowing as I do from the daily witness of the press and the courts, that drink is the source of most

of the crimes and vices which curse this people, I find the private traffic in alcohol infinitely shocking, and the spectacle of it incredible. There is scarcely a block on any of the poorer avenues which has not its liquor store, and generally there are two; wherever a street crosses them there is a saloon on at least one of the corners; sometimes on two, sometimes on three, sometimes even on all four. I had one day the curiosity to count the saloons on Sixth avenue, between the Park, and the point down town where the avenue properly ends. In a stretch of some two miles I counted ninety of them, besides the eating houses where you can buy drink with your meat; and this avenue is probably far less infested with the traffic than some others.

You may therefore safely suppose that out of the hundred miles of shops, there are ten, or fifteen, or twenty miles of saloons. They have the best places on the avenues, and on the whole they make the handsomest show.

They all have a cheerful and inviting look, and if you step within, you find them cosy, quiet, and for New York, clean. There are commonly tables set about in them, where their frequenters can take their beer or whisky at their ease, and eat the free lunch which is often given in them; in a rear room you see a billiard table. In fact, they form the poor man's clubhouses and if he might resort to them with his family, and be in the control of the State as to the amount he should spend and drink there, I could not think them without their rightful place in an economy which saps the vital forces of the laborer with overwork, or keeps him in a fever of hope or a fever of despair, as to the chances of getting or not getting work when he has lost it. We at home, have so long passed the sad necessity to which such places minister, that we sometimes forget it, but you know how in our old competitive days, this traffic was one of the first to be taken out of private hands, and assumed by the State, which continued to manage it without a profit so long

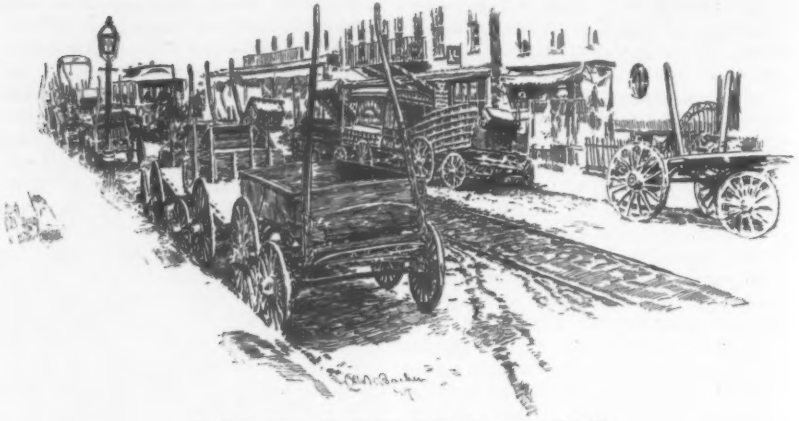
as the twin crazes of competition and drunkenness endured among us. If you suggested this to the average American, however, he would be horror-struck. He would tell you that what you proposed was little better than anarchy; that in a free country you must always leave private persons free to debauch men's souls and bodies with drink, and make money out of their ruin; that anything else was contrary to human nature, and an invasion of the sacred rights of the individual. Here in New York, this valuable principle is so scrupulously respected, that the saloon controls the municipality, and the New Yorkers think this is much better than for the municipality to control the saloon. It is from the saloon that their political bosses rise to power; it is in the saloon that all the election frauds are planned and fostered; and it



"LONG STRETCHES OF HIGH BOARD FENCE USED BY THE BILL-POSTERS."

would be infinitely comic, if it were not so pathetic, to read the solemn homilies on these abuses in the journals which hold by the good old American doctrine of private trade in drink as one of the bulwarks of their constitution, and a chief defense against the advance of Altrurian ideas.

Without it, there would be far less poverty than there is, but poverty is a good old American institution, too; there would inevitably be less inequality, but inequality is as dear to the American heart as liberty itself. In New York the inequality has that effect upon the architecture which I have tried to give you some notion of; but in fact it deforms life here at every turn, and in nothing more than in the



"A ROW OF CARTS DRAWN UP BY THE STREET-SIDE."

dress of the people, high and low. New York is, on the whole, without doubt, the best dressed community in America, or at least there is a certain number of people here, more expensively and scrupulously attired than you will find anywhere else in the country. I do not say beautifully, for their dress is of the fashion which you have seen in our Regionic museum, where we used to laugh over it together when we fancied people in it, and is a modification of the fashions that prevail everywhere in plutocratic Christendom. The rich copy the fashion set for them in Paris or in London, and then the less rich, and the still less rich, down to the poor, follow them as they can, until you arrive at the very poorest, who wear the cast-off and tattered fashions of former years, and masquerade in a burlesque of the fortunate that never fails to shock and grieve me. They must all somehow be clothed; the climate and the custom require it; but sometimes I think their nakedness would be less offensive; and when I meet a wretched man, with his coat out at elbows, or split up the back, in broken shoes, battered hat, and frayed trousers, or some old woman or young girl in a worn-out, second-hand gown and bonnet, tattered and threadbare and foul, I think that if I were an American, as I am an Altrurian, I would uncover my head to them, and ask their forgiveness for the system that condemns some one always to such humiliation as theirs.

The Americans say such people are not

humiliated, that they do not mind it, that they are used to it; but if they ever look these people in the eye, and see the shrinking, averted glance of their shame and tortured pride, they must know that what they say is a cruel lie. At any rate, the presence of these outcasts must spoil the beauty of any dress near them, and there is always so much more penury than affluence that the sight of the crowd in the New York streets must give more pain than pleasure. The other day on Fifth avenue, it did not console me to meet a young and lovely girl, exquisitely dressed in the last effect of Paris, after I had just parted from a young fellow who had begged me to give him a little money to get something to eat, for he had been looking for work a week and had got nothing. I suppose I ought to have doubted his word, he was so decently clad, but I had a present vision of him in rags, and I gave to the frowzy tramp he must soon become.

Of course, this social contrast was extreme, like some of those architectural contrasts I have been noting, but it was by no means exceptional, as those were not. In fact, I do not know but I may say that it was characteristic of the place, though you might say that the prevalent American slovenliness was also characteristic of the New York street crowds; I mean the slovenliness of the men; the women, of whatever order they are, are always as much dandies as they can be. But most American men are too busy to

look much after their dress, and when they are very well to do they care very little for it. You see few men dressed with the distinction of the better class of Londoners, and when you do meet them, they have the air of playing a part, as in fact they are: they are playing the part of men of leisure in a nation of men whose reality is constant work, whether they work for bread or whether they work for money, and who, when they are at work, outdo the world, but sink, when they are at leisure, into something third rate and fourth rate. The commonness of effect in the street crowds, is not absent from Fifth avenue or from Madison avenue any more than it is from First avenue or Tenth avenue; and the tide of wealth and fashion that rolls up and down the better avenues in the splendid carriages, makes the shabbiness of the foot-passenger, when he is shabby, as he often is, the more apparent. On the far east side, and on the far west side, the horse-cars, which form the only means of transit, have got the dirt and grime of the streets and the dwellings on them and in them, and there is one tone of foulness in the passengers and the vehicles. I do not wish to speak other than tenderly of the poor but it is useless to pretend that they are other than offensive in aspect, and I have to take my sympathy in both hands when I try to bestow it upon them. Neither they nor the quarter they live in has any palliating quaintness; and the soul, starved of beauty, will seek in vain to feed itself with the husks of picturesqueness in their aspect.

As I have said before, the shabby avenues have a picturesqueness of their own, but it is a repulsive picturesqueness, as I have already suggested, except at a distance. There are some differences of level, on the avenues near the rivers, that give them an advantage of the more central avenues, and there is now and then a break of their line by the water, which is always good. I noticed this particularly on the eastern side of the city, which is also the older part, and which has been less subject to the changes perpetually going on elsewhere, so that First avenue has really a finer sky-line, in many parts, than most parts of Fifth avenue. There are certain bits, as the artists say, in the old quarters of the town once forming Greenwich village, which, when I think of them, make

me almost wish to take back what I have said of the absence even of quaintness in New York. If I recall the aspect of Mulberry Bend and Elizabeth street, on a mild afternoon, when their Italian denizens are all either on the pavement or have their heads poked out of the windows, I am still more in doubt of my own words. But I am sure, at least, that there is no kindness in the quaintness, such as you are said to find in European cities. It has undergone the same sort of malign change here that has transformed the Italians from the friendly folk we are told they are at home, to the surly race, and even savage race they mostly show themselves here: shrewd for their advancement in the material things, which seem the only good things to the Americanized aliens of all races, and fierce for their full share of the political pottage. The Italians have a whole region of the city to themselves, and they might feel at home in it if something more than the filth of their native environment could repatriate them.

As you pass through these streets, there is much to appeal to your pity in the squalid aspect of the people and the place, but nothing to take your fancy; and perhaps this is best, for I think that there is nothing more infernal than the juggle that



"MULBERRY BEND."



A BIT OF GREENWICH VILLAGE.

transmutes for the tenderest hearted people here the misery of their fellows into something comic or poetic. Only very rarely have I got any relief from the sheer distress which the prevalent poverty gives; and perhaps you will not be able to understand how I could find this in the sight of some chickens going to roost on a row of carts drawn up by the street side, near a little hovel where some old people lived in a temporary respite from the building about them; or from a cottage in outlying suburban fields, with a tar-roofed shanty for a stable, and an old horse cropping the pasturage of the enclosure, with a brood of turkeys at his heels.

But in New York you come to be glad of anything that will suggest a sweeter and a gentler life than that which you mostly see. The life of the poor here seemed to me symbolized in a waste and ruined field that I came upon the other day in one of the westward avenues, which had imaginably once been the grounds about a pleasant home, or perhaps a public square. Till I saw this I did not think any piece of our mother earth could have been made to look so brutal and desolate amidst the habitations of men. But every

spear of grass had been torn from it; the hardened and barren soil was furrowed and corrugated like a haggard face, and it was all strewn with clubs and stones, as if it had been a savage battleground. A few trees, that seemed beaten back, stood aloof from the borders next the streets, where some courses of an ancient stone wall rose in places above the pavement. I found the sight of it actually depraving; it made me feel ruffianly, and I mused upon it in helpless wonder as to the influence its ugliness must have had amidst the structural ugliness all about it, if some wretch had turned it in hopes of respite.

But probably none ever does. Probably the people on the shabby streets and avenues are no more sensible of their hideousness than the people in the finer streets and avenues are aware of their dulness or their frantic disproportion. I have never heard a New Yorker speak of these things, and I have no doubt that if my words could come to the eyes of the average cultivated New Yorker he would be honestly surprised that any one should find his city so ugly as it is. Dirty he would cheerfully allow it to be, and he would be rather proud of telling you how much New York spent every year for not having herself

cleaned; but that she was ludicrously and wilfully ugly he could not believe. As for that first lesson of civilization which my words implicate, a civic control of the private architecture of the place, he would shrink from it with about as much horror as from civic control of the liquor trade. If he did not, he would still be unable to understand how the individual liberty that suffers a man to build offensively to his neighbor or to the public at large, is not liberty, but is a barbarous tyranny, which puts an end instantly to beauty, and extinguishes the common and the personal rights of every one who lives near the offender or passes by his edifice. The Americans are yet



ON THE EAST SIDE.

so far lost in the dark ages as to suppose that there is freedom where the caprice of one citizen can interfere with the comfort or pleasure of the rest.

A. HOMOS.

"BEND LOW AND HARK."

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

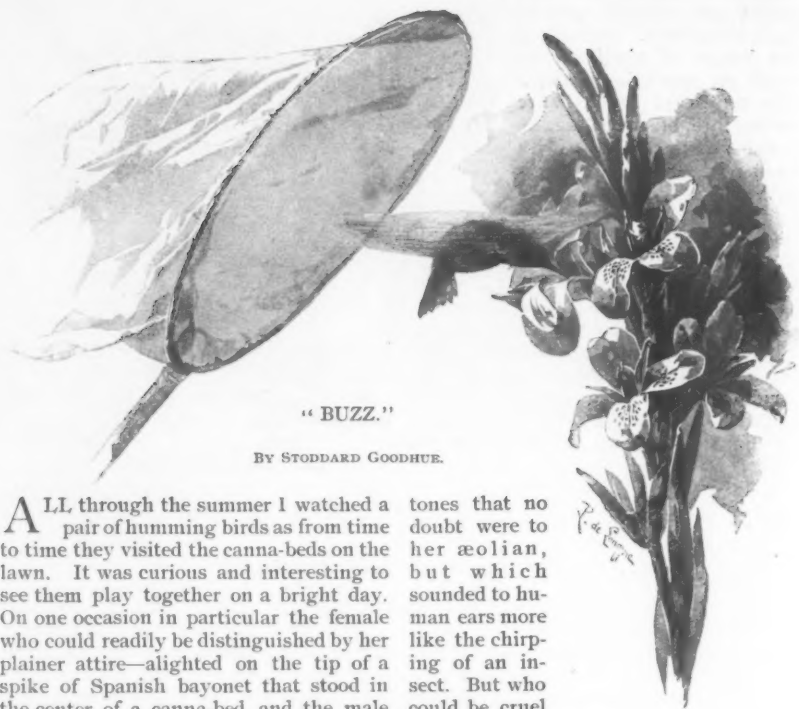
BEND low and hark with me, my dear,
How the winds sigh!
A voice is on them that I fear—
It brings the by-gone days so near,
Like a soul's cry.

Those whom we bury out of sight,
How still they lie!
Beyond the reaches of the light,
Outside the realm of day and night,—
Do they not die?

Shall we unbar the long-closed door—
You, dear, or I?
Could love be what it was before
If we should call them back once more,
And they reply?

Would they life's largess claim again?
... They draw too nigh.
Oh, winds be still! You shall not pain
My heart with that long-hushed refrain
As you sweep by.

The dead have had their shining day—
Why should they try
To listen to the words we say,
To breathe their blight upon our May?
... Yet the winds sigh.



"BUZZ."

BY STODDARD GOODHUE.

ALL through the summer I watched a pair of humming birds as from time to time they visited the canna-beds on the lawn. It was curious and interesting to see them play together on a bright day. On one occasion in particular the female who could readily be distinguished by her plainer attire—alighted on the tip of a spike of Spanish bayonet that stood in the center of a canna-bed, and the male disported himself about her like one possessed. He would glide upward to the height of twenty or thirty feet above her perch, and then descend like a bullet almost to her side, instantly rebounding to about the same height as before. It was as if he had been suspended by a rubber thread, the elasticity of which caused him to bound back and forth through the air. But the motive power really lay, as I well knew, within the body of the little hummer,—nay, more, it lay in his warm little heart; for these curious evolutions were plainly enough a species of etheral caress. The little help-mate appreciated it, too, for she flitted her wings joyously each time her mated lover dashed by her. Meanwhile the lover, as he passed, whispered sweet nothings in

tones that no doubt were to her æolian, but which sounded to human ears more like the chirping of an insect. But who could be cruel enough to apply ordinary tests to the timbre of a lover's voice?

Let me rather hasten to affirm my belief that these caresses and whisperings were no mere ordinary lover's vows, but the far more significant evidence of happy wedded life; for I feel assured that the little birds had already entered upon their domestic duties. Indeed, I have a theory that the exceptional evolutions were in token of unusual rejoicing on the occasion of the birth of a son and heir to the well-mated couple. And this offspring—so my imagination will have it—was none other than the dear little fellow whose partial biography I am about to narrate. At all events I saw the couple oftener after this, and though I



did not see the nestling with them, that is explained by the supposition that he was made to shift for himself very soon after he learned to fly.

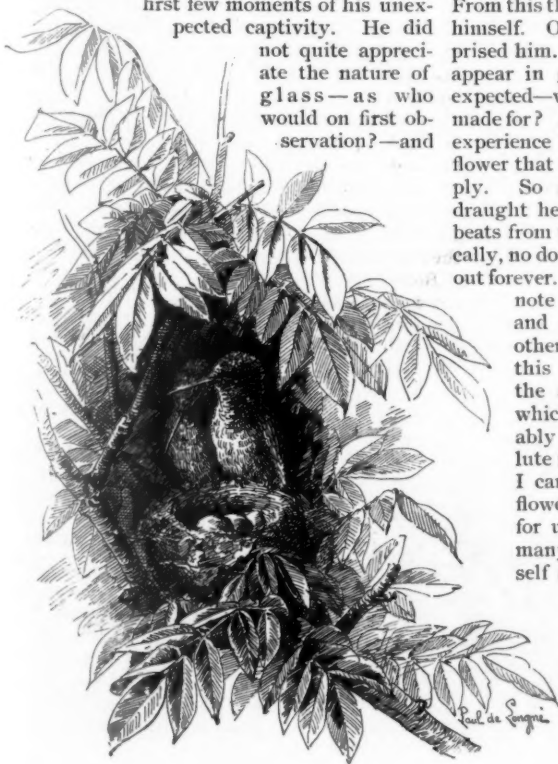
I kept an eye out for the youngster, and presently he appeared. There was no mistaking him, for though he looked almost precisely like his mother he was very much more guileless than she, as he proved by allowing me to approach him almost at will. As I stood close beside him on several occasions, while he hovered from flower to flower, I could not help longing to have him for a pet. At last, unable to resist the temptation, I made him captive with a butterfly-net, which I swept over him while his quick eye was momentarily hidden in the depths of a canna flower. As he lay in the meshes, he set up a plaintive little wail that made me regret my act, but a moment later he cuddled in my hand confidingly. Placed beneath a bell-jar, he was found to be uninjured. Nor did he seem greatly frightened after the

first few moments of his unexpected captivity. He did not quite appreciate the nature of glass—as who would on first observation?—and

once or twice attempted to fly through it; but finding it impenetrable, he accepted the situation, and perched composedly on a flower that I thrust into his prison. Transferred to a large cage with fine meshes he showed even better judgment, exploring his new home leisurely, and never so much as touching one of the bars. After an exploratory flight he perched on a twig and seemed quite at home.

The problem of feeding proved equally simple. Within an hour after his capture the little bird sucked sugar from my lips with avidity and a little later he fed from the mouth of a medicine-dropper containing simple syrup as freely as if all the flowers of his experience had been of that pattern. The dropper being fastened through the meshes of the cage, a perpetual reservoir of sweets was supplied. From this the hummer continued to regale himself. Only one thing, I think, surprised him. It was not that nectar should appear in glass tubes. That was to be expected—what else could glass tubes be made for? But in the little bird's previous experience he had known nothing of a flower that bore honey in unlimited supply. So sometimes after a vigorous draught he would withdraw a few wingbeats from the tube and examine it critically, no doubt wondering if it would hold out forever. Then he would chirp a cricket note of satisfaction and gratitude and return to the banquet. Another dropper supplied water, but this was seldom touched unless the syrup proved too thick, in which case the little bird invariably flew to the water tube to dilute it. How he learned to do this I cannot imagine, as the nectar of flowers is always supplied ready for use, but this was only one of many ways in which he proved himself a wonderfully wise little bird.

As cage life seemed to agree so well with the hummer, I no longer had any misgivings about adopting him permanently, so I christened him "Buzz." No one who heard him buzz-



ing about his cage would need to ask the significance of his name. Nor would any one who knew him well enough to realize what an adorable little creature he was, wonder that I finally came to address him affectionately as "Buzzie,"—a name, furthermore, rendered peculiarly appropriate by his diminutive size. The little fellow settled at once into the routine of his new life with apparent satisfaction. But very soon a complication arose. Frequent visits to the tube began to show their effect in a deposit of sugar along the sides and top of his bill. He tried to rub it off on his perch, whetting the long

slender bill much as one sharpens a knife; but these efforts were only partially successful. Manifestly Buzzie's toilet-set was not complete. He must have a bath. After due deliberation I hit upon what I thought was just the thing needed. A large tubular flower, placed upright

in a small beaker, and filled with water—of which it held about a thimblefull—made an æsthetic bath-tub of just the right size. Buzzie showed however, no inclination



to use it. But as I poured water into it through the top of the cage, the little bird dashed through the spray again and again, twittering with delight. I sprinkled him freely, and he then repaired to a limb to plume his feathers, soon getting himself in fairly presentable condition.

Assuming that this would be Buzzie's only method of bathing, and wishing to provide a more ample food-supply against my temporary absences, I changed the bath-tub into a receptacle for food by dropping some syrup into it. This was on the second day of Buzzie's captivity. It chanced to be a cloudy day. But the following morning the sun shone brightly, and as it beamed into the cage I noticed that the little bird began to disport himself peculiarly. He dashed back and forth with renewed vigor and chirped with evident delight. Then he settled on a perch and began to flutter his wings, shake himself, and twist about in the most unaccountable manner. I could not understand it at all. But it was explained a moment later, when the little fellow darted forward and perched on the edge of the bath-tub. He thrust his long bill into the liquid—now alas syrupy—ducked his head into it, and then, to my amazement, jumped into it bodily, as if he were a veritable waterfowl. His wings fluttered, his head shook, all his feathers were on end; he luxuriated, he fairly wallowed in the bath. His delight knew no bounds. He arose from the bath and returned to it again and again. It was an exact fit for his body, allowing his legs to dangle at will in the liquid, yet not permitting him to sink to a dangerous depth.

I was as much pleased as the bird himself, until I recalled that the water was syrupy, and thought of the sad plight the little fellow would be in when his feathers dried. Already he was perched upon a twig pluming himself. Something must be done at once. I hurriedly withdrew the flower, filled it with pure water





encased. Between bill and claws, he reached them all, and each one was carefully oiled, straightened, and placed in position. Each wing and tail feather, each plumelet of back and breast was tenderly caressed by that dainty beak. Then head and neck were carefully combed by the tiny claws, which were thrust up in turn each over its corresponding wing.

This stage of the toilet completed, breakfast was in order—a long and strong pull at the syrup-tube. After this, a little exercise until the sun, beginning to shine into the cage, gave the signal for the plunge-bath. This finished, the serious business of the day began, that is to say, the pleasure. This reached its height only on sunny days,

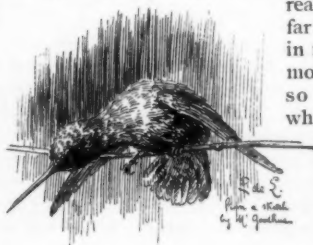


and replaced it. Buzzie seemed to realize that something was wrong, for as soon as the flower was returned he flew to it, and took his bath all over again, with as much seeming pleasure as before. And this time he came out really cleansed. Then he fairly cut the air in the most marvelous gyrations. Up and down, back and forth he whirled, in an ecstasy of delight, creating a little whirlwind that soon fanned his moist plumes to dryness.

From that time, the plunge-bath became a regular part of Buzzie's daily routine. And this routine soon came to be a very uniform one. Had the hummer's time been scheduled, he could scarcely have been more methodical. From day to day, his main programme scarcely varied except with the weather. On first awakening he invariably stretched vigorously. First one wing and then the other was thrust far out to one side, the tail being spread in the same direction. Then both wings were stretched together behind the back, the little bird assuming the most grotesque attitudes. At last, thoroughly awakened, he would lift himself into the air and take one sip—one dainty sip only—of syrup, after which he would settle back to his perch and begin the most elaborate of toilets. Nothing could be more entertaining than to observe the care this morsel of a bird bestowed upon the feathers in which his tiny body was

when for hours at a time Buzzie would swing back and forth within the limits of his cage like a little pendulum. No other bird can so perfectly control its every movement in the air as can the hummer, and Buzzie's powers in this direction were shown to fine advantage by the narrow quarters in which he was at first confined. As he swung back and forth, his vibrating wings making a gauzy haze about him, he would momentarily pause, whirl about, and glide upward or downward or in some unexpected direction. Meanwhile from time to time his slender bill would divide, disclosing a really respectable notch of a mouth, and close again with an audible snap on an invisible something which, as indicated by a pulsation of the tiny throat, was at once swallowed. Apparently, he was catching sunbeams, a very appropriate pastime for so ethereal a creature. But in

reality his occupation was far more sordid. He was, in fact, catching the little motes that float in the air so abundantly everywhere, and which were plainly visible to his trained eye. Hours at a time he pursued these particles, securing them in such

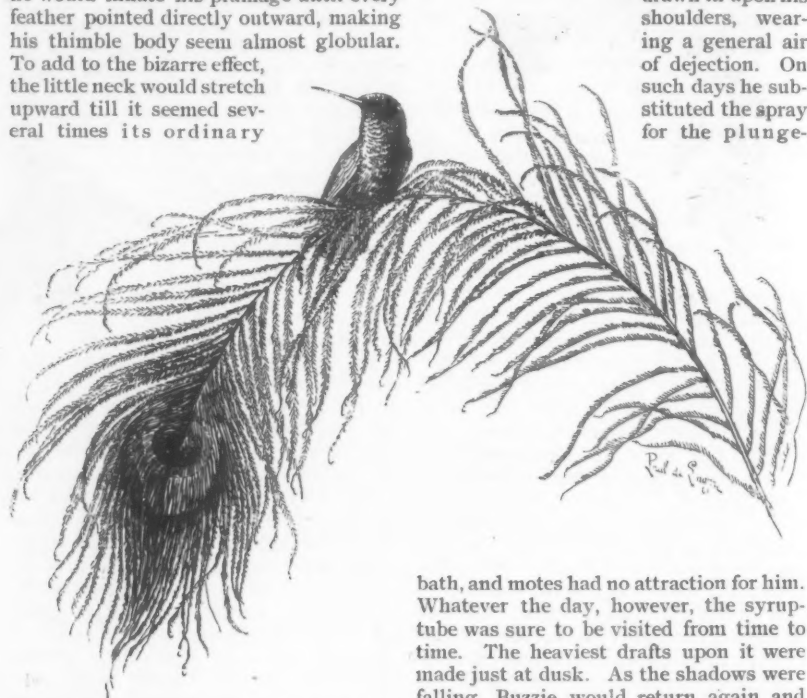


quantities that they might really be said to constitute an article of diet—his only departure from the plain syrup.

If the sun shone very warmly, however, and especially after a day or two of cloudy weather, Buzzie sometimes interrupted the mote-catching to indulge in a sun-bath. A more comical figure than he cut in this, it would be hard to imagine. Perching with one side toward the sun, he would inflate his plumage until every feather pointed directly outward, making his thimble body seem almost globular. To add to the bizarre effect, the little neck would stretch upward till it seemed several times its ordinary

catching were again in order. And so the hours of a bright day were whiled away merrily.

But a cloudy day was sure to find the hummer in drooping spirits. He flew about more or less, to be sure—that battery of energy could not altogether cease activity—but relatively he was quiet and gloomy. Much of the time he sat on his perch, with feathers ruffled and head drawn in upon his shoulders, wearing a general air of dejection. On such days he substituted the spray for the plunge-



length and tip far over to one side till its axis was exactly perpendicular to the rays of the sun. Such a metamorphosis in the appearance of a bird I had not supposed possible till I saw it.

One side thoroughly sunned, the little bird would simply lift himself off the perch, turn about in the air in an altogether inimitable way, and repeat the process with the other side. Then, another perch being selected, the breast and back in turn were thoroughly sunned, the feathers bristling out as before to permit freest entrance of the heat rays. The sun-bath completed, aerial gymnastics and mote-

bath, and motes had no attraction for him. Whatever the day, however, the syrup-tube was sure to be visited from time to time. The heaviest drafts upon it were made just at dusk. As the shadows were falling, Buzzie would return again and again to the tube, and actually dispose of a good many drops of the liquid, though where he could store it in so tiny a body is conjectural. Then he would drop upon his perch, adjust himself comfortably, and draw in his neck till it quite disappeared, leaving only a little spike of a bill projecting upward from a body that seemed in its entirety scarcely bigger than a good-sized bee. And so the hummer's day was finished.

This habit of late feeding once got the little fellow into difficulties, for in attempting to alight on his perch he missed it and fell to the bottom of the cage, and

there dropped into a little pool of syrup, spilled accidentally, which so gummed his feathers that he could not fly. His condition when I found him was quite pitiable, and when he saw me he gave a little cry that went to my heart. Such confidence, too, he displayed when I sponged the syrup off his feathers.

At first, when I placed him on his perch, he had attempted to fly, but finding this impossible, he sat perfectly still, assisting with his bill to loosen up the feathers while I sponged them. At last the wing-feathers were so loosened that he could get his bill between them, and finally they were quite clean, though very wet. Then he carefully tested them, still holding on to the perch. Finding them sufficient, he made a tentative flight; and then, quite reassured, he arose with old-time confidence, and fanned himself dry in a trice.

It seemed a pity to keep so intelligent a pet in such close quarters. And indeed, I all along intended to give him the freedom of a large room. But I feared to make the experiment, lest the little fellow might fly against a window pane, or wall, or mirror, and injure himself. I especially feared for his slender bill. But these misgivings did injustice to Buzzie's intelligence. When, after tentative experiments with covered mirrors and drawn shades, I gave the little fellow entire freedom, he proved at once the most interested and the most cautious of explorers. He would dart like a bullet toward the window, but pause suddenly just this side the pane, and, hovering there, view the outside world with interest, but I think without regret. Again he would poise in mid-air before a mirror and carefully scrutinize his reflection. But his keen eye readily detected the difference between glass and air, and he had no intention whatever of flying against solids. He would dash about the room at such speed that it took one's breath away to see him, but he was far too skilful a navigator to collide with any obstacle.

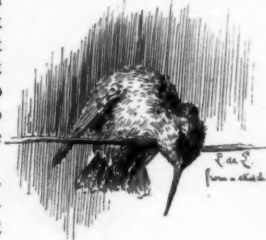
He inspected most critically every nook and cranny of the room, and thrust



his bill into every available crevice. Oddly enough he did not seem to care especially for the flowers placed in the room for his special delectation, but pictures of flowers were a never-solved mystery to him. If the artist who boasted that birds came to peck at his painted grapes could have seen the eagerness with which Buzzie attempted to thrust his bill into the most commonplace colored lithograph of a flower, his vanity would have received a very salutary check. Very likely the birds felt about the grapes as Buzzie seemed to feel about the flowers, that they were so unlike anything of the kind ever seen before as to merit investigation. I could give Buzzie an hour of delight at any time by introducing a page from one of the wonderful seed catalogues, though he would scarcely deign to notice the originals which the gaudy prints caricatured. The occult and mysterious are ever charming to birds as to men.

All novel objects interested the little bird, and most bright objects fascinated him. A peacock feather was a source of recurring delight. As he perched on it from time to time I wondered if he realized that such a setting well became him, his own glossy mantle rivalling the brightest hue of the exotic feather. Bright ornaments worn about the person were also, to Buzzie, objects worthy of closest scrutiny. A

caller entering the room was sure to be startled by the outburst of a tornado in miniature about her head, as Buzzie hurtled toward her to inspect the bright ribbons and feathers on her bonnet. Satiated at last with these wonders, Buzzie sometimes chose next to inspect the





face of the visitor quite as carefully, paying a usually unappreciated compliment to lustrous eyes by attempting to thrust his bill into them, and daintily pecking at half-exposed teeth. He quite won the heart of every fair visitor upon whom he bestowed this favor.

But Buzzie's especial penchant was for diamonds! He never tired of inspecting them, and if a drop of syrup was placed on one he sipped it with such avidity as to suggest that for his delicate palate it had acquired some fresh flavor from contact with the gem. Then, too, he remembered from day to day where the diamond should be, and if his mistress appeared without her rings he showed his disapproval at once by hovering about her fingers or perching upon them and touching his bill to the spot from which he missed the objects of his especial admiration. In this and in many other ways he showed memory and judgment far beyond anything that could have been expected of such a midget. Indeed, considering his size, his intelligence was quite astonishing. He soon came to know his friends and to feel quite at home with them. If I called him he would come at any time and perch on my finger, or preferably on a small twig held in the hand, this being better adapted to the size of his feet; and he would hover about me in the most companionable way, perching on my head or shoulder by the half hour or exploring

the recesses of my clothing with manifest pleasure. We came to regard him quite as one of the family.

Convenient perches were arranged for him about the room, and the cage was banished altogether. His general routine of life, however, did not greatly vary from what it had been

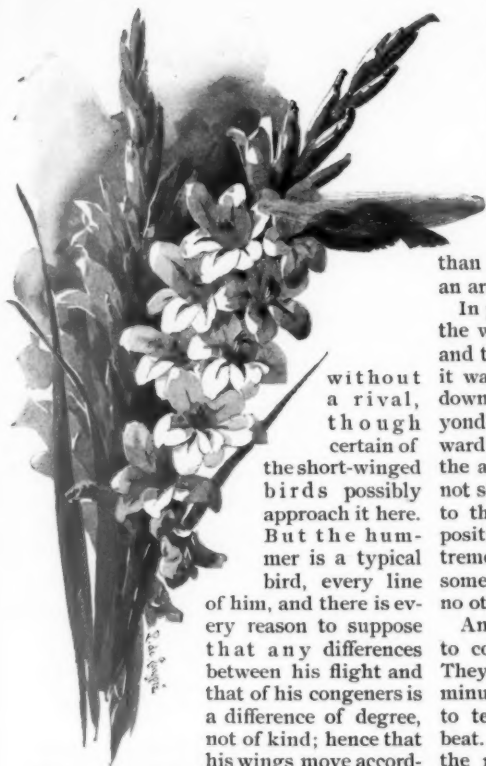
before, except that his supply of food was usually placed in gladioli or other tubular flowers instead of the glass tube. As between the natural and artificial receptacles, however, he seemed quite indifferent. The natural nectar of flowers he utterly eschewed from the first. Nor could the bee's distillation tempt him while simple syrup was to be had. This alone seemed to satisfy him completely.

Though so tiny a creature—he weighed only twenty-eight grains!—Buzzie seemed utterly devoid of fear. I sometimes let a tame canary out in the room with him, and this bird—by comparison a mammoth—afforded him no little amusement. The canary could not learn that the midget was only a miniature bird, but regarded him as some creature greatly to be feared, and fled before him to the best of his clumsy ability. But the agile little hummer followed him like a shadow, and pestered him exceedingly by making feints at him or even giving him playful jabs with his rapier-like bill. It ended always in the canary seeking refuge in his cage, and refusing to expose himself further to the attacks of so agile and courageous an antagonist.

The constant companionship of this little bird, apart from the enjoyment it gave me, afforded me an unusual opportunity to make observations on the mooted question of the position of a bird's wings during flight. Efforts have been made to settle these questions by instantaneous photography, but the hummer gave a much more satisfactory demonstration than the camera could be hoped to afford. His wings moved so rapidly as to appear as a distinctly outlined haze, and as he often poised in one position for many seconds together, I had ample opportunity to accurately note their exact position. The hummer is the paragon of flyers, poising in air or accurately varying the direction of its flight with a degree of ease and celerity which, I suppose no other bird can approach. This facility is

explained by the extreme rapidity with which its wings vibrate, in which also it is





without a rival, though certain of the short-winged birds possibly approach it here. But the hummer is a typical bird, every line

of him, and there is every reason to suppose that any differences between his flight and that of his congeners is a difference of degree, not of kind; hence that his wings move accord-

ing to the same scheme that governs the wing-beats of every other bird. If this assumption be warranted—and it can scarcely be otherwise—a study of the hummer certainly affords the best possible opportunity to solve some of the mooted points question. With this thought in mind, I scrutinized the gauzy wing-haze of my hummer most carefully under different conditions of flight. The results are herewith published for the first time.

I found that when the bird poised or remained stationary in air—as when hovering before a flower—the wings always beat in a practically horizontal plane, re-

gardless of the position of the head. The bill might be raised or lowered, exploring crevices above or below, but in either case the plane of the wing-beat remained the same, the position of the body, however, shifting, and the tail oscillating to maintain equilibrium. Seen from above it appeared that the wings approached each other much more closely in front than behind. Together they described an arc of about 270° .

In progressive flight, on the other hand, the wing-beat was almost perpendicular, and the arc described very much less, but it was still true that the forward—now downward—stroke was carried farther beyond the plane of the body than the backward or upward stroke. I can vouch for the accuracy of these attitudes, and I do not see that photography can add greatly to the information thus afforded. Any position of the wings between the extremes noted must of course be true at some time, and, for this particular bird, no other position is ever true.

Another thing that interested me was to count the little bird's respirations. They numbered about two hundred per minute. I greatly regretted my inability to test his temperature and his heart-beat. If the latter was proportionate to the respirations, it must have been almost incredibly rapid.

Many interesting anecdotes of Buzzie's life I must pass over unnoticed for want of space; and now, unhappily, it only remains for me to record the termination of the little bird's career. I am ignorant as to the exact cause of his death. After many

weeks of happy life in confinement, during which he had endeared himself to us as the most delightful of pets—quite overshadowing canaries, goldfinches and the rest—he one day drooped, sat with ruffled plumes and was manifestly ill. That night he toppled over on his perch, evidently through weakness, and was found the next morning hanging head downward. He rallied somewhat



under the influence of the sun's rays, but drooped again toward evening; and when next the sun peeped in at his window, it



found poor Buzzie lying dead beneath his perch. Whether the food supplied him had proved insufficient in the long run, or whether he had "caught cold" from changes of temperature—it was late in November — I cannot say; but of this I am sure that no pet ever died more regretted than this dear little morsel of a bird.

IN THE CONVENT GARDEN.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

A LITTLE space the Padre walks apart
For rest: yet ceases not to serve his God
With love for all His creatures. In his heart
Love for the sunlight—for the very sod.

His not the love that stirs the doves to mate;
That girdles nature with a wedding-ring;
Not love like this—but such as by the gate
Of Paradise the white-robed angels sing.

A purer passion his, a love serene
That leads him o'er his holy book to muse
From God's great goodness visible to that unseen—
Here in the convent garden, Santa Cruz.





THE TEACHERS COLLEGE.

"A PHASE OF ENLIGHTENED PHILANTHROPY."

BY ROSA BELLE HOLT.

"TO train the teachers, and through them to prepare the children for life; to place in the school-room teachers able to teach those who are soon to be men and women, how to be practical workers in the world, how to be faithful citizens, how to be intelligent parents and home-makers, and how to see and love the beautiful in nature, in art, in good books, and in the common things of life"—in these words the founders of the enterprise known as the Teachers college have described its purpose. The training of the teacher as the shortest and the surest road to educational reform; education as the surest and broadest philanthropy, these are the truths that the trustees of the Teachers college grasped and are applying.

Have all the teachers of the land

grasped these truths as clearly? Are all teachers fitted to engage in work of such breadth and importance? Assuredly not. It is well known that too often the profession of teaching is chosen merely as a respectable means of making a living. The question of fitness too seldom receives a thought. But we are beginning to realize that thoroughly equipped teachers—and no others—should be allowed to train the youth of the nation. We are beginning to demand that a true love for the work be the primary motive of the intending teacher, and that then the right training shall be available and shall be required. The call that has thus arisen for competent teachers in our public and private schools has naturally created a demand for professional training schools. Foremost among such institutions stands

the Teachers college. Situated in New York City, and forming one of the group of professional schools that Columbia, during the past four years, has welded into a university system, it has a twofold advantage. Life in the metropolis is an advantage. For the culture value of that which the metropolis offers to its professional schools is far greater than at first sight appears. The life of its students is broadened in manifold ways: by contact with the people and products of different nations, by the broadening and refining influences of lectures, music and the drama, by hearing the great men and women of the day,—in a word, by being brought in touch with all the world. Affiliation with the university is an advantage. Under the alliance, which has recently been consummated, reciprocal privileges and opportunities are guaranteed to both parties—to the college, the prestige and the degrees of the university; to the latter, the unique distinction of adding a pedagogical laboratory to its professional schools.

The Teachers college has been estab-

lished but a few years, and yet more than half of the states of the Union and several foreign countries are represented on its rolls; there is not a railroad or a ferry going into New York City that does not regularly carry its students; the number of applicants for admission exceeds the present accommodations, and the demand for its graduates has always been greater than the supply.

The results of this rapid growth and the present financial status may be seen at a glance in the following summary, taken from the Teachers College Bulletin:

"Trustees, seventeen; professors and instructors, forty-two; departments, twelve; courses, seventy-five.

"Teachers now in the field, 900; now in attendance, 237; pupils in the school of observation and practice, 295.

"Total estimated current expenses for 1893-94, \$69,000, of which \$37,000 is expected to come from earnings; the remainder from donations. Number of donors, 1892-93, fifty-five.

"Value of land, \$150,000; main building, when completed, \$350,000; gift of



IN THE LIBRARY.

Manual Arts building, \$225,000; estimated cost of western wing (not yet provided), for the departments of physical training, domestic science and arts, \$175,000."

On the crest of a height of land commanding the Hudson, the Harlem, the East river, and the districts lying between and beyond, the new buildings of the college are in process of erection, and will be

most recent evidence of public interest has been the organization of a committee of young men and women, comprising representatives of Greater New York, known as the Auxiliary committee, formed for the purpose of coöperating with the trustees and of sharing with them the satisfaction of being associated with such a movement.



HOW LIGHT SPREADS FROM A CENTER.

ready for occupancy before the beginning of another school year. The land was the gift of one of the trustees, Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, to whose generosity in other ways the prosperity of the college is in great part due. Of the buildings one is the gift of a number of friends, and the other is a memorial, the name of whose donor is withheld until the completion of the work.

In the personnel of both its trustees and its faculty the Teachers' college has been peculiarly favored. Among the pioneers in its founding was Miss Grace H. Dodge, whose interest has grown with its growth, and whose zeal has been unflagging. On the board are found others well known for their interest in education and philanthropy, including representative business and professional men. The

As an instance of the tangible form that the interest of the friends of the college has taken, the Bryson library may be cited. This was given by Mrs. Peter M. Bryson, as a memorial to her husband. It contains over five thousand volumes of pedagogical and general literature, is being increased every year by many additions, and is now considered one of the most complete pedagogical libraries in the country. It has also the standard magazines of the day, and all the leading educational periodicals, including the best of the French and German publications.

The first president of the college, who resigned the presidency to become dean of the faculty of philosophy of Columbia college, is well known both for his broad education and his remarkable power of organization. Through the originality and

the progressive mind of his successor, the work so well begun is being developed and carried forward on broader lines. Worthy of especial mention, also, is the peculiar charm of the life in the college home, due to the rare wisdom and gentleness of the principal of the college, who coöperates with the president in matters of counsel and government. This "college spirit" is shared not only by those who come from abroad and make their home in the college building, but by all the students.

The remarkable growth of the Teachers college shows clearly that there was need for it,—that it has a right to exist. Its progress has been a matter of evolution and development. From the start its success has been due in a large measure to the spirit of coöperation. It stands as an example of how inspiration in education may be promulgated. As an illustration, a recent census taken in a class of fifty teachers showed that six thousand five hundred and fifty children and one hundred and twenty-five normal pupils were

being directly affected by the work done in that class alone. In its extension work, too, the college propagates its influence. The faculty and advanced students unite in putting into operation profitable work in industrial schools, boys' and girls' clubs, and other charitable and philanthropic work.

This college was among the first to employ the laboratory method in the training of its teachers. The "pedagogical laboratory" is nothing else than the Horace Mann school. The latter embraces all grades of elementary and secondary instruction, from the primary school to the final work of preparation for college. Its courses include history, English, Latin, Greek, French, German, science, mathematics, form study and drawing, manual training, gymnastics and vocal music, and other usual school studies. The manual training received by the students goes hand in hand with the rest of their education through instruction in the manual arts. For where the hand learns to work the mind is also employed; the hand may



DRAWING FROM CASTS IN THE EIGHTH GRADE.



A SEWING LESSON IN THE PRIMARY CLASSES.

be trained to express thought as well as the tongue. Regular instruction is given the pupil in these branches by skilled teachers. As the medical student attends clinics, and watches operations performed by skilled surgeons, and then is allowed, under direction, to practice, so the student-teacher observes the children, studies the laws of child-nature and methods of teaching, and is then allowed to teach under supervision and critical instruction. Through the practical work done in the boys' and girls' clubs in the city, the students also acquire practice and skill in teaching drawing, modelling, wood-working and wood-carving. Teaching is made a science and an art. Every-day subjects are made interesting, and the common things of life fairly glow with meaning in every detail.

At the foundation of the training of the teacher the college places the scientific study of the mind of the child, and the study of educational theory in the light of its historical development. In the study of psychology, the student-teachers are instructed not to learn with the idea of

getting in a brief form certain principles of teaching, but rather to form the habit



MR. GEORGE H. VANDERBILT.

of observing and thinking. They are taught to observe the child's habits and development and to apply the results in their methods of teaching. The end of education being conduct and character, and thought being of value principally in its relation to these, the study of the will in the transition from spontaneous to organized movements is made one of the chief problems.

No movement in modern times is so full of promise for the betterment of our city populations, as that which had its origin scarcely fifty years ago in the heart of Frederick Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten. Recognizing this fact, as well as the fact that the kindergarten is the type of all good teaching, the founders of the college early established, as one of the foremost features of their work, a department for the training of kindergartners supplemented by a model kindergarten. In this latter, which deserves its name of "child garden," the little plants, under wise and gentle guidance, receive their start towards full growth; that is, individually they are taught self-control and self-reliance. They learn through self-activity their own possibilities, and acquire skill of hand and eye. Through

plays and stories they unconsciously gain true social ideas, are made to realize their dependence one upon another, and to feel sympathy and respect even for the humblest labor. By skillful object lessons they are led to keen and intelligent observation of nature, to the discovery of the relation that nature sustains to our lives, and to the recognition of God's love and care not only for them, but for all that he has made, from the greatest to the humblest.

The work of training teachers is also carried on in this department. A high standard for entrance is maintained, and a minimum course of two years is offered. As the kindergartner must find the needs of the child by knowing his individuality and the laws of his mental growth, courses in psychology and the philosophy of education are required. In consideration of the value for kindergarten teachers of wide general information, the pupil teacher is given the advantage of other departments in the college, where she learns to simplify scientific truths into delightful and easily comprehended stories and experiments for the child, rousing his observation and his interest in nature. Courses in form-study and drawing, tonic sol-fa, physical training, *delsarte*, primary meth-



INSTRUCTION IN WOOD-WORKING.

ods and manual training are insisted upon; and in addition to a study of Froebel's works, extensive reading of the best kindergarten literature of the age is required.

In this practice school the student-teacher sees the best kindergarten theory and methods applied by competent and experienced kindergartners, and under their supervision and criticism she is able to test her own skill and power.

and fields. They learn to observe closely, and from their own experience draw conclusions that are afterwards discussed in the classes. This work is supplemented by lectures. Students are taught that people suffer through ignorance of some of the simplest rules of life. The practical work of training to think and live properly is made more important than the technicalities of the branches taught. In



A BOTANY CLASS.

A college for the training of the teachers of future business men, manufacturers, and doers of the world's work generally, would not be complete without a department of science. "In the scientific department of the college is attempted the task of developing the power of clear-headed, unprejudiced judgment in those who are to teach the future lawyers; here also provision is made for giving to the doctors and others whose work brings them into contact with nature's laws, the skill of both hand and eye, the constructive imagination and the ability to see facts as facts that men of science and men of business alike require." Here experiments are worked out, and nature as well as books studied. Students go into the factories

this department also the college makes good its claim to be an experiment station. Apparatus sufficient for the entire set of experiments in elementary chemistry has been devised. The cost of the cheapest conventional apparatus for making oxygen is nineteen dollars and ninety-nine cents; the cost of the home-made is thirteen cents. Apparatus for illustration and experiment in electricity, light, physiology and household hygiene has been similarly reduced in price, and, by its simplicity, increased in value; in fact, apparatus for an entire year's work in experimental science involves a cost of but little more than three dollars, and requires no other space than an ordinary school-room with ordinary school desks. The



WOOD-CARVING IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

problem attempted by the department of domestic science is that of helping the people to make better homes. Here a knowledge of proper food and its preparation for the family is taught. The student is instructed also in the elements of practical anatomy, etc., so as to be equal to any emergency that may arise in a household. Much importance is given to training the power of observation, and the pupils are led to think out problems rather than to work by rule without comprehending.

The same training in practical power that the kindergarten gives to the youngest children is insured to the older pupils through the other departments. In the department of manual arts, for example, the hands and eyes are trained through contact with wood and iron and the use of tools. These practical studies give a degree of will-training and executive power not attained by the study of books alone.

A most important phase of the work of the student-teachers is that of form, drawing and color. For it is through work of

this sort that the taste of the children, and through the children the public taste, is to be elevated. Mental discipline, too, is given through the hand and eye. The fundamental nature of this training was shown at a recent meeting of those interested in teaching sewing, where it was shown that before embroidery could be attempted, it was necessary to have some grounding in form and color.

The future teachers are shown that before drawing there must be given lessons in seeing, and that the drawing must be an intelligent record of what has been observed. It is found that much valuable time may be saved by leading children to study the appearance of objects before they have lost the "innocence of the eye." In clay modelling an interesting experiment has been made in attempting to give familiarity with the leading characteristics of the great styles of architecture and ornament. In the study of the coloring of historic ornament the crude prints have not been followed, but the spirit of the ornament has been interpreted in harmonious

schemes of color. The many art exhibitions of the city are visited as a means of developing pure and correct taste. Children trained in these ways will not build flimsy, pretentious houses, crude and in-harmonious without and within. They will not erect costly public monuments that pain the cultivated eye. Their work will be better, more beautiful and of permanent value.

The belief that every boy and girl in school should give the first place to the study of the mother-tongue and its literature has led to the establishment of a department of English on the same basis as the preceding departments. Courses are given in methods of teaching literature and composition, and opportunities are offered for observation and practice. All pupils of the grammar and high schools are required to carry on the study of English throughout the entire course. In the earlier years myths and stories, in the later years the masterpieces of prose and poetry are read. It is the effort of the instructors to cultivate in the pupils the power of critical and appreciative reading, and a love for the best literature. Frequent

written work upon subjects taken from the books read is required. By careful training in habits of clear thinking it is aimed to give them the habit of clear expression. The department hopes through its own work, and that of its student-teachers, to lessen in some degree the dull indifference to the rich literary stores in our language, and to make less possible the loose thinking and loose English so common in business and social communications, and even in much of our periodical literature. And thus by inculcating a taste for what is really good, raise the public standard and create a demand for better literature.

Similar provisions are made for the training of teachers of Latin and Greek, French and German, and of history; and the more complete general equipment of the intending teachers is secured through systematic exercise in physical training and in vocal expression.

But to describe the work of each department in detail is not necessary in order to give an idea of the spirit and the meaning of this institution. Enough has been given to show that it is attempting the



THE THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES SEWING-CLASS.

solution of some of the most perplexing and important problems of modern life. Its relation to these problems has been thus briefly stated by the president of the college in a recent address: "The Teachers college thus embodies the three leading tendencies in modern education: the scientific spirit, which brings the love of truth into the matters of every-day life; the practical spirit, — the manual training spirit — that would 'cultivate a just and legitimate familiarity betwixt the mind and things,' and that regards wise action as the end of man's existence; the art spirit, that aims to implant in every child in the schools a love for the beautiful, both in art and in nature, in books and in work. And it is not for the few—to make artists, — but for the many, to form taste and dignify the common things of life, that the college has embraced the new art spirit."

From its coign of vantage on Morning-



MR. SPENCER TRASK,
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD.

side heights, the college will aim to widen its influence so as to reach not only the schools, but the homes. In addition to its proper function of offering a competent training to those upon whom devolves the most important work of superintending the education of the rising generation, it will endeavor, so far as it may be given support, to reach the mass of the people. It will endeavor to do this by offering popular lectures upon common themes, by holding mothers' meetings and fathers' meetings, and by opening after-school classes for the children, and evening classes for the wage-earners, and in every way possible reach forward and extend its influence for good far and wide. By these methods of directly reaching the people, the trustees hope to make the college a center of light and power, and to make good the claim, sometimes advanced in its behalf, that it is the true type of "the people's college."



Drawn by W. A. Potter.

THE PROPOSED BUILDING ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS.



Drawn by F. O. Small.

THE DISAPPEARANCE SYNDICATE.

BY T. C. CRAWFORD.

V.

THE next morning I found upon my mantel-piece a note from The Wasp editor, who had arrived in London and was at Brown's hotel. I had written for him a number of letters during the last six months descriptive of London and Continental social life. These had commanded enough attention to satisfy him, and convince him that I was not wholly a failure, and that the money invested in me was not a loss. I called at his hotel about noon, just after my light breakfast.

I found him the center of the confusion which was so delightful to him. The floor of his sitting-room was literally covered with newspapers, bills, telegrams, and the rubbish of a counting-house. Servants were continually coming and going in answer to his imperative orders.

He kept up an incessant demand for everything he could think of, while at the same time expressing continued dissatisfaction with everything done for him. Such a guest knows the true way to endear himself to a host, but the hour of retribution comes when the account is to be made up. But this modern editor never winced at any bill incurred in administering to the wants of his glorious self, and so he was tolerated in hotels where otherwise his uproar, and continual fault finding, might have ended in closing the doors against him.

I found him in a perfectly livid state of excitement. Without a word of greeting even, he cried out: "Have you seen the first edition of the Evening Standard?"

"No, I have not looked at a paper to-day."

"And here it is afternoon." My stand-



THE COUNCIL OF TEN. (See page 603.)

Drawn by
F. O. Small.

ing in his estimation went down many degrees. A man who could go by the mid-day breakfast hour without a look at those devices of the devil, the modern newspapers, was wholly outside of his range of comprehension. "Well, let me call your placid attention to a mysterious paragraph in the Standard." Here he caught up the newspaper, adjusted his eyeglasses, and read the following:

"Last evening the Duke of Wex visited the Victoria Gallery club with some friends. He left the club at half past one in the morning in his own carriage. His coachman, a man who has been in his service for twenty years, observed that his grace was strangely preoccupied as he came out of the club. He gave directions to drive home at once to the house occupied by him in Park Lane. Ten minutes after the carriage stopped in front of his house. The footman descended from the box to open the door and he found the carriage empty. As the carriage had been driven at a rapid pace from the club, the surprise of the servants who attended him was great. They drove back over the route to the club, but could not find him. The footman entered the club and made inquiries, but no information was elicited. Naturally, the disappearance of the duke under such circumstances of apparent mystery, has made a profound sensation. The police were asked today to assist in unravelling the mystery, as no trace or word has been heard of him during the night or up to a late hour this morning."

"Now," roared the editor, "you have a disappearance right under your nose. You must make a big story out of that to be cabled at once. Do you know the duke?"

"I have seen him. I know his son Lord Robert Melrose. He lives in the same lodging with me and shares my sitting-room. I saw the duke at the Victoria club last night. Lord Robert was up and out this morning before me. I shall not see him before dinner. I wonder if he knows of this news."

"Living with Lord Robert Melrose, the son of the Duke of Wex. Why didn't you mention it before?"

"Why should I?"

"But, it is most important."

The editor's manner changed towards

me at once. I was to write out a good story of the disappearance of the duke. Then I was at once to prepare an elaboration of the idea of the Disappearance syndicate. It was now time for publication. Had I learned anything new?

I told my questioner something about Lord Robert Melrose and the Russian society.

He roared with derision at the idea of a society being organized for mere purposes of doing good in the quietest way possible. That was grotesquely improbable. He had no doubt concerning the good faith of Lord Robert Melrose, but he had been taken in by the Central society. Those fellows were living high upon the plunder gathered in by them. He would expose them in the interest of reform and sensational journalism. "Run down this Mortimer Mortimer, and if he is connected with the disappearance of the many rich men through the world, we will make him disgorge the boodle."

I left after preparing a cable story in accordance with his instructions, and took the first cab that came along. I directed the driver to take me to the Carleton club, where I expected later to meet Lord Robert, and make some arrangement for finding Mortimer Mortimer. I remember distinctly the hour. I saw a large clock in the waiting-room of the hotel as I passed out. It was just four o'clock. The cabman who advanced from the head of the rank was a typical London cabby, red-faced, alert, tidy in dress, with a manner strangely blending impudence and respect. I told him where to go, gave him the shilling fare, and jumped into the cab. When I was about half way down to the club, which was not more than five minutes away, I suddenly felt an imperious desire to jump out of the cab. I obeyed it on the instant, and, however irrational was the act which I made in response to some sudden command, I should have obeyed it had it led to my death. I vaulted out lightly just before we had reached Piccadilly. The short side street we were in was comparatively deserted. No one was near me when I jumped out, and I observed that the cabman was looking straight ahead of him as if buried in thought.

I turned in an opposite direction from the cab, and soon was around the cor-

ner. Here I took another cab, paid the fare, and in a moment was in another side street. Here I again jumped out. I changed cabs three times without being observed, and without any particular thought in my mind but that I was engaged in an ordinary occupation, although in reality no one seeking to elude detection could have employed more successful means to evade pursuit.

Following my last directions, the third cab brought me within a few squares of Park Lane. As I jumped out, unobserved, as before, I found myself alone in Hargrave street, down which I walked quickly, until I had nearly reached the lane, where a small door in a garden wall which surrounded a great mansion silently opened, and I plunged through it as if I were expected, traversed a carefully laid out garden, and entered the house. It was apparently deserted. I walked through one vast hallway after another, mounting wide and dimly lighted stairways, until I came to the top of

the house. Here I kept on, up a circular stairway, which went up to a lofty dome, where I entered a circular room, at least twenty feet in diameter, which was aglow with a soft, clear light, producing a wonderfully soothing effect upon the eyes. I had noticed but little about the house as I entered, beyond the general fact that its dimensions and furnishing were palatial in character.

The room which I now entered contained no windows. It was ventilated from the top. The interior of the dome was pale blue, with a magnificent fresco, representing the angel Gabriel, summoning the earth to judgment. The walls were in panels of white and gold. Around the line of the circles of the room were broad divans, covered with soft white furs and numerous white silken pillows. The floor was in white marble, with small squares of blue, set at the corners of the larger squares. Suspended from the dome, by a silver-covered cord, was a globe the size of an ordinary globe of the schools.

Only this one was clear, translucent, shining, identical in character with the ball shown by Mortimer Mortimer, the night before, at the Victoria Gallery club. Underneath the ball was a dark table, inlaid in some fantastic oriental design. Upon the table was a large sheet of white paper, fixed in the center. Near the table was a strong arm-chair, with the head of an angel of light carved upon the top. The figure was looking aloft, holding in a gracefully posed hand a star.

The room had an atmosphere distinct to itself. It fairly radiated rest, peace and harmony. I had not been in the room for more than a second when I became fairly intoxicated with its charm. What was it that made my heart pulsate with such rapture, my every breath an aspiration of delight? I did not stop then to analyze the charm. It is best to grasp unquestioningly perfect happiness when it comes, and so I quietly walked, still like one in a trance, to the side of the circular divan, where I sunk down in an attitude of luxurious repose, and gazed dreamily at the central globe, which glowed and paled with mysterious fires as incessant in their continued movement as the waves of mid-ocean.



Drawn by F. O. Small.

A NOTE FROM THE WASP EDITOR.

"Where was I? Why had I come there? What mysterious power had brought me there?" were questions I did not ask for a long time. I was only too content to have stepped out from the grim realities of modern life into this enchanted atmosphere. As I lay upon the silken couch and studied the wave-lines of light in the ball, I gradually came back to myself. My usual powers of observation were restored to me. I saw, at this moment, some dark characters forming upon one of the sheets of the paper lying upon the table. I arose from the couch, glanced at the sheet of paper, and found written thereon, in a clear, scholarly hand, the following note:

"I learned today that you were desirous of meeting me, and that you had received instructions to write what is called, in the latest jargon of American journalism, 'an exposure of my career.' You wish to know also about a disappearance syndicate, the Central society, and many things which interest and puzzle you and which you think I may be able to explain. On account of the friendship of Lord Robert Melrose for you, I am disposed to see you and to talk with you. You are at present in my house, upon my invitation. I will have the pleasure of dining with you at half past seven this evening.

"MORTIMER MORTIMER."

Scarcely had I read the note, when the letters faded and the paper was left as blank as before. I may add here that the paper had remained attached to the table, directly under the ball, during my reading. Any sensation of surprise seemed impossible in this enchanted chamber. I fairly bathed in the atmosphere of peace and tranquillity. Thoughts of a material character drifted away from me. What was it to me whether there was a disappearance syndicate or not? What was there more vulgar than curiosity for mere curiosity's sake? I had now even lost my desire to meet Mortimer Mortimer. I cannot describe my pleasure by using any ordinary words of comparison. The pleasure was wholly spiritual and intellectual. The body and its wants were forgotten.

Such a sense of perfect peace and contentment I had never known before. It was so novel, that my mind was completely lost in a flood of rapturous contemplation. I sank back upon the circular di-

van and coiled myself into a knot of luxurious ease. My eyes now came back to the ball, and I soon saw that its mysterious flashings had a meaning. I was familiar with the Morse code, and as soon as I had concentrated my attention upon the globe after making this discovery, I saw that the news of the world was being flashed upon it by this telegraphic code. It was a curious use of electricity, and one wholly unknown to me. There now came a message personal to me:

"Will you kindly indicate what you would like for your dinner?"

This prosaic message, coming to me in my anything but prosaic surroundings, made me smile. I left the cloud-land where my dreamings had carried me, and became aware that I was intensely hungry. I involuntarily thought of what I would like, even to the wines that best pleased me; but before I could think of any way of communicating my answer, there came flashing upon the globe:

"All right! I understand you. Dinner will be served at sharp half past seven. No dress."

I was now like the child in the Christmas pantomime. I was ready to accept everything as it came, and wanted no explanations. I looked at my watch and saw that it was six o'clock. I had been in the circular globe-room of light for nearly two hours, and it did not seem longer than so many moments.

At a quarter after seven, a tiny metallic sound came from the globe, and I heard the clear music of an orchestra of many pieces. Then I must have lost consciousness for a few moments, for, when I next opened my eyes, I saw that the table under the globe was covered with fine linen and set out with the white china and the glittering silver of a dinner service. In the center of the table was a tall epergne filled with roses. The table was set for two.

By the side of the table stood my host, Mortimer Mortimer. He looked exactly as he did when he appeared upon the platform of the Victoria Gallery club. Only, now, instead of being in evening dress, he wore a dark morning costume. He bowed gravely to me as I arose, and indicated the nearest seat as mine. As I took the seat, a Japanese servant entered the room and began to serve the soup.



Drawn by F. O. Small.

"I FELT AN IMPERIOUS DESIRE TO JUMP OUT OF THE CAR."

Everything during the dinner was matter-of-fact and in accordance with the regular course of things. My host said, as dinner began:

"There is no enchantment in this house, save that of modern science. I say now, as I said at the Gallery club, that I do not deal with the supernatural. I have no desire to mystify or to surprise anyone. Where I make an experiment or an explanation, it is with a definite object. If you will wait until the dinner is passed, I will answer any questions you may wish to ask."

"How did you know of me, and that I wanted to see you?"

"Lord Robert Melrose told me. He met me in Hyde Park this afternoon and said you were anxious to see me."

"When did he tell you?"

"At half past three."

"And at four I was upon my way here and yet you profess to be no master of magical arts."

"All that is susceptible of explanation. Wait until the dinner is passed."

The dinner was one that was worthy of the host. Everything was simple but exquisitely good. The soup was like a fine wine. Each course was dainty, at once a whip to the palate and satisfying. The dishes I had indicated were cooked as I never had tasted them before. At the desert, fruits were served in the greatest profusion. The delicacy of the wines, the elegance of the service, the excellence of the food, left behind a sense of well-being, the reverse of the heavy sensation that follows the eating of the usual dinner. Our conversation during dinner related to the ordinary topics of the day.

At its conclusion the service was cleared away in a moment, and then Mortimer Mortimer, still sitting opposite to me, pointed to a bundle of Egyptian cigarettes upon a silver plate between us. When I had lighted one, he excusing himself from smoking, began the conversation by saying:

"Will you excuse me if I ask a few questions before answering those I know you are anxious to make. What has been your motive in seeking to probe the so-called mystery of Mortimer Mortimer?"

"I fear not a very exalted one. I love puzzles, but my motive in your case goes back to my first studies concerning the various disappearances of men through the world. In my study of this general subject, I was led to you as possibly one who could give me light and help."

"But underneath all that?"

"Well, I am now looking into the subject for *The Wasp*, an American newspaper."

Mortimer frowned, as he asked, "Are you a regular member of the staff of that paper?"

To this I replied "no," and then explained how I had been led to accept the special employment that had brought me to London to investigate the possibility of a disappearance syndicate.

"How did you come to assume that I could throw any light upon the matter?"

"It was Lord Robert Melrose who suggested it."

During this time Mortimer Mortimer was studying me intently. Finally, he said: "If I did not believe you were better than you profess. I should be very reluctant to talk to you at all. Suppose for a moment, I could give you some information concerning the subject of your inquiry. Will you kindly tell me why I should? Can you, as an honest man, say that the information will be used in such a way as to do anyone any good?"

"It will be used as a basis for an article."

"For publication in a sensational newspaper?"

"Yes."

"Has this newspaper ever really served the public?"

"It prates of nothing else but of its duty to the public!"

"But in reality."

"Honestly, I cannot say that it ever has. It is published first and last to make money for its owner."

"So you ask me, a perfect stranger, to expose to your gaze my privacy and my innermost life for the sake of making copy to satisfy mere vulgar curiosity. No, a thousand times no. I will never consent to do that. If I did not know that you were capable of better things, I should not talk to you at all. I do know about the things you have so carelessly stumbled upon. There is something in this subject wholly beyond what you have imagined. But it is not what you have supposed. You have a thread of fact that could be used very cunningly to make a sensational story. It could not do harm to the cause I represent, but it would do harm to you. So before I go farther into this subject, I will call your attention to a few possibilities of modern science. First, this ball which hangs suspended here should interest you. It is one of the latest achievements of science. It is the product of the united

work of some of the best minds of this world. A knowledge of it is not given to the public, and it may be generations before it will be. But I will show you some of its workings and its powers before proceeding to its explanation. You have here a central receiver of sound and of light. The person who understands its working, can with its aid see and hear what is taking place at a distance. It is also a medium of thought transference, and a constant radiator of electrical force. I wrote you the note in my library below, and it was flashed to the surface of the sensitized paper in the center of the table in my actual handwriting, which faded soon after the impression was passed. I sustained the impression until I learned by the reflex action in my library that you had read it. The atmosphere in this room is regulated by the globe. Through it your system was at once keyed up to its perfect electrical tone, which is the only perfect state of existence. When you have the proper electrical conditions in your body you are at the maximum of your powers, and disease or fatigue are impossible. Electricity is the life that animates everything. Electricity, as you know, can be transmitted without wires upon the air currents. Even electric lights have been produced without the actual contact of wires. How far this science has progressed under the direction of the Central society," here Mortimer Mortimer's eyes flashed, "I will, perhaps, indicate later."

"Now," he continued, "will you kindly give your attention to the ball. Fix your mind upon some one you want to see. Concentrate your mind upon the ball and look into its innermost depths."

Mechanically, I obeyed. Upon the instant the vista of the globe enlarged and I gazed as through a clear magnifying glass directly into my sitting-room in Half-Moon street. I saw Lord Robert in the room. He was looking on the mantel for some note. Then he turned and rang the bell sharply. I saw the servant enter and then I heard the following conversation as distinctly as if I had been in the room:

"What time did Mr. Livingstone leave the house?"

"Just after his breakfast."

"Did he leave any word for me?"

"Yes, he said to tell you when you returned that he would meet you at the Carleton club at seven o'clock for dinner."

"Mr. Livingstone has not been back since?"

"No, sir."

"Very good. That will do."

The servant retired. Lord Robert now said to himself: "I should think Livingstone would have returned before this. I wonder if he found Mortimer Mortimer and was detained. I did not find him at the club at seven, and he has sent me no word. Well, I must go and dine, as it is late enough, heaven knows." With this he left the room.

"Do you wish to follow him?" said Mortimer.

"No, not at present."

I turned to Mortimer Mortimer as I said: "How am I to know that this is not a repetition of the experiment made by you at the Victoria gallery? How can I know that you are not making me see and hear what you wish me to hear, and that you are making me respond to your will as you did this afternoon, when you arrested me in a cab and summoned me here?"

"Your question is pertinent, but future tests will show you that this surmise is not correct. The element of animal magnetism, as it is known to you, need not now be considered, as it is a subordinate branch of the general subject of electricity. It belongs to the department of personal electricity. This globe represents the highest achievement of mechanical electricity. It makes simple and certain what was formerly the occasional and uncertain gift of a few individuals. All of our sensations are recorded in the brain by electric waves along the lines of the nerves, which end in producing an impression upon the brain. Thought is the brain in action. The brain is the battery, and the thought is electricity generated. This brought in contact with this high instrument of electrical skill, and you have the means of seeing and hearing what is going on at a distance, by projecting the thought-wave upon this globe. Between two people who understand the use of the instrument a conversation can be maintained at any distance."

"You mean between any points on this globe?"

"Let it stand there, as I do not want to go too far in this preliminary conversation."

At this, something within me moved through my body like a warm wave. A tide of emotion swept over my mind. All the littleness of my past came to me, in clear, sharp lines. Suddenly, I said:

"Mortimer Mortimer, I wish that you thought me worthy of becoming your associate, no matter how humble might be my place."

"The wish shows you to be worthy. I knew that, when you were waked up, you would become conscious that life, as it is now lived by the average mortal, is wholly unworthy and devoid of a proper object. With the most fortunate, it is but a brief struggle of selfishness, for successes achieved at the expense of others. Perhaps you understand even now why this great and simple invention of the electrical globe could not be given to the world."

"Surely. It would only be used by the strong for the more successful preying upon the weak. Such inventions would naturally come first into the hands of the rich and the powerful, and its superior knowledge would be used in the further selfish aggregation of power."

"More than that," said Mortimer Mortimer, "it would become, in the present diseased condition of society, a weapon in the hands of the criminal. In time, I hope that it may become the means of regenerating the world and of giving to it its proper place in the universe. It is, after all, only a union of the principle of the phonograph, the telephone and the kineograph of Edison; so one instrument serves for all. It is no more wonderful, as it now stands, than would have been either the telephone or the phonograph, twenty-five years ago. But, come, I have confidence in you. You may ask me what question you will, and I will answer. Leave the general subject to the last."

"First, how did you summon me here?"

"That was by an exercise simply of my will."

"How did you know where I was?"

"I returned directly to the house after seeing Lord Robert Melrose in the park

near here, and looked for you in the globe."

"Did you direct my movements here?"

"Yes."

"Then, to all practical purposes, I am the hero of another case of mysterious disappearance?"

"You are. But you can return to your former life, if you wish, by simply giving me your word to be silent concerning what you have learned, or may learn, in this house. We hold no one against his will."

"We? Then there is a Central society, as you said?"

"Yes."

"Are you its head?"

"No."

"Do you belong to the Inner section?"

"Yes."

"Do you know James Musgrove?"

"I do."

"Where is he now?"

"He is at present in one of the monasteries in the Himalayas."

"Did he go there of his own free will?"

"Most assuredly. Do you suppose, for a moment, that we seek to have with us anyone who is not willing to coöperate with us? I dare say, sometime in the future you will be able to see and talk with Musgrove. But now you can have but a passing glimpse of him, and I shall especially request you not to disturb him with any questions."

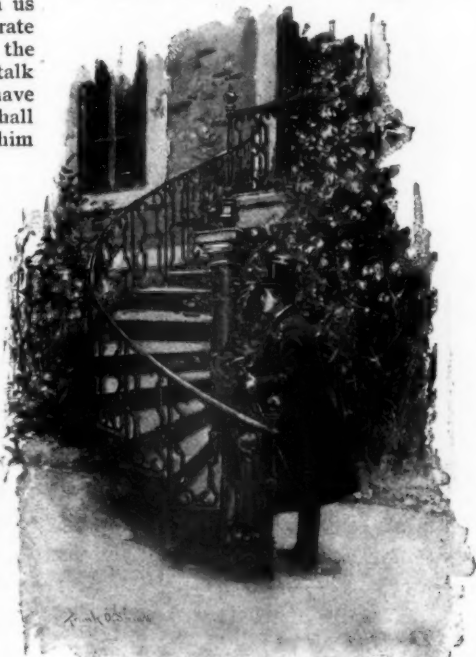
With this remark, Mortimer turned to the globe, and within a second I saw before me a white-washed cell in the distant monastery. In this cell sat James Musgrove, ex-money-hunter, attired in the white robe of an Eastern monk. He was looking steadfastly at the pictures which were being flashed before his eyes in a globe which hung from the center of his cell. He was studying, with earnest care, the various pictures of his speculative life. He was made to see the unhappiness and the wrongs following the speculations which had been encouraged by him and his class. Tears were actually chasing down the cynical face of this broad-faced man, who, in the past, had seen regiments of men ruined without even drawing a long breath of regret.

"Musgrove, at heart, is a good fel-

low," said Mortimer. "We are developing now his better consciousness. He has been tired a long time of what he is doing. We are training him now to see things as they actually are, and very soon we will have him at work as a member of one of the Inner societies, although it will be a long time before he can come to the Central station. You may rest assured of one thing, however, and that is, that he is contented and that no earthly inducement would ever tempt him to go back to the life he formerly lived."

My questions now ceased. My mind was in a tumult. I tried to grasp the situation clearly. I was face to face with one of the best preserved secrets in the world, and the door to its innermost mystery stood wide open.

Finally, Mortimer said to me: "You have experienced a desire to join us. Before doing so you should know generally what we are doing and what we hope to accomplish. This room is one of the places where candidates come. Those who stand the tests and are accepted, are given



"I ENTERED THE HOUSE."

Drawn by
F. O. Small,

their work. We have been so careful in summoning candidates by a study of their surroundings, that thus far we have had to reject only one. That one was the Washington official noted by you in your talk with your friend, the professor. At the last moment the politician became too strong for his better nature. A wave of forgetfulness was passed over his brain and he was sent away. He came to his former consciousness in Sydney, Australia. From this place he made his way home to Washington, after an absence of over a year. He could give no acceptable explanation of his absence. He is now back at his profession of law, and while he is conscious sometimes of having missed a great opportunity, this year of absence is a blank in his mind. But you have had enough for one day. You can remain here, and if you want anything, may address yourself to the globe."



Drawn by F. O. Small.

"I AROSE FROM THE COUCH AND GLANCED
AT THE SHEET OF PAPER."

Here my host turned to one of the panels, and pushing it open showed a passageway to a small adjacent room. "In this room," said he, "you will find linens, toilet articles, changes of apparel, anything you may need for your short stay; and now, good-night." With this my host departed down the circular stairway, dropping a silken hanging over the passageway, leaving me to the exquisite luxury of being alone with my thoughts in the life-giving atmosphere of this beautiful chamber.

VI.

If I had been merely occupied with amusing myself without other thought, I might well have been contented to have remained in this room for the rest of my days. The whole world was at my command. Its news was constantly flashing before my eyes. Its secrets were to be had for the asking. The motives of men, the thousand and one puzzles of every day life, made an entrancing study. I remained alone in this room for a week, seeing only the Japanese servant, before I thought of summoning Mortimer Mortimer. During this time, owing to the peculiar electric atmosphere in the room, my nature appeared to have changed. I seemed to realize more and more clearly the perfect hopelessness of life as it was lived. The indifference and cruelty of it all were relieved by so little of the heaven of unselfishness that when once my curiosity was satisfied, there succeeded a feeling of impatience that it should be so. This was followed by a firm resolution upon my part that I would devote my life and thought to something better than self. This determination was no sooner made than the globe gave forth a metallic note, and a moment later Mortimer Mortimer was with me.

"Your resolution is a wise one. You will now best serve your true interests by apparently forgetting them. Are you prepared to renounce all personal ambition, to give up all hope of riches?"

"Yes."

"Are you willing to be obscure, unknown and poor?"

"Yes."

"There are no great formalities of membership. There is but little to learn

that can be taught you by word of mouth. Neither will I now demand a pledge of secrecy from you. Perhaps, in time, it would be well to make the story of your coming here known. Now I will give you a brief account of the work we are doing, and that which we propose to do in the future, and how I became attached to it. Twenty years ago I was in Paris with a large sum of money at my command. I was then the heir to a large fortune. I am a Russian born, although I defy anyone who does not know to name my nationality. My father was English, but my mother was Russian. I lived the life of pleasure that is so alluring when one is young. I exhausted everything in the way of sensual pleasure, my fortune drifting through my hands until at the last I was left penniless. Then I was tempted to commit a crime. Years of debilitating pleasure and loose companionship had eaten almost the last shred of my moral nature, but there was one fiber that resisted at the thought of crime. I fell ill through distress and suffering, in fact, became hysterical through the disease of my overwrought nerves. I was taken to one of the public hospitals, and there I came under the care of Dr. Charcot. In my shattered condition I was easily made one of his subjects, and in the magnetic sleep a subconsciousness was developed in me that was so strong that it took complete possession of me, and after six months of patient care, my selfish character was sunken, I now know, forever.

"When I left the hospital Dr. Charcot was good enough to secure for me the position of secretary to a distinguished Orientalist, a learned man, who had spent a long life studying the characteristics of the various religions of the world in the periods of their early development. I was with him several years and became, in the peaceful and serene atmosphere of the old man's library, imbued with an almost savage desire to redeem the years of my life that I had apparently wasted. One night I received a summons such as you received when you came here. I left my master and walked forth in the night, following the movement of another's will, until I found myself in a great hotel, surrounded by a park, in the outskirts of Paris.

"It was here my new life began. I shall not now go into details. The influence of Charcot, acquired in the hospital, was exerted magnetically, and I was brought, through it, to the château where lived the president of the Russian society, described to you by Lord Melrose. I became a member, and continued my work with my master, the Orientalist, until about five years ago. It was during my work in Paris that I became acquainted with James Musgrove. I became deeply impressed, after a time, with the struggle continually going on between two very vigorous and very diverse elements in his nature. The one that was uppermost was coarse, selfish and devoted to material pursuits. The other was poetical, with aspirations as lofty and great as ever visited the brain of Shakespeare."

He paused at my look of surprise, and then added:

"In time, I was fortunate enough to become advanced to membership in the Central society, and now I am one of the Inner Council of Ten that governs the world."

"Governs the world?"

"Yes. Not as might ordinarily be understood. But it is a government that grows day by day and will in the end be the one government for the entire world, doing away with all others. You need not look surprised. It is simple enough. The elementary societies throughout the world are strong. Through them we have invited to our Inner societies, during the last few years, hundreds of very rich men. Their disappearance from the active circles of the world has not attracted any particular attention beyond the local ripple following their departure. We have selected only those who could be spared, who were doing no good to themselves, and whose departure will not impose suffering upon anyone. When they are once with us, they would prefer death to going back to their old life. They willingly give their money to us. We have a reserve fund now of over one billion of dollars. We use this money to control great institutions throughout the world. The monasteries of Thibet are with us. In the Himalayas we have built numerous monasteries of our own. We own great houses in the various capitals of the world. The Council of Ten lives for a



Drawn by F. O. Small.

"EVERYTHING DURING THE DINNER WAS MATTER-OF-FACT."

portion of its time in the world, and, as presiding officers of trust companies, manage, without attracting notice, the vast treasury of the Central society."

"But how can you own such vast possessions as hotels, monasteries, and the like, throughout the world, without becoming subjects for curious gossip?"

"Because we move only as individuals. The whole world is bare to the gaze of inspectors, who sit in every house, watching the globes, who occupy the place of central telegraph stations. Here the members are watched, and warned constantly of every possible antagonistic influence. We have cultivated the wills of the Council of Ten until, united, they can, through the influence of a large central globe, highly charged, send out thought-waves sufficiently powerful to affect a nation. This work is now going on at the central station of London. It is owing to the influence of this station that war has been so long held back in Europe. We do not say that there will never be a war again; that will depend only upon a power higher than our own. But peace is now in the air, and arbitra-

tion is taking the place of war, as a means of settling disputes."

"What is the primary basis of this new social order?"

"Simply to carry out Christ's new commandment, 'that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.' There are no other laws governing it. There is no other creed contained therein."

"But how can you guard against the invasion of ambition and a perversion of the lofty aims of the society by the necessarily imperfect men who compose its directors?"

"In the atmosphere of the electric globes, man's nature is placed in accord with the laws of the universe, which are governed by justice and love. When the Council meets, an improper thought would break the harmony and strike a discordant note upon the central globe, like a clap of thunder. Every member knows that his every act and thought is laid bare and recorded at every central station. Even if this were not a protection, I should defy anyone to have his eyes really opened to the meanness of the

motives of ordinary life and ambition, and ever consent to leave this life of serenity and of high purpose, (with the mirror of the real world constantly before his eyes), for the dull incidents of the life of an ordinary ambition."

"But can everyone be brought in accord with the laws of electrical harmony?"

"Not always. There is no one who has not an inner nature better than its exterior; but, with some, this is so deeply hidden as to make necessary several generations of development. We take the most favorable natures first and impress them. You have observed that great popular movements come often without much preliminary agitation. The electrical current that runs through an excited crowd moving as a mob will often produce deeds of cruelty the individual would contemplate only with horror. It is important to control and direct the thought-waves for the good; that is one of the subjects sought to be accomplished by the director at the central stations. You have, doubtless, observed the recent interest in spiritual things, now so prevalent in Europe. Works upon theosophy, occultism, spiritualism, and ghost stories, are sold by the thousands. This is owing to a spiritual, anti-material wave now constantly being sent out from the central station in this house."

"Do you encourage spiritualism?"

"As it is generally understood, no. But even that, with its wildest absurdities, is better than gross materialism. But spiritualism, as construed by mediums in the form of table-tipping, the summoning of spirits from the vasty deep to tell Susan whether James is in love with her, or the stock-broker how stocks will move, is even now out of date. If there is nothing better in the next world than a return to this to act as the messenger of a medium, working for money to serve the vulgar or selfish curiosity of credulous visitors, then the next world is vastly inferior to this. But spiritualism in the highest sense, the reaching up to a higher power for support, the belief in inspiration for those who are worthy to receive it, we fully believe, for we know some of the finest modern compositions are mere copies of tones flashed to our central station in the Himalayas from higher and more distant

spheres. It is at this station that we are studying the questions of the highest interest. It is there that we have established connection with the other worlds, through the power to transfer thought upon the great electric wave-conductors of the universe. Full histories of these worlds will be published in an age when the public will be educated sufficiently to comprehend. Now the ordinary scientists of the earth would regard such publications as emanations from a mad-house."

"Have you sought to absolutely prove that there is another world for us after this?"

"No. That is no more necessary for one who has studied the law of the electric forces of the universe through our globes, than it would be to prove the sun shines. We are constantly working, when in full electric harmony, in the flood of the light of love of the central universe, and we see and have every moment the evidences of another life as convincing as the light that shines, indicates the sun as its dispensing power. We seek to avoid the so-called supernatural and keep to the development in the highest degree of the possibilities of the life on this earth. It is here that we are to be made worthy of a higher life. Our inner society now holds within its hands the seeds of the millennium."

"Have you the power to reach the perfect existence here?"

"For the few only. We have abolished from among us disease or pain. Electricity as the remedial agent has done this. We cannot perform the miracle of restoring the actual loss of physical organs, nor can we more than postpone the day of death, but we prevent the inroads of disease by electric guards. As our system is at present organized, we select as members of our society only those possessing good physical organizations. With the perfection of existence will come the perfection of government. When once Christ's commandment of love is fully lived up to, the necessity for all governments, such as those now organized, will no longer exist. No one will seek to injure or wrong his neighbor, and as government is organized for the protection of the individual, when he no longer needs protection the usefulness of government is at an end. Our work is now

to prepare the public—to impress it in new directions.”

“Have you no fear of being disturbed in your work by political organizations jealous of the power of the Central Council?”

“No. Our control of affairs is by indirection and by the impression of thought transference. We break no laws. We seek no fruits of power. An electric current surrounds each one of our stations through which no one not invited by us or affiliated with us, can pass. Our interference is only for the purpose of doing good. Our progress is slow, as the world is crusted throughout every social channel with stupid gross materialism and a selfishness perfectly inhuman. Murders the most atrocious, crimes the most terrible, and suffering the most piteous in character, make no impression upon the hardened sympathies of modern civilization, while the mere suggestion of religious thought is coupled by the world with weak mentality.

“In no place do we find so much need of reform as in the churches themselves, and in no place do we meet with such resistance to the waves of love constantly sent towards them from our central stations. What member of any church follows today strictly in the path of his Master? Who of them would dare to follow His poverty, His obscurity, and His suffering? There we have found so much resistance from those intrenched in authority, backed by the accumulations of wealth, that we have turned our batteries upon the people themselves. The organization of the Salvation army is the direct result of the central London station. Its rapid growth is owing to the stimulus of our stations throughout the world.”

“But the Salvation army is ridiculed even by the churches, and every one feels qualified to look upon its members with pitying contempt.”

“Yes, but it is almost the only religious organization in the world today whose members are honestly seeking to follow in the footsteps of Christ. They are poor. Their lives are consecrated to poverty, to the renunciation of self, while they do not shut themselves up in dreary prisons, seeking the purity of asceticism, but walk into the thickest rush of life to

carry the light of love and truth to the poorest, the lowest, and the debased.”

“But—”

“Stop, before another word. Come with me to the globe and let us look for a moment upon the hourly work of one of the members of this band.” I turned to the globe and I saw instantly a dark, noisome alley in the east end of London. A young girl, with a white resolute face, dressed in a robe of dark-blue, wearing the bonnet of the army, now appeared alone. She walked through the alley and ascended the stairway of a tenement crowded in all its quarters with the homes of the poor. Upon one floor I saw three families, crowded like animals, fifteen in all, in one room. Oaths, imprecations and quarrelling were heard on all sides. Here dwelt the criminal and the outcast. Stalwart drunkards, dissolute women, sleeping in a dull, sodden stupor, little children poisoned in the foul atmosphere, desolate mothers, and discouraged workmen, made up a population of misery that can be found everywhere, every day in the year, in any of the slums of the great cities. I shuddered at the thought of this young girl coming in contact with this vile throng. But her uniform made her sacred. I saw even the vilest of criminals give way before her with respect. I did not hear her say one word about religion. She came to help, and in any way she could, the poor and suffering. She shamed the most dissolute by asking permission to help clean up their dreary rooms. Soon she was joined by a companion, and for nearly an hour I watched these brave girls carrying water into rooms that never had been cleaned, dressing the children of drunken parents, steadfastly working in the grim and noisome atmosphere, with the patience and loving energy of so many angels of light.

“Now,” said Mortimer Mortimer, “study well the work of these women.”

“Do they do this every day?”

“Every day of their lives.”

“But surely they do not spend all of their lives here.”

“That is what they do. They would have no influence if they did not come and live among these people. In the darkest quarters these missionaries take rooms, clean one spot in this foul quarter,

and then work as no domestic servant ever has worked, to fight the devil of dirt with soap and pure water. You cannot touch these people until they are made clean and fed. Every day some devoted heroine in this army loses her life from disease or exposure. They nurse the newly born, train the growing and close the eyes of the dying. They accept poverty as their share. They know that they must be obscure and that they may fall in the first period of their engagement, but their courage never hesitates. Yet the poets who celebrate the deeds of the hero who, crazed by excitement, charges into the jaws of death upon a mission of murder would never dream of

Mortimer Mortimer said, "It is a signal for a meeting of the Council of the Ten. Wait, I want to ask a question."

He now turned towards the globe and in a moment there came back the answer, "yes," in the Morse characters.

I have asked permission to connect you with the council-chamber, that you may both see and hear the proceedings of that body. You have been examined and accepted as a member on probation of one of the inner societies, and we shall rely upon your pen as your contribution towards the work. You shall be a thought-wave in action impelled by the power that is above us. But you are to be taught many things before you return to the world again."

"But when was I accepted as a member."

"Yesterday."

"But how?"

"The electrical register in the Council reported yesterday about noon that your system indicated one hundred in the scale of harmony. That entitled you to be recorded as an acceptable candidate."

"But I made no pledges. I have taken no oaths."

"None are necessary. With our system personal examination might in the end lead to deception. The electrical register of a man's inner character never lies."

"How long am I to remain?"

"Until you yourself wish to go so as to be at work. It will not be long. Remember too, that when you are gone from this sta-

tion and appear in the world you will still be in constant touch with us. All of our central stations will be open to you. Before you go you will be given an electrical ball similar to the one you saw with me in the Victoria gallery. By its aid you can communicate always with the central stations for advice or information. Be careful not to lose it, though in strange hands it would have no more use than an ordinary telegraph instrument in the hands of a savage. Besides this your will is to be strengthened to the grade of one thousand. Each member of the Council of Ten has a will worked up by electrical processes so that by union with the



Drawn by F. O. Small.

"WHAT TIME DID MR. LIVINGSTONE LEAVE THE HOUSE?"

looking into the life of a brave Salvation army lass for a subject for his cantos. This movement is growing and we intend that it shall in the end revolutionize the churches until they wake to their duty and go forth to try to equal, if possible, the good now being accomplished by the only religious organization on the face of the globe that has a place or a thought for the outcast and the criminal poor."

I do not know how much longer this conversation might have continued nor how many more scenes might have been shown me had there not suddenly appeared upon the globe a signal which I did not comprehend.

globe it represents a degree of one hundred thousand. That is, the will of one such member is equal to the united wills of that number of people. For the purpose of thought transference solely to distant spheres, this strength of will can by union with other mechanical devices be worked up to a billion. But you will find out all about these things soon so that they will not excite your surprise. They would have all been known to mankind long ago, if the minds of men were not so clouded by materialism and disbelief in everything not represented by money or some equivalent."

With this Mortimer Mortimer withdrew, saying that the Council was about to meet, and while he could take part in its proceedings by remaining with me, there were advantages secured by coming in actual personal contact with his associates, and so he left me awake with curiosity concerning the proceedings of the Council that secretly ruled the world.

I had been for years in attendance upon Congress in my own country, had studied the Houses of Parliament in London, the proceedings of the Corps Legislatif in France, the Cortes in Madrid, the Reichstag in Berlin, in fact had been a witness of the methods of legislative proceedings in the various leading countries of the world, where selfish interests entirely predominated. At last I was to be a witness of the proceedings of a supreme Council whose single rule of procedure was unselfishness, and whose code was a pure love for mankind.

Need I say that I rubbed my eyes wide open and was all attention when the globe sounded and I read the message, "The Council is about to meet."

VII.

Hardly had my friend, Mortimer Mortimer, left the room, when I addressed my most earnest attention to the globe. I had previously found that concentration of attention upon the subject under consideration was of vital importance, for the scenes shifted with the current of the thought, and, unless the thought was clear, the scenes in the globe were dim. A dull person, with but little imagination or interest in things, would not see much

in the globe, beyond a succession of blurred, disconnected visions.

I was much excited at the thought of having an opportunity to look behind the scenes and watch the powers which govern the world at work. At first, I could not see clearly; but this dimness of vision continued only for a moment. Then I saw a large, wide room, with lofty ceilings. It was a council chamber, worthy of the powerful body to be assembled there. It was somber-hued in its furnishings. The ceiling was light, but divided off into heavily framed circles. The light surface of each was covered by a map of some one of the various countries of the world. The center circle was larger than any of the others and upon it was outlined the plane of the world.

This shifted, in alternating flashes of light, showing first the old world and then the new. The brilliant colors of the coats-of-arms of the various countries showed in brilliant relief in the center of the other circles. The wood-work of the



Drawn by
F. O. Small.

"TEARS WERE ACTUALLY CHASING DOWN
THE CYNICAL FACE."

room, which included the polished floor, the high and polished wainscot and the broad, heavily carved frieze, had the rich warmth of color of old Spanish mahogany.

Large, high-backed chairs with arms, broad and strong enough for giants, were placed about a heavy round table which stood in the center of the room. Places were arranged for ten. In front of each seat was a sensitized paper similar to the one under the globe in the room where I was. Suspended above the table was also a globe, about three feet in diameter. It looked very large in comparison with the globe in my room. When I first began to see this room distinctly, it was unoccupied. I should add here that this room apparently had no windows. The central globe furnished a clear light, so well diffused that there was not a dark spot or corner in the room, while under the table the shadow was a faint gray.

Soon I heard a low sound of music, and the portières at the right parted and the Council of Ten entered and quickly took their places around the table. I was astonished to find that this Council of Ten was divided equally in its membership between the two sexes. All wore evening dress. The men were of varying types. The eldest was a venerable sage, while the youngest was not older than Lord Robert Melrose. The ladies of this august circle were of the highest types. Their faces were beautiful and intelligent. All were richly dressed and had an air of great ease and refinement.

There was no chief in this council, to sit in any post of honor. There was no order of precedence. No one had a special seat, and no rule seemed to prevail for the seating of the Council, beyond the one of alternating the sexes. Naturally, my attention was arrested by the novel sight of women seated as peers of men in this high board of administration. The eldest of the five ladies was at the right of the picture as it appeared in the globe before me. She was at least sixty years of age. Her hair was snowy white and combed in a thick, high, rolling mass from a broad forehead. Her eyes were dark. Her complexion was of a childlike fairness, and her regular features were overshadowed by a look of gentleness that would have subdued a savage. She wore a black lace-dress that set off the

lines of her robust womanly figure. Diamonds flashed in her hair and at her throat. Her arms and hands would have done credit to a young woman.

Three of the other ladies were of ripe years also, with forceful faces and calm manners. They secured, however, but casual notice from me. I passed them rapidly in review, and then, not pausing to examine the faces of the grave and serious men, who sat with their earnest gaze fixed upon the globe, my eyes swiftly turned to the one who was, for the moment, the overshadowing figure of the circle to me.

The fifth lady was the personification of all the beauty that is to be found in youth, encased in a body abounding in health of absolute perfection. What words can give one an idea of such youth, in such perfection? Her form showed the noble lines of a goddess, while her face was radiant with life, purity and high purpose. It needs the actual sight to obtain any impression of her charms. I knew but few of the great ladies of the world of London, and so I could not, for the moment, determine the nationality or social position of the one who seemed to me, by natural right, to be above any rank. A feeling of the most passionate admiration filled my mind. It was so intense that it must have communicated itself as a message to its object. She gravely turned for a moment in my direction, smiled, and then turned her attention again to the work in the council-chamber.

I studied for a long time the workings of the Council before I fully understood its methods, the great power exercised by this circle, and its daring grasp of the questions of the day. Instead of seeking to act as a recorder of any portion of the proceedings, I will give a few general facts noted during my first hour of observation. I could not give more if I would, and I have no desire to say one word that could in any way injure the cause of those who have trusted me.

I first observed that while no one was in absolute authority, Mortimer appeared for the time to be the directing mind. It was he who made suggestions and introduced subjects to be considered. I learned later that the direction of the Council passed in turns around the circle at each

meeting. Each was engaged in working for unselfish purposes, and as no personal ambition was possible within the circle, perfect courtesy and consideration prevailed. The speech or comment of the director's mind was taken up by the one who, by chance, sat at his right hand, and so the talk or the presentation of opinions passed around the circle.

Differences of opinion occurred, but when it came to final action, the best judgment or suggestion prevailed, as if the Council, being ruled by higher purposes than mere self, had infallible guides to lead them to what was the best.

Each subject, such as the condition of a particular nation, was shown by a succession of pictures passing over the face of the globe. The tremendous struggles of an overweighted humanity fighting for a place of security, the rapt and insolent selfishness of the few who, by chance or good fortune, were placed above the universal law of contest, were given in clear, sharp and distinct pictures.

The attention of the Council was first directed to European affairs. I learned, to my great surprise, that two of the most imposing potentialities in Europe had direct affiliations with the Council of Ten and coöperated with it.

I saw for the first time the wise, serene face of Leo XIII., which appeared in the globe soon after the meeting of the Council. I saw him sitting alone in the privacy of his palace, in his robes of white, turning his gentle eyes upon the Council who were brought in direct accord with him through a globe suspended over his library desk. I learned that it was through his desire for peace and goodness to dominate selfishness, that he had been brought to work in harmony with the powerful Council of Ten. He saw them as in a vision only, but their influence was ever at his right hand. I now understood for the first time some of the apparent contradictions of his political actions and why the influence of his holy office was now constantly turning from the old forms of monarchical rule to the best forms of self-government inspired by modern democracy. I saw that the lifting of the little finger of this great prelate would at once bring about the fall of the monarchy and the rise of a republic in Italy. But the people were not yet ripe

for this change. At present it could not be brought about without the shedding of blood, so the influences watched and waited. I now understood why the holy father of the Catholic Church immures himself in the Vatican and no longer goes in the world. What need had he of the world? It lay before him in the flashing scenes of the globe, and his every working moment is needed to devise some plan for the relief of suffering and cruelty daily disclosed to him.

I saw, secluded in his closely guarded castle at Gatschina, the Imperial Czar of all the Russias, and learned that it was not through fear of the Nihilists that he remained so constantly out of sight of the public. He too was closely affiliated with the Council of Ten, and upon him they showered all their influence, making him the one mighty war lord enlisted upon the side of peace, so that while he lives war is moved farther and farther away.

After this I saw pass in review the various royalties of Europe. All were subject directly to the influences of the Council, but only the Czar and the Pope were conscious of the influence, and in direct contact with it. The German Emperor I saw as he was changing from a wild and dissolute youth into a strong, forceful power, marching in high directions, but moving in erratic curves of action owing to the pressure brought to bear upon him. I saw numerous royalties, stupid, eaten up with petty vanities, imagining themselves as specially authorized by God Almighty to lead empty, vain, animal lives, without one thought of the responsibilities toward the people in their charge. I saw disgraceful downfalls preparing for them before the swift rising tide of republicanism visible throughout the length and breadth of Europe today.

I saw one monarch near to the time when he would be deemed worthy to enter into the affiliation with the Council of Ten. There was the gracious King of Belgium, who has devoted his life and private fortune to stamping out the murderous slave-trade of Africa. Instead of taking his ease and fattening upon the spoils of his position, his eyes, blinded by tears of sympathy, had turned towards the negroes of Africa, tortured by the rapacious slave-traders, whose murders in

one year reached the astonishing number of one hundred thousand. If it had not been for his gentle yielding to the imperious impression sent him by the Council of Ten, the mob in Brussels would have been shot down by the orders of his ministers, mere selfish politicians, when the workingmen arose and justly demanded an increase in their suffrage rights.

I observed that the movement to increase the armed forces of Europe, the stimulus to increased skill in the manufacture of devices to kill, came directly from the Council of Ten. They sought thus to make war odious and terrible and so add a bulwark to the edifice of peace.

As the scenes flashed in rapid succession upon the globe, the discussion of this inspired Council ran on with the musical, murmuring evenness of a brook running on over smoothly worn surfaces down the incline of thought to the broader sea of accomplishment. The smallest subject, the sorrows of an individual were as often considered as affairs of national or world-wide importance. Those who were struggling upwards in any calling of life, who showed any indication of a noble character, were observed, or noted upon the records of the society, and later were commended to the care of some of the smaller stations. Small lapses from the

path of high endeavor were not noticed. The spirit of forgiveness and charity hovered over every judgment. Even the worst of men were shown in rapidly flying reflections to have qualities that occasionally made them subject to the influence of the Council of Ten.

Each one of the inner council lives in the world. They are all independent, each one answerable only to himself; but to describe more closely their positions and their actual relations with the busy world where they are known, would require a knowledge not given me.

The Council elects its own members, and when a vacancy occurs, through death or absence, the gap is filled with one of the best members of the smaller societies. No one who has not utterly conquered selfishness can ever be considered as a candidate here. More than this, knowledge and administrative ability are needed to obtain a seat at the round table of this modern and model government. This information came to me in a direct message from Mortimer Mortimer.

I was strongly interested in the equal participation of women in the Council, and to see how strongly their keenness of vision, their refinement and tenderness of heart, supplemented the strength and audacity of the men. Yet I saw this Council united, battling in vain to overcome the adamant wall of selfishness of women, in the treatment of the fallen of their own sex.

The session lasted for nearly two hours. Towards the last, my attention was concentrated upon one member only of the Council. I could only see her, as she sat at the table. I was powerless to disengage her attention from the Council and its proceedings. My will was too weak to compel the slightest message regarding her individuality. I see her now, as I write, my heart throbbing with the bitter-sweet memory of the picture she presented as she sat in this council of administration, charged with the remedying of the



Drawn by
F. O. Small.

"WELL, YOU HAD A TREMENDOUS SLEEP?"

evils of a suffering world. Her white satin dress and the pearls which she wore set off her fair and radiant beauty. Her face was a pure oval. Her color was fair and delicate. Her eyes were dark, showing soft and clear between the long lashes, under perfectly-lined brows. Her nose was a pure Grecian. Her mouth was full and small, disclosing even, white teeth, as she spoke or smiled. Her hair, a reddish brown, was combed high from her forehead and gathered in a regal crown upon the top of the gracefully poised head. But her mere physical beauty was enhanced a thousand-fold by the inner light of a noble soul that shone through the transparent mask of her emotional countenance.

As I looked, the light in the globe faded, and I saw nothing. I looked for hours for something more, but nothing came; then, exhausted by the many emotions of the day, at midnight I fell into a sleep broken by dreams. When next they opened, I found myself back in my rooms in Half-Moon street. Lord Robert Melrose was at my side.

"Well," said he, "you have had a tremendous sleep."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it is now four o'clock in the afternoon. Don't you think it about time for you to get up?"

"You are not surprised to see me?"

"Why should I be?"

"What was your theory concerning my disappearance?"

"Your disappearance? You are dreaming still about Mortimer."

"What day is this?"

"December fourteenth."

"We came back from Warwick on the thirteenth. I have been away several days. Don't try to deceive me. Have you received an order from the Central society concerning me?"

"See here, my dear fellow, you are taking my talk in the past too seriously. The Russian society was all right and straight. More than that I do not know. I only know the servants say that you have been sleeping here all day and that they have tried in vain to wake you. I tried repeatedly when I came in, half an hour ago, and was just beginning to be alarmed, notwithstanding the apparent naturalness of your sleep, when you woke up."

"Then your father, the Duke of Wex, has not disappeared?"

"I should think not. I saw him when I was coming back this afternoon."

"And the editor of *The Wasp*? Is he in town?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"You will at least find the note from him in the top of my writing-desk."

Lord Robert looked and came back, shaking his head. Here I became immersed in thought, and scarcely listened to my friend's talk.

Later we dined in a neighboring restaurant; but I could not accept his invitation to go to the theater. I returned to my lodgings alone. After some thought I decided to relate my experience to my friend when he should return at midnight.

"Well," said he, after the recital of my story, "who shall say how much reality there was or was not in your dream? I looked today for Mortimer Mortimer, but he has left London, without saying a word as to his return."

I am now sitting alone in my bed-room, stunned with a sense of personal loss. I have looked upon the unattainable. But something within me says that it was not wholly a dream, and that, if I am worthy, I shall some day learn more of the mysteries which have been half revealed to me. Did I lose my opportunity because I dared, being still unworthy and unprepared, to aspire to the love of one of the high Council of Ten?

A knock at the door. A boy enters with a cablegram. I tear it open:

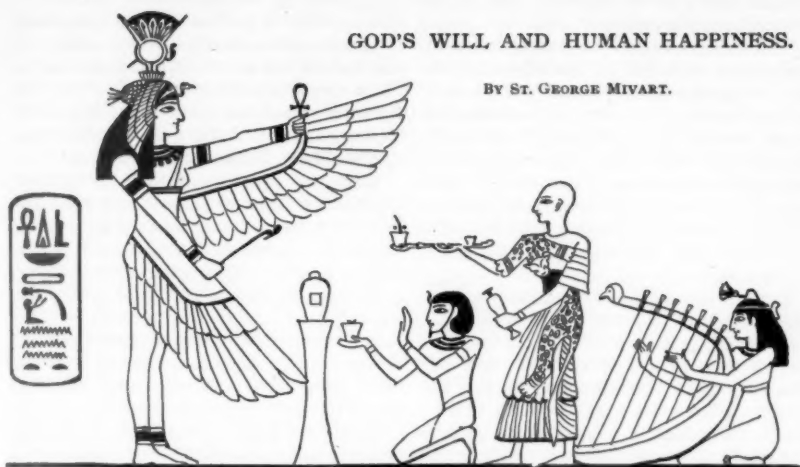
"Send me at once full story of the Disappearance syndicate. Consider yourself free from your engagement. Give up looking for Musgrove." *THE WASP.*

Here is the story of the Disappearance syndicate—not as I prepared it for *The Wasp*, but the real story, as I know it.

I have never since heard one word of my friend Musgrove. Neither have I heard again of, nor have I seen Mortimer Mortimer. I have settled in London, and I am a member of the Russian society, and if I am never permitted to gaze again upon the fair princess of my life, I shall, with all my heart and soul, try to live and die worthy of her, even if, after all, the Council of Ten may prove but a mere dream or a skillful illusion of Mortimer Mortimer.

GOD'S WILL AND HUMAN HAPPINESS.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.



FOREIGN RELIGIONS.

III.

AS has been pointed out, the traditional religion of ancient Rome was in itself essentially conservative, while yet the changes it underwent constituted that process of historic evolution whereby the increased happiness of mankind, through the reception of Christianity, was facilitated. The changes it underwent came therefore not from within but from without.

Philosophy affected it, not by inventing new doctrines, but by driving out practical consequences from truths long before announced, or, at least, dimly apprehended. A certain vague monotheism was latent in almost all the polytheistic religions, and this tendency, philosophy helped to promote. It was urged to such a course by the need of renewing the scandal, increasingly felt, of the legends of Greek mythology.

The great spread of philosophy in Greece had sapped the foundations of the national beliefs, and the many who desired, for political or other reasons, to remain faithful to the practices of their ancestors, felt very painfully its many intellectual and moral defects.

It was, therefore, a great gain to be

able to accept ingenious and plausible explanations, and such acceptance was easy because belief was so indefinite and free.

For the continued popularity of the Roman religion, it was preëminently useful, that it consisted, as before said, of external practices, and was free of dogmas. Provided only that men conformed with exactitude to rites which antiquity had made respectable, men might think of the gods as they pleased, and they largely availed themselves of such liberty. Thus they could harmonize new ideas with old practices, and set themselves free from even the ridiculous or immoral legends of Greece or the East. As to the specially Roman religion, the very fact that its gods were so vague (rather divine manifestations and deified abstractions than distinct beings), facilitated its transformation into a philosophic monotheism. Thus by regarding the different gods as symbols of so many attributes of one all-embracing Divinity, men of very different views could freely practice the national worship. Men of the highest class and most refined culture, were thus enabled so to do, and, without conscious hypocrisy, to join in the worship of the ignorant and superstitious multitude. This was, at least, one cause

why they did not abandon the national religion and join the ranks of the Christians till so late a date.

The changes which the Roman religion underwent were due to the action of foreign religions upon it, and their action was inevitable on account of the extension of the state. It had originated as the religion of a single city; but as surrounding territories were successively conquered, colonies were sent forth and then colonists mixed with the natives, with the result that modifications took place on both sides.

Foreign cities sought to become Roman and adopted the Roman religion for that end, but they also kept their own, and thus a mixed religion became evolved. But as early as the reign of Tiberius, the senate declared such mixtures to be still the Roman religion. But if some modifications were accepted thus early, it is not wonderful that by the end of the second century, beliefs had become greatly modified, owing to Eastern influences, even though external rites persisted, in many respects, unchanged.

The Platonists taught that there was but one God, attended by a hierarchy of subordinate divine ministers, and that this supreme God was in no way jealous of the sacrifices, supplications and praises addressed to such subordinate deities.

As we have already seen, not only did the earlier Romans believe each region and city to have its own gods, but that they would seek to gain them over, while they made it a practice never to deprive them of all their worshippers.

With such conceptions as these, intolerance and a spirit of proselytism were incompatible. When a Roman travelled in foreign lands, he was careful to adore the local deities, without a thought of infidelity to those most powerful gods of Rome, who had made that city the mistress of the world.

Such dispositions also greatly facilitated Roman conquests, as, subjugation once accomplished, no religious rancor interfered with the fusion of the new population with the rest of the vast Roman domain.

All religions have, necessarily, some points in common, and the Romans were often so much struck by the resemblances they met with between foreign

religions and their own, as to conclude that the gods of both were really the same. Nor was this an unreasonable judgment, since these different forms of polytheism had a remote common origin. Thus, Cæsar came to the conclusion that the chief god of the Gauls was the Roman Mercury, and that they also worshipped Apollo, Mars, Jupiter and Minerva.

When the Romans found themselves forced to believe that they had come in contact with a really new divinity, he forthwith became to them a fresh object of reverence. This respect for foreign gods, and partial identification of them with Roman ones, led to temples and altars being dedicated, simultaneously, to Roman and Gaulish divinities—such, for example, as "Apollo and Sirona" and "Mercury and Rosmerta."

To Rome itself, the resort of all the world, foreign worships necessarily found their way and were the vehicle for all sorts of attacks on public credulity and private wealth. Greek or Eastern priestly adventurers, little better than modern fortune-tellers, began to swarm, and the lower classes, who, as before said, sat somewhat loose to the once aristocratic religion of the state, were especially open to such influences.

The civil authority was, at first, strongly opposed to foreign superstitions. The very same principle which made it so tolerant of other religions in their own homes, caused it to be anxious that the worship of divine patrons of Rome should not be neglected, lest the state should thereby suffer, and this consideration told strongly against the Christians. But the populace favored religious novelties, and when the senate ordered the destruction of the temples of Isis and of Serapis, at Rome (as having been insufficiently authorized), not a single artisan could be found to begin the work, so that the consul himself had to strike the first blow.

The Jews were detested with singular unanimity, but, nevertheless, at the siege of Jerusalem, the Roman soldiers felt much dread of the temple.

But the pressure of public feeling at Rome made edicts against foreign religions very inefficacious, and after the extinction of the Augustin family the Jews became fully established there.

The new dynasties sought for new

religious sanctions, and such were of much help to Vespasian. It was a Jew who had foretold his reign. It was the god Serapis who announced his victories to the legions at Cremona, and it was the gods of Egypt who showed their partiality by granting him the power to work miracles. He was believed to have cured the lame and the blind at Alexandria (according to Suetonius), and acquired a great degree of majesty and authority. Eastern religions became more and more influential under the Antonines, and attained a triumphal position under Severus.

We have seen that the Roman religion was one of external forms; that it was strongly imbued with a lay spirit, and was quite devoid of dogma. No religious instruction was given in its temples, and nothing like a sermon, or even a moral discourse. The Eastern religions, on the other hand, assigned a very important religious influence to the priest; they were much more dogmatic, and imparted a distinct religious teaching. If a man desired to be initiated into the mysteries of Isis, he required the aid of a priest, who was called his "spiritual father," and claimed a life-long gratitude from his "spiritual son."

The Eastern priests were by no means contented with the performance of external acts. They desired to "save souls," and to that end actually preached sermons. Thus, Apuleius represents a priest of Isis, taking advantage of a miracle just performed in a temple, to discourse against unbelievers, exclaiming: "Let them approach; let them come and examine for themselves, and then confess aloud their error!" Then the priest exhorted the subject of such miraculous power to consecrate himself thenceforth to the goddess: "If thou wouldst dwell in security, inaccessible to the blows of fortune, enroll thyself in the holy militia. Come, and voluntarily bow thy neck to the yoke of the sacred ministry. It is only when thou shalt be the slave of the goddess, that thou wilt know what true liberty is." How must such exhortations have paved the way for the acceptance of the yoke of the Divine Master, "whose service is perfect freedom!"

The Roman flamens, as we have seen, were free to assume all kinds of state functions, but these Eastern priests de-

voted themselves exclusively to their special office, and sought to isolate themselves and live in communities apart from the lay world, with a definite rule of life and wearing a distinctive costume. They seemed to glory in detachment from ordinary human affections. Such brotherhoods in Egypt inhabited certain temples, and consecrated their lives exclusively to devout contemplation, sleeping on palm branches, and wooden pillows, and abstaining from wine and various kinds of food. In the Serapeum of Memphis there was such a community, strictly enclosed, and calling themselves the "Servants of Serapis." Thus there were pagan Anchorites in Egypt who one hundred and fifty years B.C., anticipated the future hermits of the Thebaid. Such institutions evidently accorded with the spirit of the Egyptian people.

Similarly, in Syria, pilgrims came by thousands to adore Astarte, and to assist at the ceremonial of her worship, with their heads and eyebrows shorn, drinking nothing but water on the journey and sleeping on the bare ground.

Twice a year one of the priests ascended to the summit of an enormous phallus and remained there seven days without sleeping. The people, in the belief that he thence conversed with the gods, deposited their offerings at the base of the monument, while another priest announced the names of the donors to him aloft, who then made a prayer for each. This was indeed a strange prelude to the eccentric devotion of St. Siméon Stylites and the other pillar-devotees of Syria!

The emotional character of the Eastern religions often led fanatics to try, by wild excitement, to shake off the limits of space and time incident to human nature, and lose themselves in the Divinity—attempts which have since been made by both Christians and Mahometans.

However the details of the religions of Egypt, Syria, etc., might vary, very generally religious excitement referred to the death and resurrection of some god, who is first mourned and then rejoiced over by some goddess devoted to him—as Isis in quest of Osiris, or Astarte and the lost Adonis.

Very different from the calm traditional rites of Rome in early days, was the exciting public worship in the temples of

Egypt. In the morning there was a service, wherein the deity was aroused by sacred hymns sung to the accompaniment of flutes. In the evening there was the service, called by the Romans *salutatio*; when the hour was solemnly announced and the divinity having been wished a good repose, the doors of the temple were closed.

In Egypt, the river which had originally formed it, was naturally a symbol of life. Thus we read on many tombs the prayer: "May Osiris grant thee the water which refreshes;" not very different from which was the early Christian inscription: "May God grant refreshment to thy soul."

The Eastern religions profited much by professing to bring about pardon for sins through certain ceremonial observances, which trembling sinners rejoiced to practice in the hope of so disarming Divine justice. In the changes they induced, no inconsiderable amount of evil was blended with the increased earnestness and sincere devotion they evoked.

In spite of the dislike of Roman statesmen for disorderly excitement, and their love for all that was according to law, resistance was fruitless. Individuals, like Catullus, might pray to Cybele to spare them the transports it was in her power to give rise to, but the people "wished to be deceived, and were so."

Soon, processions of white-clad priests of Isis, with shaven heads, were to be seen, bearing the image of their goddess through the streets of Rome, while those of Bellona, in black robes and dishevelled hair, cut themselves, or dressed like modern dervishes.

It might well be supposed that the progress of such religions, all alike competing for public favor, would be checked by their mutual antagonism and by an antagonism between all of them and the state religion of Rome. The devotees of Mithra proclaimed him "Omnipotent," those of Isis declared her to be not only the greatest deity but, in truth, the only one, while the worshippers of Cybele asserted that she was second to none.

Strange to say, however, they managed somehow to come to a common understanding, and Rome never witnessed anything like those violent religious disorders which have been witnessed in many a Christian city.

Moreover, they not only avoided such contests with each other, but they managed to live in concord with the established religion. They observed a great reverence for the Roman gods, which may well have been sincere, since to those who worshipped them from of old, had been granted the sovereignty of the world.

The foreign religions, however, gained by degrees, (partly, perhaps, through this very reverence) so much influence as to affect the worship of the religion of the state, and new ceremonies were performed even in the capitol.

Thus, in the great temples of Jupiter ceremonies came to be introduced borrowed from those of Isis. There was a solemn opening for his awakening in the morning, and as soon as the entering crowd perceived the statue of Jove in the distance, they cried out "Salve imperator!"

All day long a succession of devotees performed, or pretended to perform, all sorts of services to "the greatest and best"—services of the toilet and many more.

There were also women who flattered themselves they would gain his love, and who passed whole days seated beneath his statue. Penitents also, trembling with dread of Tartarus, began to regard fastings and penances as efficacious means of obtaining pardon.

But, as before observed, if the Eastern religions modified that of Rome, they were in turn modified by it,—by its spirit of calmness and legal order, as well as by the introduction, in all directions, of the worship of the Roman gods and emperors and of Rome itself.

The Eastern influences, tempered as they were by the imperial supremacy, instead of ruining the Roman religion, caused a true "rejuvenescence" of it, and probably prolonged its life for at least two centuries. "To cease to change is to cease to live," and each new element freshly modifying it, came to add strength to the whole. That large and generous hospitality which Rome offered to almost all religions, gained for it a world-wide support. As it grew to be a residence for all strange gods, it became the religious capital and the religious center of the world, and was called the "Holy City" and the "Eternal City."

Thus, when Christianity ultimately triumphed, it naturally became the religious capital and center of the Christian world also.

But its triumph was delayed by this revival, which so greatly broadened the base of paganism that it evolved, as it were, a sort of pagan Catholic Church, which paved the way for the church that was to come, in spite of the persecutions by which it opposed its advance, while intensifying its energy. That pagan organization thus grew to have two sets of ministers, remotely comparable with the "seculars" and "regulars" of the Christian ministry—the priests of the established Roman religion answering to the former, and the various eastern brotherhoods to the latter. Thus the civilized world was permeated by a religious system everywhere at peace within itself.

Only two religions, only two worship, were excluded from this general concord—those of the Jews and Christians. The fathers of the church have complained of this, yet somewhat unreasonably. The concord existing between the various pagan worship resulted from their willingness to make mutual concessions, such as neither Jews nor Christians could possibly make. Peace was, nevertheless, offered to them on the same conditions under which the others enjoyed it. The pagans were willing to recognize in Jehovah, their own Jupiter or Bacchus, and wondered greatly that neither Jew nor Christian would recognize in Jupiter their own Jehovah. There were, indeed, Jews—like Herod—who would have agreed to such comprehensions, but the most of the nation repelled them with horror, and were persecuted in consequence. Many were burnt alive at Antioch, and four thousand were killed at Alexandria, and the furious hatred against them only became appeased when the Jews associated themselves with the pagans to persecute Christianity.

The Christians were similarly treated. No difficulty would have been felt in the reception of Christ amongst the gods, and we know that the Emperor Alexander Severus had in his private chapel an image of Our Lord as well as of Orpheus and Apollonius.

But no Christian could tolerate such profanation or compromise his faith by even scattering a few grains of incense

on the altar of the goddess Rome, or that of the genius of the emperor, without being regarded as guilty of apostasy, by his fellows.

Such obstinacy and such exclusiveness, seemed treason to the state in Roman eyes, and provoked persecution from magistrates who, as the reader knows, desired to be merciful and benign.

Before concluding what has to be said as to foreign religions, it may be well to refer to the action of "the devout female sex" in their regard.

Roman women enjoyed much more power and freedom than is often supposed. The law, indeed, bore very hard upon them, so that they were ever in legal subjection either to their father, their brothers or their husband. But, practically, the law was commonly disregarded, so that the Roman matron held a very honorable position, respected by her husband, venerated by her slaves and children, and thoroughly mistress of her house. She sacrificed to the Lares, and shared with her husband in the care of their property. Augustus, jealous as he was of this power, was largely influenced by his wife, and Claudius was entirely governed by his. With the Antonines, the fashion arose of calling the empress, "Mother of the Senate and People," and the spirit which existed at court was followed in high society and so spread downward.

Those who imagine that "the emancipation of women" is a recent conquest, would be much surprised to read inscriptions which show they had the right of forming associations, the officers of which were freely elected. One of these bore the respectable title of "Society for the Preservation of Modesty."—*Sodalitas pudicitiae servandæ*. At Rome, there was also a society which might be called a great "Mothers' Meeting,"—*Conventus matronarum*,—and such societies performed important functions down to the end of the empire.

Though women had no direct vote in the municipal elections, they had the right of recommending to the electors the candidate they preferred, and walls were often covered with placards announcing such preferences.

As to religion, though some women at Rome were incredulous and devoted to sceptical philosophy, such an attitude of

mind was rare, and not regarded with favor. Prayers, sacrifices, and the performance of venerable rites were deemed actions befitting a lady who respected herself and was respected. It was "the right thing" for them to be rigorously exact in such matters. Most of the priests, especially of the most ancient priesthoods, were assisted by their wives in their sacred ministrations. Women, indeed, could not enter the temple of Hercules, and they were excluded from the ceremonies of the *Ara maxima*; but those of the *Bona Dea* belonged to them exclusively, and nothing religious was more venerated at Rome than were the vestal virgins. The worship of Juno, of Venus and of Ceres, was of great official importance, and each had its recognized priestesses.

It was not wonderful, then, that the Roman women soon welcomed and eagerly followed the religions introduced from the East. It was but a natural consequence of those sentiments which the old religion had awakened, but had not satisfied. On becoming acquainted with the emotional services of Syria and Egypt, the Roman official ceremonies seemed to many of them cold, dry and (as they really were) formal. Yet, they did not desert the old gods, nor, on quitting the temples of Isis and Cybele, did they fail to supplicate Juno, Minerva and Diana, also.

The very same spirit which led the most earnest and devout of them to the sanctuaries of Egypt and of Syria, led them, later on, to the worship of Christ. Then there was a change indeed, as any such simultaneous worship of different deities was no longer possible.

But the frivolous, no less than the serious, welcomed the foreign gods. Catullus represents a frail beauty as asking her lover to have her carried to the temple of Serapis, and pictures Delia as a devotee of Isis, whose temple was, indeed, a favored spot for assignations.

Rich women of fashion became addicted to the practice of erecting altars and shrines to the Eastern gods. An inscription has been found which records the gilding of a statue of Cybele and the placing of a golden wig and silver crescent on the head of Attis. Another lady is said to have consecrated a silver statue of Isis, for the benefit of her granddaughter.

It was decorated with a diadem of pearls, emeralds and rubies, collar and ear-rings of emeralds and pearls, similar bracelets for the arms and legs, a ring for each finger, with eight fine emeralds on the sandals.

Truly, the religion of ancient Rome was profoundly transformed at the end of the second century after Christ! It had grown to feel acutely—in spite of intensified idolatry and gross superstition—needs which Christianity could alone fully satisfy, and some of its characteristics, which were at first, and for a long time, profoundly useful to it, became ultimately prejudicial.

Thus, as we have pointed out, the absence of dogma was to it a cause of cohesion, and facilitated the practice of religion by those who believed very little about the gods, or had adopted a vague monotheism. But men of earnest minds, especially in hours of depression and times of calamity, craved for some solid beliefs—not mere matters of dispute in idle hours, but doctrines which were certain and reposed on some authority which conscience could approve and reason accept. Men got sick of an unlimited liberty of choice, and preferred to be bound to some assured faith.

Now, one of the greatest contrasts presented to paganism by Christianity, was the essentially dogmatic and authoritative character of the latter. The words of Christ were represented as having excited the remark amongst the Jews that he taught "as one having authority," not merely as the Scribes. The first council of Jerusalem, in the words: "It has seemed good to the Holy Ghost and us," took up, at once, a tone of authority which has been never since exceeded. Thus, for all those who, distrusting themselves, longed for a faith proclaimed in no uncertain tones, that evolution of paganism which welcomed Christian dogma must have been the occasion of a great increase in happiness.

Again, if a religion is true, it must be addressed to all mankind, and we have seen that paganism evolved a sort of "universal church." But it was a church without unity, either of dogma or of worship; while its various mysteries occasioned a great distinction between exoteric and esoteric teaching. But Christianity was a religion which proclaimed itself,

unlike Judaism, not to be a religion of race, but one intended for every human being, while the same gospel was preached to the unlearned and the cultured—no esoteric teaching reserved for a favored few, reversing that inculcated elsewhere. Here, again, was a source of happiness for earnest minds who were inspired by a spirit of philanthropic charity.

A vague monotheism existed, more or less latent, in paganism, and this monotheism philosophy sought to develop, and did to a certain extent develop. It did so by teaching men (as before said) to consider all gods and all sorts of worship as essentially one and only nominally different. Yet the effort was far from being as general or as complete as we might expect. Each man took his own favorite god as the one god, and so no common understanding was possible. Very different was the definite, unambiguous monotheism with which Christianity caused the pagans of the Roman empire to become acquainted, for the first time. Thus was diffused an enormous augmentation of human happiness.

Moral amelioration undoubtedly took place, and, with the religious modifications pointed out, care for the poor, protection for slaves and pity for gladiators

also increased. But morality could never be carried far, so long as neither philosophers nor philanthropists could succeed in making the old worship anything less than profoundly immoral, as was the case with that of Carthage and Syria; to say nothing of such instances, at Rome itself, as the murderous priesthood described at the close of the last part of this essay. So far as we have gone, it has been impossible to find any evidence that unassisted paganism could have transformed itself into a definite, dogmatic monotheism, one in doctrine, speaking with authority, in the same terms to all ranks of mankind and to every nation upon earth. The process of historic evolution could indeed, and did, prepare the way for the reception and triumph of such a religion; but it was no more contained within that pagan process of evolution, than was the intellectual and moral nature of man contained within that merely organic process of evolution which governed the world before man's coming and prepared the way for his subsequent advent.

It now only remains for us to consider some phases and conditions of Roman life which facilitated its existence and propagation.



TRANSCENDENCE.

BY RICHARD HOVEY.

THOUGH One with all that sense or dream can see,
Not prisoned in His own creations He;

His life is more than stars or winds or men,
The sun doth not contain Him nor the sea.



BY GERTRUDE HALL.



IN the crowded, unbeautiful part of the city were two streets forming as if the two long legs of the A we knew as children, the A with feet wide apart, that stood for Ape. A third street went from one to the other, as the little bar does across the A, but crooked, as a child's hand would draw it. This street was narrow, gloomy and relatively quiet. The tide of traffic kept to the larger streets; the small street knew, beyond the occupants of its own houses and visitors to these, few but hurried foot-travellers who used it as a short cut, and people of inferior pretensions coming there to trade. The ground-story of almost every house was a shop; a person might have spent a life without real necessity for leaving the street. Here boots were made and mended; in the next door, clothes were sold, (the dim show-window was full of decent dresses, very good still for what you paid; you could be fitted even with a ball-dress, all beads and satin bows!) yonder you could get money on deposit of your watch, or your flute, or your ear-drops; further you could have yourself shaved. There was a window full of tarts and loaves; another window in which a roast fowl set its gold note, as some would say, between the pink note of half a ham and the coral note of a lobster.

Across a certain one of the windows in that street, for a long time had hung from

a line, as from a belt of a savage, tails of hair—black, brown, blonde. Below these, two featureless wax faces presented their sallow blankness to the passer, one wreathed with yellow curls, the other capped with brown waves of a regular pattern. Ordered around the twin turned-ebony stands were hairpins, sticks of cosmetic wrapped in silver paper, slabs of chalk laid on pink cotton, china pots with pictures of flowers or beauties and pleasing inscriptions in French, fuzzy white balls of down, combs, gilt-brass ornaments, kid-capped phials containing amber and ruby liquids. On the inside of the heavy shutter caught back against the street-wall by day, was pasted a large print. This told you in what a prodigious way Madame Finibald's Gold Elixir would make your hair grow, and showed you the picture of a lady who doubtless had used it,—her hair was extraordinary, it nearly reached to her feet.

Perhaps it had been found that the neighborhood was become hardened to the sight of the luxuriant pictured hair; perhaps some who had provided themselves with the small copy of it, to be obtained inside on a bottle full of brown stuff, had grown inclined to treat of it lightly: "Ah, Madame Finibald!" perhaps one irritated customer had said to the old proprietress, coming to have made clear to her why after three bottles of Gold Elixir her locks were still not thick, still not glossy and splendid as the announcement promised they should be, "it's easy to cork up herb tea. It's easy to make hair long in a picture, and it's easy to make it thick. I don't believe there ever was

any such person as that young woman on the label!" One morning saw a change in Madame Finibald's window. All the accustomed things were crowded to the sides to make room for a chair; on this sat a girl with brown-gold hair that reached in very truth to the floor.

On every morning and every afternoon, through a long winter, first one end and then the other of the little street was crossed by a youth who kept to the large thoroughfares, with the stream. He carried books; he went rapidly, granting small attention to the things he passed. It is not from that to be supposed that he was profoundly thinking. His face, agreeable in feature and color, was rather wanting in expression; no more interesting than it was interested. He passed at precisely the same hour every morning, and the time of his passing in the afternoon varied but little. This, from October unto April. But when April set its gold stamp on the weather, had there been any wise person observing this well constructed blonde machine, applauding its regularity, holding it up perhaps as an example to other young frequenters of schools and lecture-rooms,—that wise person would have been troubled, he would have had misgivings, he would have been at last full of grief.

A change had come over the young man's mood. His eye was acquiring a roving habit. If his step had before been bent on duty, it was now less directly bent; if before he had been on time at his appointments, he must now have been always more or less late. He walked leisurely, swinging his books by a strap. He loitered before shop windows, he turned to look after a face. The sky smiled down between the rows of buildings on the occasion of the first balmy day; little clouds floated in it, shimmering like dissolving pearls. He returned the soft sky's compliment; he looked up at it, the winter sternness melting in his eyes. At every street corner he was seen to stop, foolishly smiling upward; and, yes, positively, he was seen there, forgetful of all the people, to sigh and stretch! On that very day he lost three books out of his strap and did not for some time notice it; when he did, he cared nothing! From a scrawl on the fly-leaf the finder of these

books learned their rightful owner to be of the house of Fraasier.

He had come hundreds of miles from an obscure town to study in this great city; he had been a serious, mechanical plodder for months, feeling that he owed it to himself and to his distant family to fill his head full, full with precious notions. He had formed no friendships with his fellow students, fearing that they would divert him, or perhaps, fearing the young fellows themselves, among whom he felt singularly green. He lived alone in one little room at the end of the world, took no holidays, had no fun, went to bed early so as to be fresh for his book in the morning. And now, suddenly, he had completely lost the point of view from which it had seemed necessary that he should get dizzily high marks, that he should conquer field after field in the realm of learning, and return to his home exuding glory. He could not persuade himself any more but that it befitted him perfectly to spend many hours strolling through the streets with his hands in his pockets, amusing his eyes with sights of every sort. He could find no argument that satisfied him why he should not lounge on a garden seat warm with sun, smoking cigarettes half the day, thinking nothing profitable. The wretched boy had lost all sober sense of the duty of man.

If he had limited himself to sitting idle in the garden, watching the year develop in that narrow charming enclosure, one might have found an excuse for him, the same as for the scientist who studies a specimen under a glass; or, one might have said he had been overworking, his new circumstances on coming to the city had induced in him a false sort of fervor for work,—a reaction must have been expected. But the mood whose first stage had been simple disinclination for study and a taste for pointless wanderings, by the time that in the march of the year the crocuses had been gone, took on developments. It was not so often before a many colored flower-bed, he stopped, as before a window full of hats and bonnets.

If, again, he had limited himself to staring in at milliners' fronts! The wares there do somewhat resemble fantastic flowers, and might explain the interest of a botanist. But he halted in the same way before shops that offered no excuse



'FRAISIER THOUGHT OF A WITCH ON GUARD
OVER A PRINCESS.'

for the same attention: windows in which were only idle feminine frocks displayed, flippant fans, frills of fluted lace, feathery things for the neck.

One might have imagined from his wonder and interest that all these things had just been invented, that they were a strange spring-crop; that new, too, was the race of smiling, chatting, shopping beings crowding the street on sunny days, new and in fashion only since this spring, such unaccustomed pleasure spoke in his eye that shyly followed them in their prettiest representatives. What exquisite sense shown, in making the lip red, and the neck white, and the temperate cheek between white and red!

The boy had moments of being drunk in a glorified way even as is the innocent bee, with nothing but wandering among flowers. Owing to a confusion in the ideas attendant on that mysterious soft travelling among the atoms of the heart warmed through by spring, all sorts of things to him were as flowers! His imagination was so increased in power, that with nothing but a pair of little shoes in a show-case to start from he could build up the most astonishing, dreamy stories:

he could set feet in the shoes and rear a palatial flesh-and-blood structure over them, as easy as sigh; fit the whole with graces, laces, circumstances and adventures,—contrive even to tangle its fate pleasingly with his own.

Which may make supposed that he was a youth of some boldness. Far from it. He scarcely knew what a woman's eyes were like, except in profile or fugitive three-quarters; on the other hand, he was well acquainted with her back hair. Hair, in which he could pursue long studies unconfounded, seemed to him the most beautiful thing in all the world.

One day, with a view to lengthening the way by taking a road that though shorter must from novelty be richer in diversion than his daily track, he turned into the little street that cut off the triangle of the A. He paused before the window of the worn watches and sleeve-links; he took his time over the faded finery of the second-hand clothes shop; he examined certain yellowed wood-cuts and stained books he found in a narrow open stall. As he seemed coming to the end of the street's resources, he looked over the way and thoughtfully felt his

cheek: he could not find there what would have justified a refreshing station at the barber's. He continued his way slowly, to make it last. Now, he stopped where several others were likewise stopping: he had come to Madame Finibald's.

The girl sat amid her hair, either unconscious or disdainful of the eyes watching her beyond the glass. She looked in a book open on her lap; now and then she turned over a leaf, sometimes revealing a picture on the page. Her chair was low, perhaps so that her hair should amply trail; its lowness made an excuse for the listlessness of her posture; her feet were outstretched and crossed, the passers might know that one of her shoes was laced with pink twine. If she moved her eyes from her book a moment, it was only to sweep them past the faces, unseeing, and lift them to the strip of sky between the houses,—so blue this day, the little bit there was of it.

Her face one scarcely noticed for the first moment more than any rosy apple; for oh! her hair!—her hair claimed all the attention a man had to give, did her shining hair falling stately along her cheeks, all over her shoulders, below her waist, beyond her garment,—richer, of course, than any possible queen's cloak. The light rippled over it, changing on it all the time, when nothing else in the window seemed to live.

Within the shadow of the shop was discerned a watchful, wrinkled old face, chiefly differing from a parrot's in the slyness of its eyes. Fraiser catching sight of it thought of a witch in guard over a princess enchanted and imprisoned in a glass case.

The little group in front of Madame Finibald's dispersed, formed anew with other faces many times in the hour; Fraiser remained, his eyes climbing up, sliding down the golden ropes of hair.

At last though the girl gave no sign, he was made uncomfortable by the sense that she must even without looking have seen how long he stood. He inquired timidly of her face. It was informed with a gentle brazenness, fortified to be stared at all the day. Yet there was a suggestion of childishness in its abstracted expression; she wore the sort of look one has seen on the face of a little girl playing at being somebody else far more splendid than herself.

A close observer might have suspected that she really thought it rather grand to sit there in the gorgeousness of her hair, and was amused with pretending not to know that a soul looked on.

Fraiser, because her eyes were lowered, found hardihood to stare his fill at her face. He surrendered without struggle before the round cheeks, the short little nose, the good-natured mouth and chin which in truth took more than their just space in the face. But most,—oh, still most! delighted him the brown-gold hair that tumbled over her forehead and ears in little curls.

He was realizing from the mutterings of what was left him of a conscience how late it must be getting,—he must be taking himself off; he was making long the one minute more he allowed himself, when her pupils slid between the lashes in his direction. He had lost all presence of mind, he could not withdraw his glance. After a second's pause upon his, her eyes slid back to her book and were hidden. Then, without another thought toward duty, he crossed the street to the barber's from whose window he could see Madame Finibald's; and coming forth with a smoother face than the rose, entered the little eating-shop next door, from which likewise he could command Madame Finibald's.

He went through the little street every day. He took many atrocious meals in the shop, on the table nearest the window.

On such days as brought perfect weather the girl in Madame Finibald's would turn very often to the sky a look easily interpreted as longing. Then would Fraiser look up too and sigh. It seemed such a pity, this wasted blue weather.

It seemed such a pity, all this wasted sweetness, he thought in crossing a public garden on his occasional unwilling way to a lecture. The quince-tree blossomed in red; under the cherry were little drifts of scented snow; up out of the vigorous, rested earth were flowers springing in mad, gay multitudes. The air was silver made air in the morning; and in the afternoon it was gold made air. Birds, busily building, busily twittered. These things did nothing to him, but the more they were lovely and penetrated the heart, the more to make him lonesome.

He took himself away from their radi-

ance without one regret for them, to spend his time in preference in an ugly little street where one could scarcely have known what season it was, where there was nothing to see that was beautiful but certain long, long hair. In thought, though, let it be said in vindication of spring's power of enthralling, having done up the hair in braids, and extinguished it with a hat, he was always, always guiding it to the contemned garden. When once it was in the garden, May there had become perfect.

He wondered whether it could be she had become aware of his persistent presence. He feared she had, and as often that she had not. He imagined some times that when he looked her face was quivering with a conquered desire to smile. That disconcerted him a shade. Sometimes he thought she looked suspiciously rosy for a girl unconscious of all the world. Sometimes he looked away, with the idea that if he turned suddenly he should find her stealing a glance at him. But he dared not look very quickly, lest the action should be too marked; and turning with discreet alacrity, he could never feel sure.

One day, at last having settled in his mind that this tame conduct was unworthy of a man, refusing himself a second in which to think better of any matter, he crossed the street and charged the shop. A bell snapped sharply as he opened the door. It startled him to the point of gasping. He grew crimson, finding himself opposed in truth, as many a night before in dream, by Madame Finibald's sly and lowly smile, breathing the same faintly drug-perfumed air as the princess breathed, no glass screen between himself and the hair. He could have touched it, had he been so bold.

He stammered a request for soap—scented soap. He wished himse—tens of ten miles away, or time out of mind dead, when—wonderful! The maiden in the window looked frankly over her shoulder. Was it that her eyes brimmed with friendly laughter, or did it seem so to him because his head had become incapable of a true notion? His heart, so to speak, found its feet; he made a muddle of every sentence he launched upon, but his words had a voice behind them. So much he contrived to convey: he was very hard to please in the matter of soap. He sniffed at a variety of proffered tablets, whose

virtues Madame Finibald, in very truth, like a witch with a philter to sell, assiduously set forth; each cake he examined seemed to hold in her estimation just a little higher place than the foregoing. At the end of ten minutes, without positively losing her good humor, she declared that he had seen all in the shop, she was sorry and surprised they could not suit him, they might have a fresh stock in on the morrow. He was leaving in clumsy embarrassment, empty handed, with a promise to return, when the princess lightly jumped from the window-place, and sweeping the hair off her face, said: "There is one more sort, ma'am. I saw it up there, high, when I dusted. Let me get it."

She fetched the steps, and in a moment had climbed and lifted down a box. She set it on the counter; she opened it herself and held toward him, with a direct glance, a packet with a red rose printed on the wrapper.

Madame Finibald, with an exclamation, snatched it from the girl's hand, and began, as if here had been a little grandchild recovered to her old age, to speak with tenderness of its merits. The girl stood near, twining and untwining a lock around her finger, while she unaffectedly looked at the customer. Her hair came below her knees; every moment she had to toss it back out of her face.

"Go back to your window, wicked child!" cried the old witch, suddenly, as if catching at a piece of gold as it was being taken out of her pocket. "Go back!"

"I am tired of sitting!" said the little princess, twisting her shoulders in her frock with the prettiest peevishness. "I have sat and sat and sat! I have finished my story. Let me go out and get a bun. You know you said I could when it was noon."

She caught at her hair, and to the infinite wonder of one looking on, began twisting, twisting, twisting, coiling, coiling, coiling, driving in great skewers—while he filled his blissful pockets with rose-scented soap.

The bell snapped in fretful reprehension for her passing out. Less than a minute after, it exclaimed in disgusted surprise for his.

Now was he no longer made lonesome by every coquettish touch the more that the year put to her toilet. For the girl

of the regal hair smiled to him, surreptitiously with her lips, but unguardedly with her eyes, when he came by her glass case; while he dawdled in the window opposite, she communicated with him by signs no other eye could have perceived. Even before their acquaintance had become very old, she slipped out to walk in the garden, and they sat on the green seats and had long foolish youthful talks—delightful, foolish, youthful times.

Her conversation took an amusing interest from the peculiarities of her education. She had seen and heard much in her short life in a hard world, where it was no one's affair to keep anything from her young ken, much of dark, and petty, and unpicturesque,—preserving through all a sort of hardy innocence; and she had borrowed from a cheap circulating library a vast lot of fiction dealing with the supremely grand. Her preference in literature, however, had remained for fairy tales, a taste formed when it had been one of her duties to read aloud to certain little children of the rich. She knew them by the score. It was to this, perhaps, some of her remarks owed the fanciful touch that redeemed them from the commonness of her general conversation—a genial commonness, condoned to such young lips. She had a childish way of lending a personality to everything, that amused him more than epigram would have done. She

ascribed intention to the wind that blew off her hat, and stopped to express her mind to it. She assumed consciousness in the bench they sat on; she always wanted to take the same one, lest it should think they slighted it because it was rickety, which was not its fault. Every flower was to her a person. "Hush! They are listening!" she said, looking anxiously at a bank of knowing pansies. She scolded a button for coming off, as if the want of principle shown by it had been a thing to revolt her. She stood in a one-sided relation of good fellowship with the brown birds hopping among the gravel, and the fishes in the pond; she spared them many crumbs. With homely good-heartedness she took into an amused regard all the family of spring—buds, blades, insects,—addressing speech to them as if she had been a giant and they a very little people.

Never can spring return without Fraiser's remembering that spring. It was bright; by it all the springs following have been cast in the shadow.

The long hair was woven through and through his thoughts; but not as a disturbing, upheaving element. The girl made him waste a great deal of time, but nothing else,—not the life of his heart. Because of her good nature, her entire want of coquetry or perverseness, his feeling for her complicated itself in no wise; rather it grew simpler as it insensibly changed. His wonder and fine dread at feminine appurtenances had worn away a little with increased familiarity; he reposed on that fact as if it had been such an one as becoming acquainted to the noise of guns. He felt under delicate obligations to her for having routed his shyness, and not at all tormenting him in any of the thousand ways he apprehended a feminine being would have at her command.

As he was less and less in awe of her and that suspected arsenal, though a charming, fearful element went out of his sentiment, his affection perhaps grew more. She made such a good little comrade! Insidiously, she connected herself in his mind with future days,—she who cared only for the day and the pleasure thereof. When he spoke of a thing it would be pleasant to do, a place pleasant to visit, he said always unreflectingly, yet from a sincere heart: "Some day we must



"HE STAMMERED
A REQUEST FOR
SOAP."

go there. Let us do such a thing some time." When he described the hills and ponds of home, he said what they might have done had she been there last summer or the years before, how they might have rowed and rambled. He painted the good time they might have together, in some not impossible, but not specified time, place and circumstances.

So the green from tender grew brilliant, —grew deep,—became void of interest to the accustomed eye, and more or less dust settled over it. It was manifest to all that spring was past.

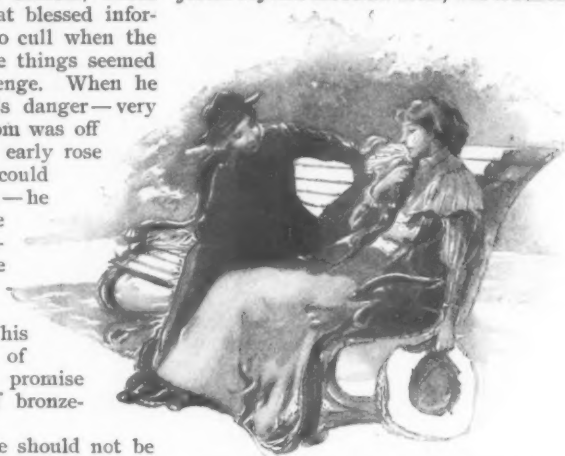
Then began an anxious time. Those lectures, those miserable lectures! Those courses, those wretched courses, which he had neglected! That blessed information he had spared to cull when the time was for it! These things seemed likely to get their revenge. When he awoke to a sense of his danger—very late! only when the bloom was off the year, when lily and early rose had gone where they could divert no mortal more,—he could not believe that he should not, by fitting exertion, catch up in time at the appointed goal. He worked rabidly, with a wet cloth around his head. He thought not of girls in those days, I promise you; he recked not of bronze-gold hair!

It was written that he should not be saved. He closed his school term pitifully conditioned.

When the worst was known, at least was time to breathe, however sore the lungs. Then his mind reverted to her. He had been man enough to harbor no spite toward her, accuse her of nothing. He sent her a message and waited at the appointed place, wondering a little, while he waited, at his follies of the spring. They seemed so unnecessary, looked back upon now. Why, in a very real, practical world like this one, where a man's failure to pass his exams was sure to call forth from his progenitor letters such as his pocket at this moment contained, conduct oneself as if existing in a mere world of lambs and purling streams and shepherdesses? He was one with the actual world in looking with astonishment and con-

demnation upon his own works. The sky above was hard, barren blue; it seemed so easy, looking back, to have stuck to the approved road. What had possessed him?

Then she appeared. At sight of her his heart dropped its armor. She brought back a whiff of the sweetness of a past atmosphere. Was it possible he had ever been the happy boy he seemed to remember! He smiled up in her face with cheek-muscles stiffened by disuse, and eyes ringed with studious shadows. She had on a flimsy frock printed all over with little flowers that seemed to him to smell good; her hair, where the great wad projected beyond the straw brim, was touched



"THEY HAD LONG, FOOLISH YOUTHFUL TALKS."

with a warm, peculiar glory. He had meant to keep himself well hardened against her, tell her the various things necessary in a matter-of-fact way, and bid her good-by indefinitely. He felt more like crying with his disgraced head in her lap.

He conquered his weakness . . . A pretty man he made!

He got out with sufficient composure and dignity what he had to say. He told her all that had happened, the change it made in the coming months. He was not going home for the holidays; he could not endure to see the folks. He was going into the country to spend the summer in hard study to make sure of "passing" next term. He was going to the

particular place he mentioned because he had a friend there, a fellow he had taken up with in the last weeks, one that had had the same bad luck as himself. This man's family lived there; it would not be quite so dreary as being alone.

She chaffed and consoled him in turns. Now that the world had gone all wrong with him, her eyes seemed to him sweeter and softer than he had ever observed. What a good, kind little friend! Lord! what a good crazy light-hearted time they had had, and how pretty she looked to-day. What wonderful, thrice wonderful hair it was, waving and ringletting about her glowing summer face, coiling massively on the back of her head. No woman on earth had such hair!

He did wish for a moment that Green, his new friend, might see her,—he was proud of her. One night, when they had sat grinding together for mutual assistance, the oil giving out, Green had told him of a cousin of his. Fraiser had said nothing of any girl. He only wished that Green might see the hair of this girl whose name he had foreborne to speak.

Good-by, Minnie! He should be working like a slave all through the burning golden days—let her think of him a little. He should be very lonesome. When he had studied until his eyes smarted and his head swam, there would be nothing pleasant to do, no one pleasant to talk with,—she might spare him a moment to be sorry for him now and then. He should be back in the fall. Bless the beautiful and beautiful and beautiful hair! Good-by, Minnie!

She so little perished from his mind after their parting that whenever,—as Green and he lay under the trees, withdrawn from the world and devoted to arduous studies, keeping off the insects by smoke,—Green began talking about that cousin of his, Fraiser became half sick with reminiscence. He could not resist replying by talking—with the finest shyest reverence always—of Minnie. There was a dreamy solace in talking of her to some one. She described so well, too; so unusually. He had a proud secret assurance that as an incident in a man's life she altogether eclipsed a cousin in interest.

"How long is your cousin's hair?" he asked with assumed casualness once. Green stared a little and confessed not

having the slightest idea. Fraiser opened his arms as wide as they could go, and said vaguely blushing, "The young lady I spoke of has hair as long as this!"

"Come! I should like to see it!" spoke Green in such a tone that Fraiser turned a deep vexed red.

He said nothing, but on the next day took his books to a different place, choosing to keep to himself so long as Green did not seek him with a suitable apology.

The spot selected by the young men as a meeting ground, lay at an equal distance between Green's home and the cottage in which Fraiser had taken up his summer quarters. It was on the skirts of a wood, and by some accident of the land often cool when other places were hot. The rolling pasture it commanded was dotted with scrubby evergreens, and crossed by a small brook the cow's hoofs had in some places trodden broad and shallow. It was colored in patches with the frequent pink of clover heads, surprised here and there with the white of a long-necked belated daisy.

Fraiser took himself to a spot just not so far from the usual haunt but that Green when he came might see him.

It was a fair soft simmering morning, promising a scorching day. He stretched himself under the trees and lighted a pipe,—he had taken to a pipe in place of cigarettes since coming into the wilderness. He composed himself for a serious forenoon's work, deciding that it was much more profitable after all to study alone—Green was always digressing.

The spot he had chosen was not so good, it proved, as the one he had left clear to Green. A path ran through the woods, just within the trees; there was a frequent patter of bare feet on the dust, children with pails passed looking for things. He waited to proceed with his theorem till their high piping, scattered voices had died away. It was not so cool either; as a fact, it was hotter than most places. He did not crave the exertion of seeking a better; this was at least shady. He turned over on his back and closed his eyes, yielding gracefully to the force of circumstances.

A light blow in the face, from an acorn perhaps, roused him. He thought of Green, and instantly broad awake, looked for the development of some practical joke.

It was not Green,—he saw it with a sort of disappointment. It was one of the berry-seeking children that had caught sight of him snoozing, and followed its natural instinct. A boy's grinning head was seen bobbing above one of the neighboring bushes. He turned from it in disgust and felt surlily about the grass for his pipe, about his person for a match—

Gracious powers! What sort did the young one take him for—with this free persecution? Another acorn had hit him smartly on the head.

"Look out, there!" he called, making a feint of rising to give chase.

"Come on!" shouted the boy gaily from behind the bush. There was a burst of laughter, a flash and flutter of pink, and the boy who turned out to be a girl came precipitately toward him. She stopped just short of a collision and dropped in the grass panting with laughter. He stared at her blankly. Every time she looked up and caught sight of his expression, she doubled herself and fairly writhed.

"He doesn't know me! He doesn't know me!" she brought forth amid her convulsive giggling.

"Minnie! My God!—What—what have you done to yourself!" he exclaimed, and had no breath left.

She moderated her laughter, and presented her smiling face a moment for him to see well what had happened. She ran her fingers over her cropped head, ruffling it absurdly, making the short locks stand on end.

"Isn't it funny? Doesn't a person look funny at first? The rest of it is hanging, like a fairy horse's tail, in the window across the picture of the Elixir lady. (Bad old woman! Cheat! She didn't give me much for it! But Natty Fraasier, I would have taken even less! I did want to come so!) You poor lonesome boy! I can stay a whole week,—perhaps more. I have found a place in the village, just near you. The first child I met told me all I wanted to know. I thought it would have been harder. Mercy! Isn't it heavenly still and sweet here, with hills and cows. I was never in the true country before. Mercy! Isn't it good!—Look out, you flower there,—over there, you Miss! That is called a bee, he has a terrible stinger—oh, he is an old acquaint-

ance? Go ahead, then, and give him a nice swing, and honey for his tea! Oh, Natty, I am so glad! Aren't you glad?"

He choked and cleared his throat. No, without that voice, never in the world would he have known her. Before him seemed to be a common little street boy who had run off in a girl's new pink dress and shiny shoes—an unknown boy whose features had something painfully familiar. Strange! He remembered Minnie's face as possessing a certain harmony in its lines, however childish and trivial they were: this terrible little imposter, though not ill-favored, was broad of jaw and narrow of forehead; his eyes even were not the same, but smaller and nearer together, while the mouth was larger—its very proneness to laughter increased its pitiful commonness. And that ridiculous hair,—literally chopped off by an unskilled hand and twisted here and there with unpracticed tongs! It was so thick, it had no more light or luster than a hearth-brush.

Her face sobered ever so little looking at him. "What is the matter? Poor dear! You haven't got over those exams. But I won't bother, you know, and take up all your time,—I have learned better! I won't interfere with any work, I promise, Natty. See me swear? On this algebra! Only, before you begin and when you have done each day, we will go for walks and rows. I saw a boat on the pond. We will have lunch on the grass and make a fire with sticks we pick up. Look! You put three long sticks like that and hang the kettle in the middle—we will do all those things we used to plan when we never much thought there would be a chance. You poor lonesome boy, have you been having a horrid time? We will make up for it now. Natty, you don't care about the *hair*, do you? You needn't! You know, I had got mortally sick of sitting in that window. I could not have stood it a day longer. When a fly buzzed on the pane, I wanted to scream. Again and again I have come near putting my foot through the glass at one of the gaping faces, then jumping down and catching the old woman while she told lies about my having used her Elixir faithfully,—never touched a drop!—and dancing her up and down all around the room until she dropped. I shall go back

to taking care of little children now, as I did before she found me. I do love children! And in that business, I don't mind telling you I shall do better without all that hair. No matter how tight I did it up, some one was always grumbling that it made too much show. You mustn't care a bit about the hair, Natty, I gave it up without a twinge. I cut it off with my own hands. You have no idea how much comfortabler this is in hot weather,—my head feels so light, I can dip it in the water any minute. I do love it like this!"

She ran her hands through her hair again, ruffling it still more fantastically. Fraiser winced. He was sick beyond calculating the degree. "Oh, my poor girl!" he contrived at last to say.

She looked at him more closely than before in her overrunning joy, and her face fell a little. No doubt she had seen herself in mirrors since her alteration, but not in a real mirror until she saw herself reflected in his very pale face. She smiled still, but a little foolishly,—then, no more, and stopped chatting. It was as if a stone had been set to seal up a spring,—a large stone laid upon her bubbling heart. There was a silence.

He saw that she must be seeing what he could not keep out of his face. He could not help it, he could get no control over his feelings, over his expression. He was not sure he cared to,—he did not try. He was at sea: he did not know what he felt, what he did not feel. The bottom seemed to have dropped out of his heart, out of the world,—out of something,

everything. He knew not! He only knew he was sick—sick—and incapable of speech, of action, of reflection.

"You can't stay here, child," he heard some one saying, in a matter-of-fact, superficial voice. "Don't you see, yourself, that you can't? For your own sake, I mean. It would never do, Minnie. You must understand that. You don't know what a thing a small country village like this is, for gossip and slanderous tongues. I couldn't let you injure yourself so, don't you see?"

"It wouldn't be proper?" she inquired, faintly.

"No, Minnie. No, it wouldn't—at all. Don't you see it?" She got to her feet, full as pale as he now.

"All right," she said, and after a few mechanical steps, paused a moment, looking down, biting her finger; lost in thought, or waiting for something to happen, for him to say something further.

He could not speak—he could not make himself speak.

"All right," she said again, very distinctly, and turned to go without another word.

"Minnie! Minnie!" he faltered, and had instinctively cast himself after her. His outstretched hand almost touched her pink draperies. She turned on him fiercely, whisking herself out of reach. He was confronted for a second by a little angry street-boy face, but with the gathered experience and woe of half a race in the eyes. "Let me alone! Don't dare to touch me! Nathaniel Fraiser, I hate you!"

She began desperately to run. He saw her clutch her poor little ruined head, and heard her cry out, breaking into sobs: "Oh, my hair! Oh, my hair!"

He dropped in the grass, face downward, and pressed his hands over his ears, trembling. It all seemed so strange, so out of proportion.

In the late afternoon of that same hot day, the crabbled little bell on Madame Finibald's door snapped to let in a tired, dusty youth, whose dejected face was so flushed, one's thought at sight of him turned at once on sunstroke. He leaned wearily over the counter and asked a few questions, at which Madame's liver seemed so shaken she could not keep a hold on her good manners. At the height of her



"HE DROPPED IN THE GRASS."

voice she began berating all the world, and one absent person. Fraiser tried to calm her, with vague soothing motions of his hands patting down the air. When she subsided enough for him to be heard, he pointed to a long tail of shining hair in the window, and spoke again, if possible growing redder than before—so red that his eyes watered, and he had to shade them a moment, leaning his elbows on the counter. She unhitched the hair, shaking it brutally. He put out his hands in remonstrance. She flung it down before him with a forbidding proposition and a deep snort of malice. Meekly he emptied his purse on the counter, unfolding the bills, spreading out the silver and lucky pieces to count, reserving only for himself a crumpled ticket.

She watched him with gleeful, avaricious eyes. After computation, he rose without breath of argument and went down the street to pawn his watch and studs and cigarette case, returning solvent.

He left with a rather unsightly parcel in his hand; the cover was burst in more than one place. Madame Finibald had not been so particular as she sometimes was in the selection of her wrapping-paper. He had no overcoat and no pocket large enough to put his prize in; he was forced to hold it, conscious how it was heavy and soft and its contents gleamed through the holes.

He got home at dark, reporting to his landlady with his back to the light. He wanted nothing to eat—there were lamps and voices in the dining-room. He could not go to bed, worn out as he was. On the porch below his window was singing and picking of strings.

He went forth into the fields. At last, beyond all sounds but the summer's own, he sank on the sward. He did not look up once at the stars, but lay sprawling with his forehead on his crossed arms, and let his heart torture itself at its own good leisure. He drank deeper and deeper of its dark bitterness, forcing himself recklessly to it, reaching a sort of desperate drunkenness. It seemed to his inexperienced there could be nothing worse at any time in this life to taste.

He woke long hours afterwards, wondering a little at first, feeling somewhat stiff. The air was warm and still, tremu-

lous with crickets—thrilled through with the shaken baubles of the summer's myriad merry little jesters. In his sleep he had rolled over; his face was to heaven. The sky was faint with starlight; the milky way was a road of diamond sand; the great constellations had hung themselves with solemn jewels; down near the rim of the world watched several large earnest beacon lights—but above, the tiniest irresponsible stars twinkled in and out like shining ants in ant-hills. He looked, almost wondering why his eyes felt so queer—sore beside heavy; why his breast felt so heavy. He rose sitting; he was on a hillock. Like an opaque reproduction of the transparent lightsome sky looked the ground about him, which the scythe had this season respected; it was dark dotted with daisies. He rubbed his aching head a little, then lay back again, the grass shooting coolly up along his cheeks. After the sound dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion from which he had waked, because he had drained it to satisfaction, his head was numbed, but, the little it worked, clear in its working; his heart was sore, but quieted. Something had changed; all wore another aspect; all seemed further removed. Hours had gone already, a month would go,—a year,—fifteen years. This would be lived out of memory. If it is realized that a thing must cease, has it not begun to die already? At the first one must be patient, and take suffering as a matter of course. He stretched his limbs wearily, not entirely deceived by himself nor unaware of depths of heart-ache under this film of philosophy that had scummed them over in sleep; he drew his hot palms over the grass; his hand came upon the parcel that he had not dared to leave behind nor to open, that he never should have the strength to open, and his philosophy was severely shaken. His heart was near bursting out afresh; he laid his face on the wretched soft dead little bundle, and agonized.

Then, he revolted against this suffering that seemed to him undeserved, disproportionate. He was not a bad fellow; looking into his heart, he could declare truthfully that it was not in him to willingly harm anything, give anyone pain. Why should he feel so endlessly mean, so endlessly miserable! He appealed to Minnie, his reasonable Minnie of old, against this



"HE RUBBED HIS ACHING HEAD A LITTLE, THEN LAY BACK AGAIN."

state of things. He defended himself to her, she defended him to himself. When all was said, he had at no time done anything to blame, had that day said nothing that was not wise and for the best, that he would not in like case be forced to say over again. He had been taken unawares, he had not expressed himself with tact, he had been fatally slow. The fact remained that the girl could not have stayed by him, setting the whole country-side agog. But if his heart still refused to be at peace about this matter, let it be assured he meant to seek till he found the girl—it must be easy enough to find her, though he had failed that day. Alas! Poor little forlorn head, shorn of its great gleaming beauty,—poor little discrowned head, at this hour full of what thoughts God knew! He would make all things right to her, he was extravagantly ready to pay any price; he was lavish of his future, free of all the gods gave him to give. At the same time that he made these protestations to himself and to her, and he was sincere in making them, he knew that Minnie would never look at him again, he knew that she had understood how he was changed with the change in her; it was beyond his governing, but she must be forgiven for not forgiving it. And looking into his man's heart, he wondered at the strange mystery of it.

In that hour of being honest, after revolting at it, reasoning about it, trying to sophisticate it away, he came back always to a hopeless contemplation of it as a simple fact, not to be done away with. In the face of it he might clear himself of all blame perhaps, but he remained humiliated and full of a vague pity. As he lay in the grass so, plucking heedlessly in the dark at the little tufts, emptied of all pride under the lofty stars, and a dreamy mood followed upon what degree of suc-

cess he had in suppressing feelings he was determined not to endure, so did they hurt! his thoughts in search of soothing travelled back to days before last spring, when he could hardly have conceived what he had this night been suffering. Peaceful period, but without great charm, he decided, loyal to his altered taste. He thought of the past spring, the soft awakening all without and within a man,—the tender, vast burgeoning, fluttering, shimmering, outreaching—he judged it sadly from a midsummer night. Not all were flowers that put forth in that mad amenity of nature; no, not all flowers.

And in connection with all that freshness and fragrance and beauty of spring, he thought inavoidably of what had seemed to his new-quickenened heart its very expression, its chiefest adornment—the gentle order he loved in so general and devoted a way. His conjuring head filled with charming phantoms, pathetic to his sense at this juncture; they passed, exquisite pageant, leaving as if a perfume of themselves through the halls of his mind, not one little grace, one foolish trick, one dainty manner of being lost on his worshipping sensibility: silver laughter,—odors of violets,—sunny loose hairs and white hand tucking them behind the ear,—pretty feet tiptoeing across the street in bad weather,—pouted lips cooing to a baby, or quaintly attempting its own language to a bird,—languid attitudes,—belts of a span,—caprices,—teasing humors,—tenderness,—pity for small creatures,—long lashes blinking a tear,—queenly bearing,—rods of lily held over bowing heads with such assurance of power as never a sceptre—ay, power greater than any emperor's, founded, dear God,—upon what? at the mercy—of what? And he yearned and grieved over them, poor youth, as if he had been their Maker.





A MELANCHOLY confession it is to make, that I cannot feel absolutely certain whether I noticed Sir Walter Scott's "Familiar Letters" (Douglas, Edinburgh), last month, or not. However, if I did not, the Letters are the excellent, old wine which "needs no bush." The Critic by no means overstates their merit, when it says that the Letters of Scott are worthy of a place beside those of Mr. Lowell.

A sensitive patriot must remark, with gloom, that by far the most amusing book we have read for long, is not English at all, but is "Old New England," by Miss Alice Morse Earle. Like a magic lantern full of entertaining slides—small boys being beaten with "tattling sticks;" "bold virgins" fined for kissing; recently bereaved judges choosing new wives out of a large collection of widows; the funerals, the mourning rings, the drinking parties, the poetry of the past, the booksellers, the bookbuyers—Miss Earle's exhibition shows us all these, and a hundred other views from the dead centuries. There is little information about witches and "bloody Indians," but the rest is complete and delightfully entertaining.

One is driven by gratitude and scarcity of literary game here to poach on the grounds of Columbia. Really, we are producing little that can interest you. Dozens of books on South Africa have, perhaps, more than a temporary charm for ourselves, and give hints to politicians careful concerning Lobengula, and Khama, not "the Indian Khama" of "The Palace of Art." But, till you begin to fancy a slice of Africa for yourselves, these books only appeal to your geographers and anthropologists.

Among novels, "From the Five Rivers," Anglo-Indian tales by Mrs. Steel, are well spoken of (Heinemann), and Mrs. May Kendall's "White Poppies" (Ward & Lock) contains her own peculiar blend of fun and gloom.

Mr. Conan Doyle has killed Sherlock Holmes. I know not if he wept, after this murder, like Dumas when he slew Porthos. Mr. Holmes, in his latest moments, like his opponent, Professor Moriarty, seems to have "laid down his club, forewent his wits beside," that is, forgotten to use his revolver.

"A Gentleman of France" (Longmans), by Mr. Stanley Weyman, is a very good novel of adventure. The period is about the time when Henri III. of France was murdered. Published complete, the story is much more intelligible and fascinating than it seemed to be when it was coming out in a magazine. Neither Mr. Weyman's Henri III., nor his Henry of Navarre, can stand beside the Louis XI. of "Quentin Durward," and so has no character like Le Balafre. But his string of adventures makes pleasant reading; his Knight of the Rueful Countenance deserves his title. The heroine is not one of the heroines who "have no character at all."

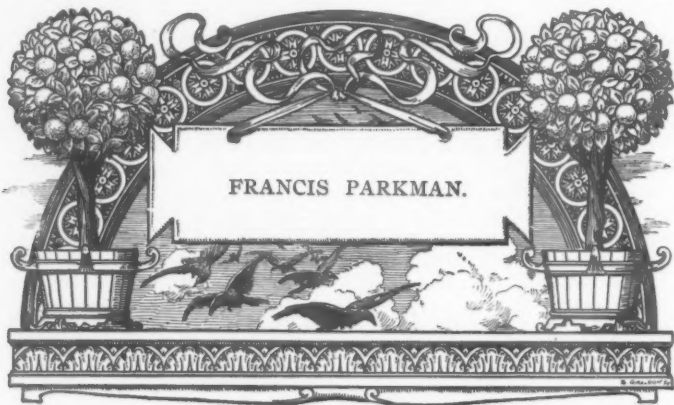
Among books which combine sport, cookery, and natural history, we have the first of the Fur and Feather Series, "The Partridge," (Longmans). Mr. Stuart-Wortley,

the painter, writes about partridge shooting; Mr. Macpherson about natural history, and Mr. Saintsbury cooks the bird which the other Merton man has shot. A similar American series might be of interest, and, like Pennant according to a fragmentary remark of Dr. Johnson's, would "tell us concerning bears . . ."

Among new magazines is a quaint sixpenny periodical, "The Butterfly," edited and illustrated by Mr. L. Raven-Hill and Mr. Arnold Golsworthy, while Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen and others contribute drawings. Some of these are excellent; perhaps Mr. Raven-Hill too closely follows Charles Keene. Collectors, I venture to think may find this serial worth buying, and binding. It may be got from the publisher, Mr. Walter Haddon, Bouverie House, Salisbury Square, London, E. C.

A capital book of adventurous travel among a strange, sequestered race is Mr. A. H. Savage Landor's "Alone among the Hairy Ainu," (Murray). Nobody, except Mr. Savage Landor has really seen (and smelt) much of the Hairy Ainu, who seem to have succeeded a mysterious race of pit-dwellers, dwarfs like those whom Mr. MacRitchie supposes to have inhabited the queer subterranean *broghs* of Ireland and Scotland. The anthropologist will find the book of peculiar value, and it is of interest to everybody.

ANDREW LANG.



IF one author, more than any other, has glorified American literature in the last half century, because of the new light which he has shed upon our early colonial history, it is Francis Parkman. Delving into the archives of the old colonial governments, searching the obscure and almost forgotten records of the missionaries and Jesuit fathers in the convents and military outposts throughout Canada and British America, as well as in our own country, with an unparalleled diligence and devotion to his purpose, he has contributed to the literature of America and the world half a score of unique volumes, written in a delightful style, forcible and direct, terse in diction, exhibiting a perfect mastery of his language and his subject. These qualities, combined with the originality of his researches, entitle him to the first place among American historians.

When the writer was a sophomore at Harvard university, in 1867-68, it was his good fortune to be invited by Mr. Parkman to assist him in the examination of the Jared Sparks collection of old French manuscripts, which had been gathered from the Canadian forts and monasteries, with the view of illustrating the first century of our colonial history. Almost blind from overwork, Mr. Parkman would sit by the hour, pad and pencil in hand, listening as I read aloud page after page of the musty records, making his notes with hardly a glance at the paper, his face beaming with enthusiasm as some nugget of information was unearthed which had a bearing upon the subject of his investigation, always closing the afternoon "séance" with reluctance and unabated ardor. Those were delightful hours of labor, never to be forgotten. But I had yet to comprehend the genius of the man. When, some months

later, I received the first copy of "The Discovery of the Great West," endorsed "With the loving regards of F. Parkman," I read the book from cover to cover almost at one sitting, amazed to see how the familiar, but hitherto disjointed, facts and bits of description had been woven into a beautiful, connected narrative, entertaining as a novel, of unspeakable value to our country's history—a presentation, at a single glance of the wonderful story of those early days—just as some glorious canvas of Corot might flash upon the sight of one who had held for the great master his palette of incongruous colors, now wrought into an immortal picture full of beauty and inspiration!

JOHN S. WHITE.



IN technical pursuits, it is universally admitted that manual training, and especially drawing, is the alphabet or rather the grammar on which all proficiency depends. But in a liberal education—that is to say, an education which is not concerned with the earning of a livelihood, but which aims to develop all the human faculties and to prepare the mind for usefulness and enjoyment whatever may be the outward conditions, restrictions or requirements,—in a liberal education, manual training has suffered the neglect of contempt or the contempt of neglect, one hardly knows which to say. During many generations, the Head of the collegian, from adolescence to old age, has been wonted to say to the Hand, "I have no need of thee." The meaning of chirurgery has almost disappeared from the English language and is rarely employed in the technology of the single craft to which its use has been restricted. Manipulation has become a word of reproach. Hand-craft sounds as if it were an heirloom from the Anglo-Saxon swine-herds. The master thumb, by which the hand of man is distinguished from the flipper of the anthropoid, is so depreciated that "the rule of thumb" is only a phrase for the reign of clumsiness.

But it does not follow that what has been, will be; as we may learn from the experience of Americans with respect to bodily exercise. General Francis A. Walker in his recent address before a society at Harvard, the Phi Beta Kappa, (three letters which stand for scholarship, if they signify anything in the dialect of the outside world), has given an admirable historical sketch of the changes wrought since the war by collegiate attention to athletics and gymnastics; and he has suggested advances, intellectual and moral as well as physical, which have come and are coming to our countrymen from this recent development of strength and skill. He more than hints at the anticipation of a nobler development of the fine arts, as a consequence of attention to manly exercises, and "the elevation of art to a far higher and nobler place than it had before occupied in the thought and affections of our people."

It may be considered as demonstrated that health and beauty walk hand in hand

with skill and strength, while scholarship and learning are not excluded from this vigorous companionship. The experience of a single generation in the systematic development of manly sports gives us reason to believe that if during the coming decades, colleges would encourage hand-craft as they have been promoting arm-craft, leg-craft and chest-craft, corresponding gains would be secured.

Already, to some extent, the value of hand-craft is recognized in some of our higher seats of learning, but usually as the ally of some pursuit which is more or less technical. In a good institution, nobody learns chemistry in these days from lectures alone. Practice in a laboratory must be secured. The physician must be able to handle delicate instruments of precision. The astronomer must guide his glass. The biologist who cannot with manual skill collect his material from the ocean depths is land-bound; if he cannot adjust his microscope he is blind; and if he cannot make a drawing of what he sees he is dull and obscure, for words will not convey to others that which may be represented by a few clear lines. Even the geologist must supplement his observations in the field by making and studying thin sections of the rocks he has collected. All this is hand-craft,—good as far as it goes; so good, indeed, that a liberal education, acquired at the end of the nineteenth century is incomplete if it does not include a considerable acquaintance with the methods of a laboratory. Even the student who aspires to a literary career will find that his mind works better after a training in observation and manipulation. One of the most valuable improvements in liberal education is the establishment of the doctrine that every scholar must know something of science, and that this knowledge must be acquired in part at least by direct contact with nature and not exclusively, as in former times, by the indirect study of books about nature.

But is not the country ready for still further progress? Is it not time to advise with emphasis, perhaps to require, that every one who desires a liberal education shall be taught to draw? Let the lessons be learned where they may—in the school, the household, the art institute or the college; but let the colleges see that they are learned, as they require the arts of scriptorial expression. Of course, a certain percentage of scholars will be clumsy. Heaven never designed that they should be artists, and earth cannot reverse the decrees of heaven. But everyone who can use a pen, can use a pencil,—as we have often been told. He may never write a poem and never make a picture; nevertheless, the clumsiest can submit his hand to discipline and overcome in some degree its stiffness. But elephantiasis of the hand is not a common complaint. Nor are we planning instructions for the awkward squad,—but for the many whose hands are skillful with the bat, the oar, the rein, the fishing-rod, and who might derive an equal, though less stirring pleasure, from the pencil.

Most Bachelors of the Liberal Arts have never learned to draw the simplest objects, with any approach to accuracy, a cube, a cone, an orange, or a flower, nor have they even mastered the elements of mechanical draughting so that they can make with rule and compass a legible diagram or a working plan. As for sketching the lay of the land when they travel, catching the characteristics of a church, a cottage or a boat, or limning the form and features of fish, bird, beast or man, they are as infantile as they would be in managing a steam engine, or landing a tarpon, or translating the Nimrod epic from the original cuneiform.

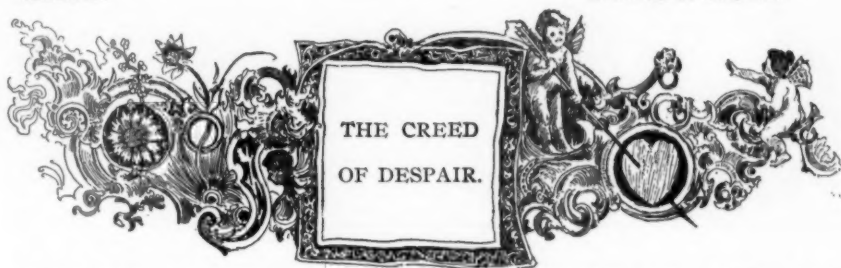
A Bachelor of the Liberal Arts is not to be confounded with a Bachelor of the Fine Arts, or a Bachelor of the Useful Arts. He may be but a tyro in the art of drawing; but even with a few lessons only he will find that he has enlarged his powers of sight and increased his range of intellectual pleasures. He will appreciate forms, proportions, relations, shades, shadows, tints, movements, postures, as those cannot who have missed such training. Indeed, a well-taught draughtsman has acquired not hand-craft only but eye-craft also.

In these days, with all the modern heliographic processes, illustration has become the partner of typography. The man of letters must know the uses of both. He must employ both as aids in the expression of his ideas. It is not enough to know the alphabet only; but we acquire insensibly the meaning of spaces, capitals, italics, changes of type, annotations, parentheses; and a great deal more than this typo-

graphical knowledge is requisite if we would thoroughly understand and enjoy the illustrations of every sort and kind—artistic, emblematic, architectural, diagrammatic, cartographic—which are fast asserting their dominion in books of every character, and illuminating by their presence the choicest literature.

I know of one institution in which every candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts is required to take lessons in drawing, and to acquire at least a minimum of skill in the arts of free-hand and of mechanical draughting. He receives instructions (without extra charge) during three afternoon hours weekly in his first year of residence, unless he can show that he has already gained the required proficiency. It is not essential that lessons in drawing should be given during the ordinary college sessions. The long vacation affords ample time to acquire the elementary knowledge that is here advocated. If a competent teacher would give the class "a start," explain what they would be expected to do during the summer, and then receive and comment on the practice-work submitted at an appointed day, a beginning would be made. Then those who show any disposition for more advanced lessons should be encouraged. But the lessons must be systematic, not jerky, aiming first and above all things to secure truth and accuracy in delineation, whether free-hand or mechanical.

DANIEL C. GILMAN.



MR. Richard Le Gallienne, the expounder of Meredith and the author of "English Poems," has provoked considerable discussion by publishing to the world (in the teeth of Beaconsfield's celebrated dictum) "The Religion of a Literary Man." Mr. Le Gallienne's religion is of a simple and optimistic character, and he offers it to the world as a panacea for the distempers of the day. I am convinced that this is exactly the wrong sort of medicine for our "present discontents." It is time to try homœopathy. My suggestion is that the religion of the future shall consist of the most pessimistic propositions imaginable; its creed shall be godless and immoral, its thirty-nine articles shall exhaust the possibilities of unfaith and its burdens shall be *vanitas vanitatum*. Man shall be an automaton, and life a hereditary disease, and the world a hospital, and truth a dream, and beauty an optical illusion. These sad tidings of great sorrow shall be organized into a state church, with bishops and paraphernalia, and shall be sucked in by the infant at its mother's breast. Men shall be tutored in unrighteousness, and innocence shall be under ecclesiastical ban. Faith and Hope shall be the seven deadly virtues, and unalloyed despair of man and nature a dogma it were blasphemous to doubt. The good shall be persecuted and the theists tortured, and those that say there is balm in Gilead, shall be thrust beyond the pale of decent society.

Then, oh, what a spiritual revival there will be! Every gleam of light will be eagerly sought for, every ray focussed; every hint of love and pity and beauty, of significance and divinity in this infinite and infinitely mysterious universe, will be eagerly snatched up and thrust upon an age hide-bound in orthodoxy; every touch and trace of tenderness that softens suffering and sweetens the bitterness of death, will be treasured up in secret mistrust of the reigning creed; every noble thought and deed, every sacred tear, will be thrown into the balance of heresy with every dear delight of poetry and art, of woods and waters, of dawns and sunsets; with every grace of childhood and glory of man and womanhood. And every suppressed

doubt of the hideousness of the universe will sink deep and ferment in darkness, and persecution will sit on every natural safety-valve till at last the pent forces will swell and crack the sterile soil, and there will be an explosion that shall send a pillar of living fire towards the heavens of brass. The clerics will be among the first to feel the stirrups of infidel hope—a few will give up their livings rather than preach what they do not believe, but the majority—especially the bishops—will cling to the Church of Despair, hoping against hope that their despair is true. There will be wonderful word-spinnings in the reviews, and the dominant pessimism will be justified by algebraic analogies. But, beneath it all, the church will be infected to the core with faith, and for the first time in history we shall get a believing clergy. There will be secret societies founded to publish the Bible, and Colonel Ingersoll will lecture at the hall of religion, and the prisons will be crowded with martyred iconoclasts incredulous of the gospel of science. No, there is nothing so unwise as your optimistic organized creeds, with their suggestions of officialdom, red-tape, and backstairs influence. We shall never be perfectly religious and moral till we are trained from childhood to ungodly works, forced to attend long sermons on the error of existence, and badgered into public impiety by force of opinion. I. ZANGWILL.



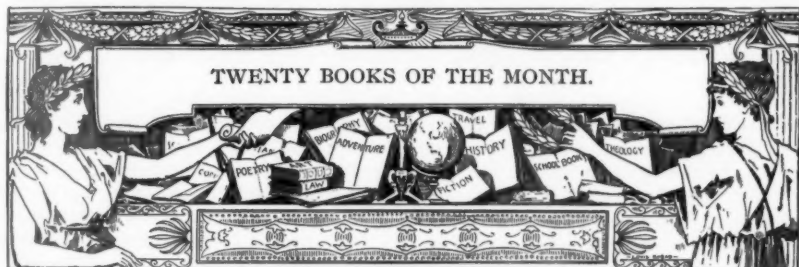
IT is disheartening to the sanguine soul to have the publishers of Professor Jebb's "Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry" admit with sorrowful candor that it "may not restore Greek to its old place in the college curriculum." What we sorely need, what we continuously hope for, is something which will restore to us this noble language, this priceless literature; and, with it, our lost delight in beauty, in proportion, in harmonious and accurate expression. Surely, Professor's Jebb's fine enthusiasm ought to arouse us, if anything ever can, from our indifference, and show us what we forego in abandoning with such cheerful self-confidence the unapproachable treasures of antiquity. Even a volume of admirable and well-chosen translations, like Professor Appleton's "Greek Poets in English Verse," should not content our desires, but awaken them; just as a good engraving makes us long for a sight of the masterpiece it faintly represents, or a plaster cast sends our wistful fancies wandering over the far seas to those older lands where the Hermes, or the Apollo, or the Venus of Milo reveal their flawless beauty. It is easier and cheaper to stay at home, and look at the engraving and the cast. It is easier and cheaper not to study Greek, and to read the translations. To many of us this is all the fates allow. But the engraving and the cast and the translation have failed in their purpose, if we are satisfied with their possession, and congratulate ourselves that it is not worth while to go further and seek more.

The opening chapters on the Homeric poems are the finest in Professor Jebb's volume. It is not only the scholarship of the author; it is his kindling and contagious delight in the Iliad and the Odyssey which gives to every page its vital charm. Here, where "the human faculties have free play in word and deed;" here, where the intellectual fearlessness of the Greek limits but does not shadow the possibilities of a noble and joyous existence; here, amid all that is martial, and glorious, and tender and piteous, our critic rests awhile, and allows us some leisure for enjoyment. Afterwards he is compelled to travel hastily over too much ground. The subject chosen is too vast to be satisfactorily compressed into one little book. A single page devoted

to Sappho is rather an irritation than a pleasure, and two pages for Theocritus are simply heartrending. Even the dramatists, though they meet with better treatment than this, are unavoidably wronged by such enforced conciseness. The whole volume of two hundred and fifty pages would have been just big enough for Homer.

However, these papers were first delivered as lectures, and we all know that lecturers are expected to drive with headlong speed. It is one of our popular delusions that we cannot hear too much in an hour. As the book stands, it is a mine of information, and may, by the grace of sympathy, lead many an eager reader to the study of antiquity, "whence alone," says Goethe, "can we hope for true education, and the advancement of the nobler humanities."

AGNES REPPLIER.



FICTION.—HORACE CHASE, by Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

A PROTÉGÉE OF JACK HAMLIN'S, AND OTHER STORIES, by Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

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LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN STANLEY, by R. E. Prothero. Scribner's Sons. \$3.

SCIENCE.—THE DAWN OF ASTRONOMY: A Study of the Temple Worship and Mythology of the Ancient Egyptians, by J. Norman Lockyer. Cassell Publishing Company.

SOME SALIENT POINTS IN THE SCIENCE OF THE EARTH, by Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D. Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

ART.—DICTIONNAIRE DE LA CÉRAMIQUE, by Edouard Garnier, Conservateur de Musée de Sèvres. Macmillan & Co. \$7.50.

LITERARY.—THE RELIGION OF A LITERARY MAN, by Richard Le Gallienne. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—HISTORICAL PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE, by R. Flint. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00.

POETRY.—PRAIRIE SONGS, by Hamlin Garland. Stone & Kimball. \$1.00.



THE offer of a prize in the January number of *The Cosmopolitan* for something new and scientifically valuable in regard to gravitation, forcibly suggests the limits of our knowledge in this direction. There are no effects in nature with which we are more familiar than those of gravitation, but the cause of gravitation is entirely unknown to us. The general attraction between masses which we designate as gravitation is universally recognized, the laws under which it acts are well known, but we are entirely ignorant of the means of its action. We do not even know whether the attraction is resident in the masses themselves or in some medium which surrounds them.

We know that Newton himself pronounced as absurd the idea that matter could act at a distance, through vacuous space, upon other matter. He looked to a universally diffused medium for the mechanism of gravitation. He showed that if the pressure of this medium increased as we recede from dense bodies according to a certain rate, that the law of gravitation would result. He was unable to suggest an explanation for the supposed variation in pressure of the medium, and accordingly left the cause of gravitation untouched.

Le Sage, the Swiss philosopher, attempted to fix a cause for gravitation by assuming space to be filled with innumerable atoms flying in all directions. These atoms he called ultra-mundane, because he supposed them to come from the outer universe. A single body would be bombarded by these atoms equally on all sides, but two or more bodies would partially screen each other, so that the bombardment would be less on the sides of each body next to the other and greater on the sides further away; consequently the bodies would be forced toward each other by the excess of bombardment on their outer sides. Under this hypothesis the corpuscular pounding necessary to produce the gravitation effects of matter is so great that the entire planetary system would be melted from the excessive heat produced.

Hooke, the contemporary of Newton, attempted to assign the cause of gravitation to waves propagated in the surrounding medium. It has since been shown that in fluid motion the average pressure is least where the average motion is greatest, so that bodies immersed in the fluid would be drawn toward the center of gravitation.

Sir William Thomson, by making certain assumptions in regard to the medium of space, and some very highly improbable suppositions in regard to matter, was enabled to deduce from them one of the laws of gravitation.

The above may be said to be the only hypotheses which make any advance toward the explanation of gravitation. Of these, that of Le Sage is the only one sufficiently developed to be even discussed. We have the high authority of the late Professor J. Clerk Maxwell for the statement that the progress toward solution of the problem has been almost imperceptible since the time of Newton. He also says that the science-producing value of the efforts made to answer the question is not to be measured by the prospect they afford of ultimately yielding a solution, but by the effect in stimulating investigations of nature.

S. E. TILLMAN, COLONEL U.S.A.

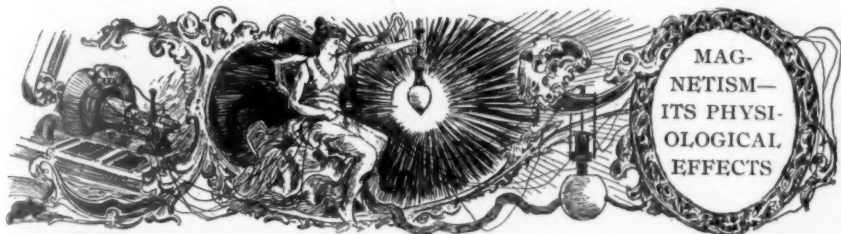
THE ORIGIN OF ANTHRACITE.

WHEN vegetable matter is subjected to slow decomposition in bogs or in abandoned mines, it loses oxygen and hydrogen faster than carbon, so that the proportion of carbon increases. The mass then passes into the condition of lignite or brown-coal, and this transformation may take place in the course of a few hundred years. There is every reason to believe that a continuation of the same process yields bituminous coal, which differs from lignite chiefly in the smaller amount of combined water which it contains. That bituminous coal passes over into anthracite in continuous coal fields is certain. Now anthracite is distinguished from bituminous coal by the almost complete absence of the bitumens, or hydrocarbons, so that the "dryest" anthracites consist of carbon and incombustible impurities exclusively.

The exact nature of the transformation from lignite to anthracite is unknown. Thus it might arise from mere loss of water and the oxidation of the hydrogen, but such a process is very improbable on a considerable scale beneath the permanent water level of a country, for lack of oxygen. It has been ascribed by H. D. Rogers to the expulsion of water and hydrocarbons through metamorphic action attending the disturbance of the coal measures. This theory now appears to be inapplicable, because parts of the anthracite fields are not disturbed to any considerable extent. Professor Lesley suggested that the slow evolution of hydrocarbons, perhaps, with the aid of heat, was promoted by the porosity of the enclosing strata. But Prof. John J. Stevenson finds no relation existing between the porosity of the strata and the "dryness" of the coal.

Mr. Stevenson's own theory is that along the edges of the marshes, where vegetable matter accumulated during the Carboniferous period, this material was less speedily covered up, or was subject to carbonizing decomposition for a longer time, than in the more central portions of the swampy area, and these peripheral deposits he finds were converted into anthracite. Thus on this theory the conditions of deposition determine the dryness of the coal. It seems to be implied that, when the coal is once thoroughly covered in, no further changes take place. Were the fuel hermetically sealed in glass, this would probably be true. But rocks are porous; there is a constant circulation of underground waters; and as long as energy can be set free by any possible transformation, such transformations will tend to take place. Again, were this the whole history of anthracite, it would seem that lignites must still be preserved in the coal measures, while anthracitic coals should be found in the Cretaceous and Tertiary fields, even when not locally metamorphosed by igneous dikes. I am not aware of such cases, and it appears to me that, while these new facts and views are worthy of careful consideration, the true explanation must involve a gradual and progressive loss of hydrocarbons, depending to some extent on environment.

GEORGE F. BECKER.



WHEN a magnet so acts upon a piece of iron as to pull it towards itself, it is evident that virtue in some way has gone out from it, for the effect upon the iron is noticeable when it is quite a distance away from the magnet. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that there is no limit to this distance, but that a magnet attracts a piece of iron, no matter how far apart they may be, only the strength of the attraction becomes less as the distance increases.

The space about a magnet within which such effects take place, is called the magnetic field, and there is reason to believe that this field consists in a particular kind of a stress in the ether which fills the whole of space, and the effect at any place depends upon the degree of this stress at that place. The degree of ether-stress produced by a magnet depends upon its shape. A straight bar magnet has the weakest field, and the field becomes stronger as the magnet is bent so its poles approach each other, and it may be so great as to produce a pressure upon a piece of iron a thousand pounds per square inch.

It has also been proved that there is rotary motion in the magnetic field; right-handed like the motion of the hands of a clock if one looks towards the south pole of a magnet, and left-handed if one looks towards the north pole. One may easily picture to himself the physical condition of this space between the poles of a magnet by imagining it filled with a great number of spiral springs running from one pole to the other, each one in a state of tension tending to pull the poles together, and all together representing the tension or stress in the region about. A single one of these is often called a line of force, and as they are measured there may be as many as three hundred thousand to the square inch.

When a wire is carried across such a field electricity is developed in it. If a sheet of metal be moved edgewise through it, it is resisted as if cutting through soft butter, and if it be made into a disc and rotated rapidly, it becomes hot though it touches nothing apparently. With all this nothing can be seen and the hand can perceive no difference between the iron magnetized and unmagnetized. It has been claimed that some eyes are able to see a luminousness about the poles of magnets, and pictures of what is said to be seen represent flames apparently issuing from the poles. Such forms are so different from the shape of the magnetic field as found in other ways, as to render it highly probable that the so-called flames are imaginary. Some persons have claimed to be affected by the presence of a magnet, that it produces an indescribable sensation in them, but wooden imitations of magnets were found to produce the same symptoms.

A few years ago some very large and powerful electro magnets were made of old cannon. No effect upon the body was perceived by those who worked with them even when the head was thrust into the open mouth, when the magnetism was strong enough to support tons of cannon balls. So it appears that a common magnetic field is incapable of affecting the nervous system in any appreciable way. The case is different, however, with an alternating magnetic field where the polarity is reversed many times a second by alternating electrical currents, for local anæsthesia or insensibility is produced so complete, as to allow surgical operations to be performed without surrendering one's consciousness as happens when one takes ether or chloroform. This discovery seems to be very important, as it may revolutionize the surgical practice with anæsthetics.

A. E. DOUBEAR.



"The population question is the real riddle of the sphynx, to which no political Oedipus has as yet found the answer."—T. H. Huxley, *Collected Essays*, Vol. 1, p. 328.

IN a former issue it was attempted to show that the increase of the human family, beyond an insignificant and squalid fraction, had alone been made possible by the various industrial arts, which, in turn, owed existence to the discoveries of its

ingenious few. It was, at the same time, attempted to be shown that the same agencies which had made life, to a great majority of us, possible, had also made it better worth having. The space permissible in a magazine article necessarily restricted the enquiry to a brief comparison of existing conditions with the recent past. It is now proposed to extend the enquiry,—of course, very briefly—to probable conditions of human subsistence in the near future.

Population, in so-called civilized countries—(especially as to its large and dangerous element of savage lineage and instincts) in obeying the law of multiplication up to and beyond the limit of subsistence, is so conspicuously on even accelerated increase, as to justify enquiry with respect to a possible near approach of the maximum, to be, perhaps, succeeded by a more or less rapid or gradual decadence of total food-production. A few years hence it will possibly be seen that three centuries of civilized occupation—of which the last only has had the benefit of steam-transit and modern farm-machinery—will have sufficed to practically settle up the North American continent. Another century will probably witness the subjection of the remaining habitable regions of the globe; an event that, even in that presumably enlightened age, must, it would seem, bring the question of subsistence to a crucial test. In view of the possibly still nearer approach of the time when all the more drudging labor in cities will, or can be, performed by machinery requiring only a few attendants, and so long as many sturdy men prefer the companionship of city slums to the comparative freedom and abundance of country life, the condition of congestion will remain.

A recent writer, in the optimistic vein, cites the tendency of natural causes under which the bare rock, first clothing itself in lichens and other lowly forms of life, slowly accumulates a bed in which a more pretentious vegetation can find rootage; this is visited by birds, insects, etc., and, in course of ages, grasses and even forest trees may take possession. It is, however, questionable whether nature's operations have been invariably beneficent from the anthropocentric point of view. It is well known that, at a time geologically recent, immense areas of now barren rock and gravel were, in preglacial times, the scene of a luxurious vegetation. Some degrees south of the glacial zone, regions that once supported dense populations are now desert seemingly due, in part, at least, to a gradually increasing natural aridity.

But, in recent centuries, the chief destroyer of the world's capacity of food production has, unquestionably, been man himself. Part of this destruction has taken the form of drouths, erosions and wide-spread sterilization following on the reckless deforestation of uplands; part, (through a misdirection of the most useful of industries) in the defertilization by exhaustive and monotonous cropping, accompanied by no attempt to return to the soil any portion of the principles of which it had been despoiled: part, in the lack of precaution against the washing utterly away (sometimes in a single decade) of the last vestige of the soil itself.* This land-impoverishment may be, in part, chargeable with the modern drift of rural populations to the cities, a drift which, it may be hoped, will be reversed, in some degree, in the redomestication of industries by electrical distribution of power, now concentrated in factories, and by rural settlements where an interest in the great open book of nature may come to make a country life more attractive than that of the over-crowded cities.

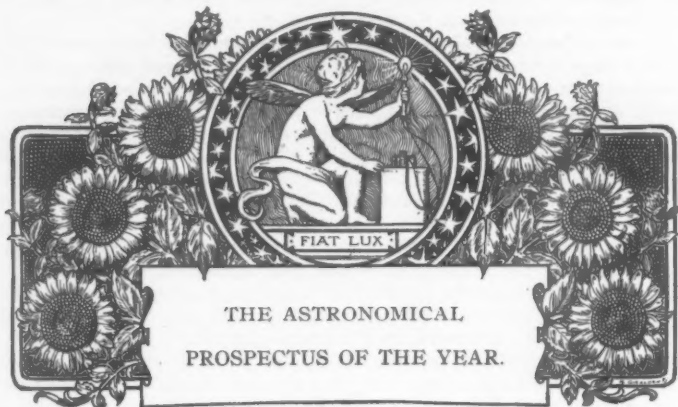
The immense area of unoccupied land yet remaining in new and sparsely settled countries has, of course, hitherto operated as a safety-valve, while, in a few enlightened communities, the process of land-impoverishment has been arrested and even reversed; there has been some systematic reforestation; some land has been reclaimed from the ocean; malarious swamps have been transformed into pleasant pastures; disease-germs and other parasitic pests have been successfully combated; the sterility that has overtaken such once fertile districts as Mesopotamia will shortly be far more than counterbalanced by the immense irrigation works undertaken in the

* It may be queried whether land ownership should carry with it the right, in a part of one brief lifetime, to deprive posterity of the priceless crown of loam accumulated during untold centuries.

"The investigation of nature is an infinite pasture-ground where all may graze and where the more bite, the longer the grass grows, the sweeter is its flavor, and the more it nourishes."—*Huxley's Collected Essays*, Vol. 1, p. 282.

western United States, and in Hindostan, Egypt, Algeria and other countries; in the exploitation of guano deposits and of various marl, phosphate and nitrate beds, a modicum of wastage has been recovered from the all-devouring sea.

GEORGE H. KNIGHT.



THE predictable events of the year are not without interest, though not remarkable for number or importance. The schedule of eclipses is unusually poor; there are four of them it is true, two lunar and two solar, but none of them notable. The only one which is visible in the United States generally is a small partial eclipse of the moon, which occurs a little before midnight on September 14th. The other lunar eclipse, on March 21st, is also partial, and is visible on the Pacific ocean and its coasts. One of the solar eclipses occurs on April 5th, and is "annular," i. e., at a point where the eclipse is central the sun appears for a few moments like a narrow ring of light. The duration of the ring ranges from about thirty seconds on the western coast of India to less than a single second in northwestern China, where the tip of the moon's shadow almost grazes the surface of the earth, and the eclipse-track is not half a mile wide. The other solar eclipse, on September 28th, is total, with a maximum duration of not quite two minutes; but its path lies across the Indian and Antarctic oceans, and offers no good stations for observation.

On November 10th, the planet Mercury will cross the disc of the sun, and the entire transit will be visible over nearly the whole of the United States. The phenomenon is not in itself at all impressive, nor of any extreme importance; but its comparative rarity gives it consequence, and it will be carefully observed in order to verify and correct the astronomical tables, and to study certain problems relative to the planet's atmosphere.

The opposition of Mars in the latter part of October will excite more general interest. Our neighbor will not be quite so near as in August, 1892, but the difference is not very great (forty millions of miles as against thirty-five), and the planet will be so much farther north, and so much higher in the sky, that the astronomers will really have a much better chance at it than they did two years ago. It is reasonable to hope for interesting results, and the possible solution of some very puzzling problems.

Finally, it is perhaps worth noting that in October, the ascending node of the moon's orbit, in its nineteen-yearly revolution, passes through the vernal equinox; so that in her monthly circuit our satellite this year ranges north and south to the extremest possible extent, and the phenomenon of the "Harvest Moon" in September, will be especially noticeable.

C. A. YOUNG.